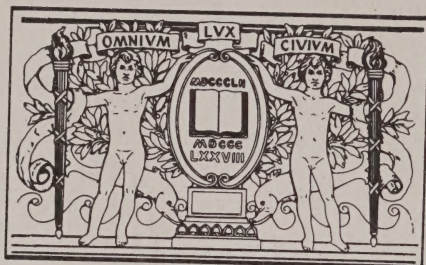


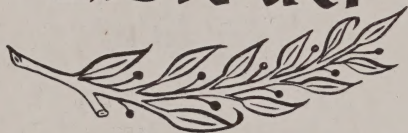
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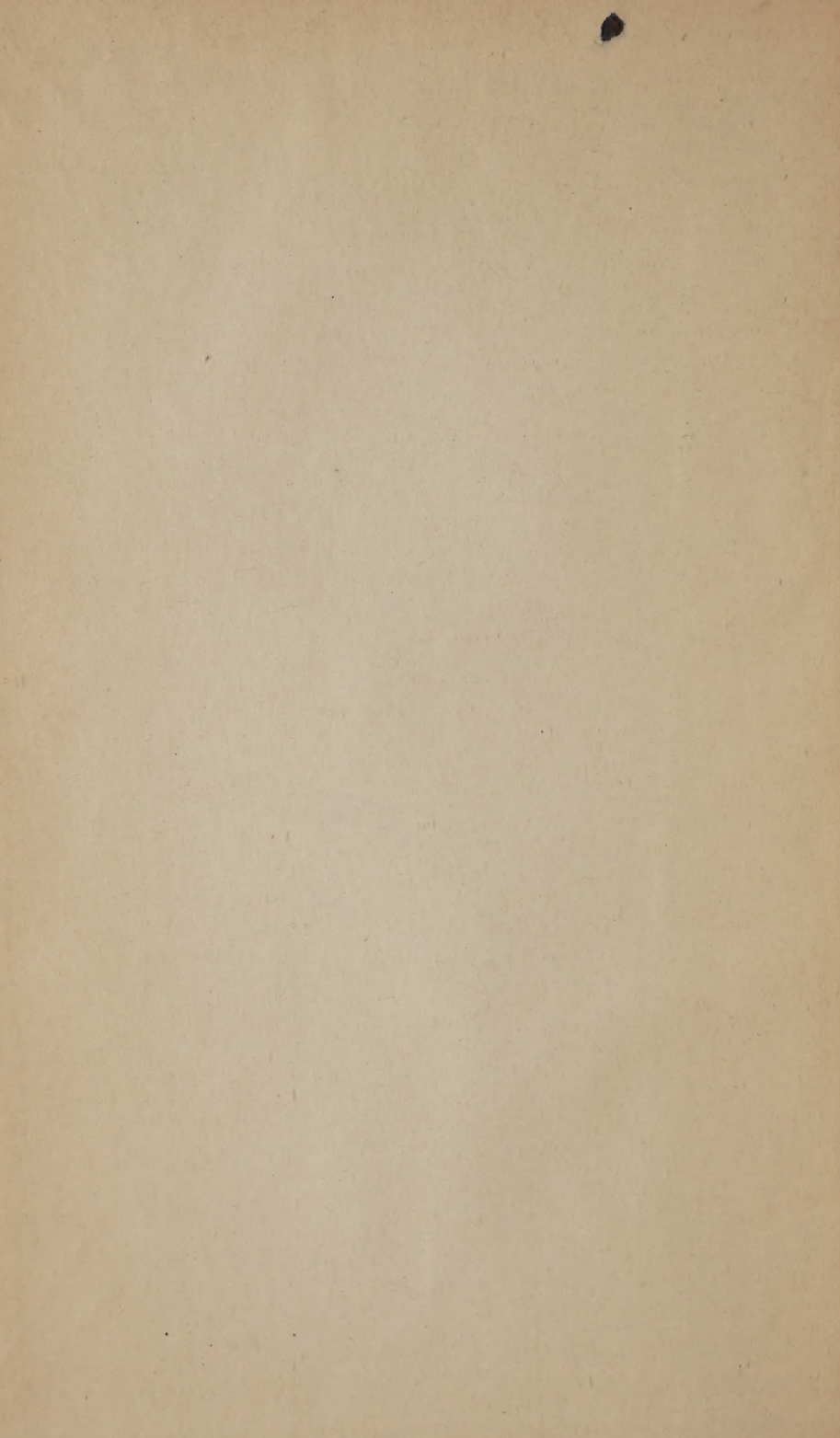
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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CXVI.

JULY, 1842.

ART. I. — *The Letters of HORACE WALPOLE, Earl of Orford, including numerous Letters now first published from the Original Manuscripts.* Philadelphia : Lea and Blanchard. 4 vols. 8vo. 1842.

THIS is one, out of several English works of established character, which the publishers of the city of Philadelphia have lately undertaken to reproduce in America. The mode in which this attempt has been executed, has its advantages. There is not, to be sure, any thing like the luxury in paper, printing, and engraving, displayed by them, that marks the editions that issue from the London press, and most particularly that of the Letters we now propose to consider ; but some compensation for the inferiority in these respects, is to be found in the great inferiority of price. The six volumes, into which the London copy is divided, are comprised in four, without material inconvenience to the reader, whilst the mechanical execution of them is not discreditable. It may be as much as we ought to expect at present in America, where individual fortunes are not large, and readers are many. So much new matter is daily issued from the press in the United States at very trifling cost, that it is of importance to the success of an effort to introduce standard works, that they should not be disproportionately expensive. In no country of the world are there probably so many readers, compared to the whole population, as in this ; but it may be doubted,

whether in any, is so great a part of the whole matter read, of an equally fleeting and perishable cast. If the booksellers of Philadelphia can in any degree substitute Lord Bacon, Sharon Turner, Horace Walpole, or even Lord Bolingbroke, in the room of cloudy metaphysics, infidel theology, disorganizing social theories, and fictitious histories of rogues and scoundrels, more dangerous than the real ones, then, we think, they will do a great benefit to American society. These are vigorous writers at least, and, although they are not of equal merit, nor to be indiscriminately recommended, they are thinkers, who will improve, whilst they exercise, the minds of all who read them.

No general collection of the letters of Horace Walpole has ever yet been made, which will at all compare in fulness with the present work. The correspondence with Lord Strafford, General Conway, and others, first appeared in the quarto edition of the works of the author, published in 1798, the year after his death; but these letters do not equal in interest the series addressed to Sir Horace Mann, since that time published under the editorial care of the late Lord Dover, or the letters to the Marquis of Hertford, which Mr. Croker gave to the world some years ago. In addition to all of these, the volumes before us contain a considerable number which have never before seen the light. The very lively Chapters of reminiscences, by the same writer, are also incorporated into them, so that, with the aid of a complete chronological arrangement, we now have, as is remarked in the preface, "a most interesting commentary on the events of the age, as well as a record of the most important transactions, invaluable to the historian and politician, from 1735 to 1797; a period of more than sixty years."

Sixty years of the historical events of Great Britain, described by an eyewitness of many of the transactions of which he speaks, and an acquaintance of most of the principal actors, might very naturally be expected to interest almost any one who loves to study history in any other shape rather than in that of a studied narrative, even though the pen that recorded them were a much less fascinating one than that of Horace Walpole. But when, added to the fact that he was the son of England's prime minister during a part of that time, and himself a member of Parliament, mixing in the scenes which he describes, we have the observations,

which he makes, conveyed to us with all the charm, that skill in this peculiar department of composition can throw over them, little appears to be wanting to give these letters a fair claim to the first rank in British literature. Walpole has been denominated "the prince of epistolary writers," and with justice, for we know of no one who presents so great a combination of claims to the title. The letters of Cowper often sparkle with the most genuine humor, but they also betray not infrequently the existence of that malady, which gives any feeling rather than pleasure to the association with his name. Besides, they turn somewhat too exclusively upon events in a very narrow circle of life. Lady Hesketh, and Mrs. Unwin, and the Reverend Mr. Newton, were doubtless excellent people, but we do not feel much interest in their doings and sayings, except so far as they connect themselves with the fate of the poor sufferer. Gray, on the other hand, is witty after a far more wholesome fashion ; but then his writing is somewhat infected with the scholarlike formalism of the college in which he passed his days. Pope wrote essays, but no letters ; whilst Chesterfield has infected his epistolary compositions with the pestiferous character of his morality. Lady Mary Wortley Montague has seemed to us to hold a high rank as a female letter-writer, only because there have not been many country-women of hers eager publicly to contest her claim. None of these writers can be compared with Horace Walpole, for he unites in himself the separate characteristics for which each of them is remarkable.

In truth, fame is a somewhat capricious thing. Horace Walpole was only the third son of one, who, for more than twenty years, was the centre of all political power in Great Britain, who maintained the house of Hanover on the throne, and who at last yielded only to about as formidable a political combination as ever was formed against any minister. He had none of his father's abilities, and, in the period of their joint lives, it may reasonably be doubted whether any individual would not have been pronounced mad, who should have foretold, that with posterity the leading statesman, who enjoyed the confidence of two successive monarchs, and before whom all men were bowing, with sentiments of hope or of fear, of open attachment or of secret enmity, would be little known in comparison with his younger son, of whom neither

he nor the world then made much account, a pensioned usher of the Exchequer, enjoying the profits of a sinecure which his father's power had obtained for him. The progress of time would, nevertheless, have proved such a statement, absurd as it might then have seemed to the worshippers of the idol of the hour, no more than the simple truth. The best chance which the father now has to be distinctly known, is in the writings of the son, in the very Letters now before us, even though these begin only at about the time when he was verging to his fall.

The fate of Sir Robert Walpole has been singular indeed. A combination of adverse and discordant political elements, directed for the most part by men having no upright motives of conduct, and instigated by one able but reckless and unprincipled agitator, finally succeeded, after a long and vehement struggle, in effecting his overthrow. And although the hour of their success was also the hour of their destruction, because their prosperity immediately loosed the only bond which had held them together, — although they immediately proved by their own conduct, when in place, the hollowness of the professions they had made whilst in opposition, — yet the very fact of their victory, momentary though it was, has nevertheless had the effect of fixing upon the memory of their common enemy, the lasting stigma of having been a statesman ruling only by arts of corruption. Even down to this time, and in the legislative halls of the United States, some men are found to rise and babble in every debate, about *corruption* and *Sir Robert Walpole*, as synonymous terms, exactly as if he had been the first and the last minister in all history, who had been known to resort to similar arts in order to sustain himself in power. And this is pretty nearly the sum of the knowledge that most people now have of a man, to whose laborious services Great Britain is indebted for having saved its people from long years of civil commotion; to whom, almost alone, the present dynasty is indebted for the safe and peaceable transmission of the crown, through sire and son, down to the present holder, and under whose fostering care the commercial system, which has been the foundation of the great prosperity which that country has enjoyed, received its most stable form. Such is a striking example of the capri-

ciousness of earthly fame. No wonder, that Sir Robert himself called all history a lie.

In countries enjoying any share, however small, of popular government, there appear to be but two ways of effectively administering the public affairs ; one being by means of a broad and comprehensive policy, in carrying out which, the minister relies upon the goodness of his measures, as well as their success, for support ; and the other depending upon party attachments and a cautious and temporizing system of action. The most remarkable instance of the former is the administration of the elder Pitt, which, notwithstanding its brilliant success, lasted but for five years ; whilst Sir Robert Walpole carried on the latter system for more than twenty. Genius was the characteristic of Lord Chatham, whilst worldly wisdom belonged to Walpole. The first looked at measures entirely, and disregarded men ; the last studied men first, and then moulded his measures. Neither could have well filled the place of the other, at the time they were respectively ministers, and yet both effectively contributed, in turn, to the aggrandizement of their country. Chatham would never have had the patience necessary to keep up his favor with his German sovereign, as Walpole did by talking affairs in bad Latin with George the First ; neither would he, like him, have ruled his successor, by paying court to his Queen ; yet, if he had lost it, his conduct would then have gone far to shake, instead of confirming, the Brunswick hold upon the throne. So on the other hand, Walpole would never have ventured upon the bold system of waging war, which distinguished the policy of Chatham, and which had the effect of restoring Great Britain to the commanding position in European affairs from which she had been declining ever since the days of Marlborough. One was great in the management of domestic affairs in times of peace, whilst the other was great as an instrument to conduct her foreign relations in time of war. The two may stand as types of their respective classes, very opposite in all their qualities, but great in those which peculiarly belonged to them.

There is much in the history of Walpole's administration well worthy of attentive study upon this side of the water, because, with our peculiar institutions, it is likely that we shall have many ministers of his stamp, for one made after the pattern of Lord Chatham. It was Burke who first ob-

served the fact, that his system of government was that of party attachments and rigid political discipline. Walpole was a politician, soul and body. He had neither taste nor inclination for any other pursuit. His happiness consisted in the possession of power, and his natural home was to be found only in the House of Commons. But he had a clear head, a calculating heart, a mind not overburdened with troublesome scruples of morality, and a thorough contempt for all men, but most particularly for the agents whom he was perpetually setting in motion. The first quality made him a financier at the moment when the South Sea bubble had thrown every thing into confusion, and to his success in then restoring order he owed his eminence ; whilst the others enabled him, for many years, to maintain it against a combination of every thing that could be brought to bear against him except sound moral principle. The arts of corruption he does not appear to have resorted to more freely than his contemporaries, although the common opinion fixes the odium of using them peculiarly upon him. He appears to have been guiltless of all the dishonest methods of enriching himself, which stamp his predecessor Sunderland with infamy. His principle of conduct was to promote the best interests of his country, so far as he could consistently with the safety of his position, but never to sacrifice his power merely for the sake of an opinion. This drove him into a war, although he disapproved it, only because the people cried out for it, and it forced him to recede from many steps which he felt to be right, merely because they appeared to be unpopular. Of the peculiar moral force which attaches to a character for integrity and uprightness of conduct, considered as an instrument for advancing great ends, he seems to have had little idea, but relied solely for support upon what he supposed to be self-interest in men. The consequence was, that he was faithfully served so long as his power appeared secure ; but, when that began to crumble, the bond no longer held its force. As soon as the opposition was perceived to be in a situation strong enough to be likely to make good what it promised, there ceased to be any inducement to follow the minister. And not until after his overthrow did it happen, that the character of the opposition to him developed itself. Had he sustained himself, it might have come down to this day, as the emblem of patriotic and virtuous

resistance to corruption. Its success fully verified the words of one of its greatest and most unprincipled leaders, which are too memorable in themselves, not to deserve to be always quoted on this topic.

“I expect little,” said Lord Bolingbroke, “from the principal actors, that tread the stage at present. They are divided, not so much as it has seemed, and as they would have it believed, about measures; the true division is about their different ends. Whilst the minister was not hard pushed, nor the prospect of succeeding to him near, they appeared to have but one end, the reformation of the government. The destruction of the minister was pursued only as a preliminary, but of essential and indispensable necessity to that end. But, when his destruction seemed to approach, the object of his succession interposed to the sight of many; and the reformation of the government was no longer their point of view. They divided the skin, at least in their thoughts, before they had taken the beast, and the common fear of hunting him down for others made them all faint in the chase. It was this, and this alone, that has saved him or has put off his evil day. Corruption, so much and so justly complained of, could not have done it alone.”

What Lord Bolingbroke himself meant by a reformation of the government, is not entirely certain. If put to the test, he would not in all probability have carried it much further, than to take off the disqualification under which he was lying from all personal agency in the management of public affairs. But the revolution, when it happened, did not secure him even this boon. Walpole, like a consummate tactician as he was, knew how to deprive his enemies of the fruits of their victory, even at the very moment of their triumph; whilst he exposed most fully to the world the true nature of their motives of action. The adherents of the exiled family, who, out of the whole combination, had been the most zealous in their hostility, as they supposed they had the most important purposes to serve by its success, reaped the least reward of all from their exertions. The fruitless rebellion of 1745 conclusively proved, that Sir Robert was no longer so necessary as they had supposed to the security of the throne. He died before it took place.

We have gathered the clearest notions we have of the character of this minister, from the writings of his son, who appears to have been a devoted friend, yet a not undiscern-

ing judge. He came upon the stage at a very late period of the minister's career, it is true, but early enough to understand the motives of all the principal actors, and the nature of the machinery which they set in motion to gain their ends. The impressions thus early received remained with him through life, and dashed his observation of men and manners with a bitterness, for which it has been his lot to be severely censured by almost all the critics of his writings. Horace Walpole was not probably by nature amiable, according to the ordinary understanding of the term; but we think it was his position more than his temperament, which made him so severe a judge. His father had told him, that it was lucky not many men could be prime ministers, for the view of human nature which the position presented was any thing but edifying or improving. And he himself enjoyed, even in his situation, too many glimpses of the reality not to feel that there was substantial justice in the remark. How can it then be supposed, that he in after life, when discussing the conduct of such men as the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Pelham, Lords Bath, Granville, Chesterfield, and Halifax, Mr. Fox, Mr. Pitt, Lord Hardwicke, Lord Mansfield, Dodding-ton, and his other contemporaries, should be perfectly free from bias, or that he should not, from his personal knowledge of so much that was not creditable to many of them, occasionally cherish groundless suspicions and believe ill-founded charges against them all?

The unfriendly spirit, in which the writings of Horace Walpole have been treated in Great Britain, doubtless has its origin in the fact, that the descendants of great numbers of persons satirized by him, live to feel the severity of his strictures upon their ancestors, whilst he himself left no one behind him of his own blood to take offence at reproaches cast upon his memory. Reviewing is seldom a perfectly impartial business, where the passions of powerful contemporaries are still alive to affect favorably or otherwise the judgment, or perhaps even the interests, of the reviewer. Horace Walpole attacked parties, and he attacked individuals. In doing so, he has often told more truth than the world would otherwise perhaps have ever known, but he has occasionally committed mistakes and done injustice. Where this has happened, most of his commentators have been in the habit of pouncing upon him with much fury, and of endeavouring to invalidate

the authority of all his statements, by proving the inaccuracy of some of them. They have treated him as if he were a writer of history, and bound to weigh his assertions, and not a mere narrator of his own impressions, who leaves to the reader the business of judging of their accuracy. The smallest observation will show at once, that he is not to be implicitly trusted as a guide to the history of his own time; but that he must be admitted as a witness with more confidence, for the very reason that he appears to take so little pains to conceal the strength of his prejudices, and to mislead as to the defects of his own character.

Let his critics say what they will, his letters will outlive all the severity which they can apply to him. We do not say the same thing of his "*Memoires of the last Ten Years of George the Second*," which, with some very spirited passages, appears to us a heavy performance, and which, after all, contains little that does not also appear in the *Correspondence*. Walpole had a tenacious memory, and strengthened it by often repeating his impressions. He suffered no anecdote to fade from his recollection for want of use. We will not venture to say, for example, how often he mentions the country gentleman, who was met when riding out on a fox-chase in the immediate vicinity of the battle of Edgehill, in connexion with his indifference to political affairs. Yet he was not indifferent to them, and it would have been very unnatural in him if he had been. How could a young man with any share of ability fail to attach himself to the scenes in which he was born and brought up? He did not like to confess the feeling, because he soon discovered that he was not calculated to shine in Parliament, and he was willing to conceal his unfitness under the guise of indifference. This doubtless justifies the charge of affectation, which has been brought against him on account of his frequent professions upon the subject; but, if it was affectation, we think the circumstances attending it made it more than commonly pardonable. Walpole gave up the business of a politician without giving up his interest in the conduct of political men; and it is owing to this peculiarity, that we have so much of valuable anecdote in his letters, instead of dull political essays. Whatever change this may make in our opinion of the writer, it marvellously increases our interest in what he has written. Besides, he has a charming way of his own of

telling his stories. They never want for point in the drawing up. His pictures are scenes from the life, in which you at once recognise the air and the motion, the external act, and the internal motive, of the actors. Take, for example, his account of his very first year in Parliament. It was a memorable season to him, for it was the period when the last struggle between his father and the opposition was going on. We will extract from a series of his letters to his friend, Sir Horace Mann, at Florence, those passages which describe it.

“Somerset House, (for I write to you wherever I find myself,) Dec 10, 1741.

“I have got no letter from you yet; the post should have brought it yesterday. The Gazette says, that the Cardinal [Fleury] has declared, that they will suffer no expedition against Tuscany. I wish he had told me! If they preserve this guarantee, personally, I can forgive their breaking the rest. But I long for your letter; every letter now from each of us is material. You will be almost as impatient to hear of the Parliament, as I of Florence. The Lords on Friday went upon the King’s speech; Lord Chesterfield made a very fine speech against the address, all levelled at the house of Hanover. Lord Cholmondeley, they say, answered him well. Lord Halifax spoke very ill, and was answered by little Lord Raymond, who always will answer him. Your friend, Lord Sandwich, affronted his Grace of Grafton extremely, who was ill and sat out of his place, by calling him to order; it was indecent in such a boy, to a man of his age and rank; the blood of Fitzroy will not easily pardon it. The court had a majority of forty-one with some converts.

“On Tuesday, we had the Speech; there were great differences among the party; the Jacobites, with Shippen* and Lord Noel Somerset at their head, were for a division, Pultney and the Patriots against one; the ill success in the House of Lords had frightened them; we had no division, but a very warm battle between Sir R. and Pultney. The latter made a fine speech, very personal, on the state of affairs. Sir R., with as much health, as much spirits, as much force and command as ever, answered him for an hour; said, ‘He had long been taxed with

“* Honest Will Shippen,” as he was called, or “Downright Shippen,” as Pope terms him, was a zealous Jacobite member of Parliament, possessed of considerable talents, and a vehement opposer of Sir Robert Walpole’s government. He, however, did justice to that able minister, for he was accustomed to say, “Robin and I are honest men; but as for those fellows in long periwigs, (meaning the Tories of the day,) they only want to get into office themselves.” [Note, by Lord Dover.]

all our misfortunes; but did he raise the war in Germany? or advise the war with Spain? did he kill the late Emperor or King of Prussia? did he counsel this King? or was he first minister to the King of Poland? did he kindle the war betwixt Muscovy and Sweden?' For our troubles at home, he said, 'All the grievances of this nation were owing to the Patriots.' They laughed much at this; but does he want proofs of it? He said, 'They talked much of an equilibrium in this Parliament, and of what they designed against him; if it was so, the sooner he knew it the better; and therefore, if any man would move for a day to examine the state of the nation, he would second it.' Mr. Pultney did move for it; Sir R. did second it, and it is fixed for the twenty-first of January. Sir R. repeated some words of Lord Chesterfield's, in the House of Lords, that this was *a time for truth, for plain truth, for English truth*, and hinted at the reception* his lordship had met in France. After these speeches of such consequence, and from such men, Mr. Lyttleton got up to justify, or rather to flatter, Lord Chesterfield, though everybody then had forgot that he had been mentioned. Danvers, who is a rough, rude beast, but now and then mouths out some humor, said, 'that Mr. P. and Sir R. were like two old bawds, debauching young members.'

"That day was a day of triumph, but yesterday, (Wednesday,) the streamers of victory did not fly so gallantly. It was the day of receiving petitions; Mr. Pultney presented an immense piece of parchment, which he said he could but just lift; it was the Westminster petition, and is to be heard next Tuesday, when we shall all have our brains knocked out by the mob; so if you don't hear from me next post, you will conclude my head was a little out of order. After this, we went upon a Cornish petition presented by Sir William Yonge, which drew on a debate and a division, when lo! we were but 222 to 215, — how do you like a majority of seven? The opposition triumphs highly, and with reason; one or two such victories, as Pyrrhus, the member for Macedon, said, will be the ruin of us. I look upon it now, that the question is, Downing Street or the Tower; will you come and see a body, if one should happen to lodge at the latter? There are a thousand pretty things to amuse you; the lions, the armoury, the crown, and the axe that beheaded

"* Lord Chesterfield had been sent by the party, in the preceding September, to France, to request the Duke of Ormond (at Avignon) to obtain the Pretender's order to the Jacobites, to vote against Sir R. W. upon any question whatever; many of them having either voted for him, or retired, on the famous motion the last year, for removing him from the King's councils."

Anna Bullen. I design to make interest for the room where the two princes were smothered; in long winter evenings, when one wants company, (for I don't suppose that many people will frequent me then,) one may sit and scribble verses against Crouch-backed Richard, and dirges on the sweet babes. If I die there, and have my body thrown into a wood, I am too old to be buried by robin redbreasts, am not I?

"Bootle,* the prince's chancellor, made a most long and stupid speech; afterwards, Sir R. called to him, 'Brother Bootle, take care you don't get my old name.' 'What's that?' 'Blunderer.'" — Vol. i. pp. 194–196.

The opposition which Sir Robert had to contend with, was made up of three divisions; first, the friends of the Prince of Wales, who was then upon very ill terms with his father, George the Second; secondly, the Jacobites, who had not yet abandoned all hope of the restoration of the Stuarts; and lastly, the *patriots*, as they were called, or friends of reform, among whom was ranked Pultney, the great rival of the Minister in the House of Commons. Walpole, until the period when this letter was written, had been able to hold them all at bay, first by possessing the confidence of the King, secondly, by the possession of power which he made effective in sustaining party discipline, and, lastly, by his skill and tact in disturbing the movements arranged against him. At the very close of the Parliament preceding the one now in question, he had completely succeeded in defeating the motion for an address to the King to remove him, the great engine of the opposition at that time, by nursing the dissensions which were at all times rankling among its members. It was in the course of his speech in his own defence, the substance of which is given by his biographer Coxe, that he deals with the patriotic division of his opponents after the following fashion.

"Gentlemen have talked a great deal of patriotism. A venerable word when duly practised. But I am sorry to say, that of late it has been so much hackneyed about, that it is in danger of falling into disgrace; the very idea of true patriotism is lost, and the term has been prostituted to the very worst of purposes. A patriot, Sir! why patriots spring up like mushrooms!

* "Sir Thomas Bootle, chancellor to the Prince of Wales; a dull, heavy man, and who is therefore ironically called by Sir C. H. Williams, 'Bright Bootle.'"

I could raise fifty of them within the four and twenty hours. I have raised many of them in one night. It is but refusing to gratify an unreasonable or an insolent demand, and up starts a patriot. I have never been afraid of making patriots, but I disdain and despise all their efforts. But this pretended virtue proceeds from personal malice and from disappointed ambition. There is not a man amongst them, whose particular aim I am not able to ascertain, and from what motive they have entered into the lists of opposition."

This was speaking boldly, but the result proved that he did not speak entirely without knowledge. The patriotism of Pultney vanished before the empty vision of a coronet, which his rival, when overthrown, induced the King to hold before his eyes. The rival orators ascended to the House of Lords at about the same time; and Sir Robert consoled himself for the exclusion from the royal closet to which he was now doomed, by the knowledge that he had effectually turned the key of its door against his opponent also. No public man ever fell in Great Britain so immediately in the public estimation, and so irrecoverably, as did Pultney, by the mere acceptance of a peerage. The fact is, that in doing so, he proved the truth of the boast made by Walpole, in the extract we have quoted, of his own penetration. The Patriots obtained a share of the spoils of victory on the condition of leaving the rest of the opposition to shift for themselves. They accepted the terms, and convinced the public that the charge, which the minister had made against them, was well founded.

Human nature is much the same all over the world. There may be hollow professions of patriotism in America, as well as elsewhere. That is what makes the history of this great struggle interesting to us. Let us now follow it another step, in the next letter addressed to Sir Horace Mann.

" Wednesday night, eleven o'clock, Dec. 16, 1741.
Remember this day.

" *Nous voilà de la Minorité ! entens-tu cela ? hé !* My dear child, since you will have these ugly words explained, they just mean, that we are metamorphosed into the minority. This was the night of choosing a chairman of the committee of elections. Gyles Earle (as in the two last Parliaments) was named by the Court; Dr. Lee, a civilian, by the opposition, a man of a fair character. Earle was formerly a dependent on the Duke of

Argyle, is of remarkable covetousness and wit, which he has dealt out largely against the Scotch and the Patriots. It was a day of much expectation, and both sides had raked together all probabilities; I except near twenty, who are in town, but stay to vote on a second question, when the majority may be decided to either party. Have you not read of such in story? Men, who would not care to find themselves on the weaker side, contrary to their intent. In short, the determined sick were dragged out of their beds; zeal came in a great coat. There were two vast dinners at two taverns, for either party; at six we met in the House. Sir William Yonge, seconded by my uncle Horace, moved for Mr. Earle; Sir Paul Methuen and Sir Watkyn Williams Wynne proposed Dr. Lee, — and carried him, by a majority of four; 242 against 238, the greatest number, I believe, that ever *lost* a question. You have no idea of their huzza! unless you can conceive, how people must triumph after defeats for twenty years together. We had one vote shut out, by coming a moment too late; one that quitted us, for having been ill used by the Duke of Newcastle, but yesterday; for which, in all probability, he will use him well to-morrow, — I mean, for quitting us. Sir Thomas Lowther, Lord Hartington's uncle, was fetched down by him, and voted against us. Young Ross, son to a commissioner of the customs, and saved from the dishonor of not liking to go to the West Indies when it was his turn, by Sir R.'s giving him a lieutenancy, voted against us; and Tom Hervey, who is always with us, but is quite mad; and being asked why he left us, replied, 'Jesus knows my thoughts; one day I blaspheme, and pray the next.' So, you see what accidents were against us, or we had carried our point. They cry, Sir R. miscalculated; how should he calculate, when there are men like Ross, and fifty others he could name! It was not very pleasant to be stared in the face, to see how one bore it; you can guess at my bearing it, who interest myself so little about any thing. I have had a taste of what I am to meet from all sorts of people. The moment we had lost the question, I went from the heat of the House into the Speaker's chamber, and there were some fifteen others of us; an under doorkeeper thought a question was new put, when it was not, and, without giving us notice, clapped the door to. I asked him how he dared lock us out, without calling us; he replied insolently, 'It was his duty, and he would do it again;' one of the party went to him, commended him, and told him, he should be punished if he acted otherwise. Sir R. is in great spirits, and still sanguine. I have so little experience, that I shall not be amazed at whatever scenes follow. My dear child, we have triumphed twenty years; is it strange, that for-

tune should at last forsake us; or ought we not always to expect it, especially in this kingdom? They talk loudly of the year forty-one, and promise themselves all the confusions that began a hundred years ago from the same date. I hope they prognosticate wrong; but, should it be so, I can be happy in other places. One reflection I shall have very sweet, though very melancholy; that, if our family is to be the sacrifice that shall first pamper discord, at least the one,* the part of it that interested all my concerns, and must have suffered from our ruin, is safe, secure, and above the rage of confusion; nothing in this world can touch her peace now!

"To-morrow and Friday we go upon the Westminster election; you will not wonder, shall you, if you hear next post, that we have lost that too? Good night.

"Yours ever."

— Vol. I. pp. 197–199.

The minister lost the Westminster members by 220 to 216, as is related in the next letter, which we would give if we had room, and then an adjournment took place for three weeks. He was not, however, yet in despair, but determined after the holidays to renew the fight. One more letter furnishes the result.

"Friday, Jan. 22, 1742.

"Don't wonder that I missed writing to you yesterday, my constant day; you will pity me, when you hear that I was shut up in the House of Commons, till one in the morning. I came away more dead than alive, and was forced to leave Sir R. at supper with my brothers; he was all alive, and in spirits. He says, he is younger than me, and indeed, I think so; in spite of his forty years more. My head aches to-night, but we rose early; and, if I don't write to-night, when shall I find a moment to spare? Now you want to know what we did last night; stay, I will tell you presently, in its place; it was well, and of infinite consequence, so far I tell you now.

"Our recess finished last Monday, and never at school did I enjoy holidays so much; but, *les voilà finis jusqu' au printemps!* Tuesday (for you see I write you an absolute journal) we sat on a Scotch election, a double return; their man was Hume Campbell, Lord Marchmont's brother, lately made solicitor to the Prince, for being as troublesome, as violent, and almost as able, as his brother. They made a great point of it, and gained so many of our votes, that, at ten at night, we were forced to give it up without dividing. Sandys, who loves persecution,

* His mother, Catherine, Lady Walpole, who died August 20th, 1737."

even unto the death, moved to punish the sheriff; and, as we dared not divide, they ordered him into custody, where, by this time, I suppose Sandys has eaten him.

"On Wednesday, Sir Robert Godschall, the Lord Mayor, presented the merchants' petition, signed by three hundred of them, and drawn up by Leonidas Glover. This is to be heard next Wednesday. This gold-chain came into Parliament, cried up for his parts, but proves so dull, one would think he chewed opium. Earle says, 'I have heard an oyster speak as well twenty times.'

"Well, now I come to *yesterday*; we met, not expecting much business. Five of our members were gone to the York election, and the three Lords Beauclercs, to their mother's funeral at Windsor; for that old beauty, St. Albans, is dead at last. On this they depended for getting the majority, and towards three o'clock, when we thought of breaking up, poured in their most violent questions; one was, a motion for leave to bring in the place bill, to limit the number of placemen in the House. This was not opposed, because, out of decency, it is generally suffered to pass the Commons, and is thrown out by the Lords; only Colonel Cholmondeley desired to know, if they designed to limit the number of those that have promises of places, as well as of those that have places now. I must tell you, that we are a very conclave; they buy votes with reversions of places on the change of the ministry. Lord Gage was giving an account in Tone's coffee-house, of the intended alterations; that Mr. Pultney is to be chancellor of the Exchequer, and Chesterfield and Carteret secretaries of state. Somebody asked, who was to be paymaster? Numps Edwin, who stood by, replied, 'We have not thought so low as that yet.' Lord Gage harangues every day at Tone's, and has read there a very false account of the King's message to the Prince.* The Court, to show their contempt of Gage, have given their copy to be read by Swinny.† This is the authentic copy, which they have made the Bishop write from the message which he carried, and as he and Lord Cholmondeley agree it was given.

"* During the holidays, Sir R. W. had prevailed on the King to send to the Prince of Wales, to offer to pay his debts and double his allowance. This negotiation was intrusted to Lord Cholmondeley on the King's, and to Secker, Bishop of Oxford, on the Prince's side; but came to nothing. (The Prince, in his answer, stated, that 'he could not come to court while Sir Robert Walpole presided in his Majesty's councils; that he looked on him as the sole author of our grievances at home, and of our ill success in the West Indies; and that the disadvantageous figure we at present made in all the courts of Europe, was to be attributed alone to him.')

"† Owen Mac Swinny, a buffoon; formerly director of the play-house."

“On this Thursday, of which I was telling you, at three o’clock, Mr. Pultney rose up, and moved for a secret committee of twenty-one. This inquisition, this council of ten, was to sit and examine whatever persons and papers they should please, and to meet when and where they pleased. He protested much on its not being intended against *any person*, but merely to give the King advice, and on this foot they fought it till ten at night, when Lord Perceval blundered out what they had been cloaking with so much art, and declared that he should vote for it as a committee of accusation. Sir Robert immediately rose, and protested that he should not have spoken, but for what he had heard last; but that now he must take it to himself. He portrayed the malice of the opposition, who, for twenty years, had not been able to touch him, and were now reduced to this infamous shift. He defied them to accuse him, and only desired that, if they should, it might be in an open and fair manner; desired no favor, but to be acquainted with his accusation. He spoke of Mr. Doddington, who had called his administration infamous, as of a person of great self-mortification, who, for sixteen years, had condescended to bear part of the odium. For Mr. Pultney, who had just spoken a second time, Sir R. said, he had begun the debate with great calmness, but give him his due, he had made amends for it in the end. In short, never was innocence so triumphant!

“There were several glorious speeches on both sides; Mr. Pultney’s two, W. Pitt’s and George Grenville’s, Sir Robert’s, Sir W. Yonge’s, Harry Fox’s, Mr. Chute’s, and the Attorney-General’s. My friend Coke, for the first time, spoke vastly well, and mentioned how great Sir Robert’s character is abroad. Sir Francis Dashwood replied, that he had found quite the reverse from Mr. Coke, and that foreigners always spoke with contempt of the Chevalier de Walpole. This was going too far, and he was called to order, but got off well enough, by saying, that he knew it was contrary to rule to name any member, but that he only mentioned it as spoken by an impertinent Frenchman.

“But of all speeches, none ever was so full of wit as Mr. Pultney’s last. He said, ‘I have heard this committee represented as a most dreadful spectre; it has been likened to all terrible things; it has been likened to the King; to the inquisition; it will be a committee of safety; it is a committee of danger; I don’t know what it is to be! One gentleman, I think, called it *a cloud*! (this was the Attorney,) *a cloud*! I remember Hamlet takes Lord Polonius by the hand and shows him *a cloud*, and then asks him if he does not think it is like a whale.’

Well, in short, at eleven at night we divided, and threw out this famous committee by 253 to 250, the greatest number that ever was in the House, and the greatest number that ever *lost* a question.

"It was a most shocking sight to see the sick and dead brought in on both sides! Men on crutches, and Sir William Gordon * from his bed, with a blister on his head, and flannel hanging out from under his wig. I could scarce pity him, for his ingratitude. The day before the Westminster petition, Sir Charles Wager † gave his son a ship, and the next day the father came down and voted against him. The son has since been cast away; but they concealed it from the father, that he might not absent himself. However, as we have our good-natured men too on our side, one of his own countrymen went and told him of it in the House. The old man, who looked like Lazarus at his resuscitation, bore it with great resolution, and said, he knew *why* he was told of it, but when he thought his country in danger he would not go away. As he is so near death, that it is indifferent to him whether he died two thousand years ago or to-morrow, it is unlucky for him not to have lived when such insensibility would have been a Roman virtue. ‡

"There are no arts, no menaces, which the opposition do not practise. They have threatened one gentleman, to have a reversion cut off from his son unless he will vote with them. To Totness there came a letter to the Mayor from the Prince, and signed by two of his lords, to recommend a candidate in opposition to the Solicitor-General. The Mayor sent the letter to Sir Robert. They have turned the Scotch to the best account. There is a young Oswald, who had engaged to Sir R. but has voted against us. Sir R. sent a friend to reproach him; the moment the gentleman who had engaged for him came into the room, Oswald said, 'You had like to have led me into a fine error! Did you not tell me, that Sir R. would have the majority?'"

"* Sir Robert Wilmot, in a letter to the Duke of Devonshire, says: 'Sir William Gordon was brought in like a corpse. Some thought it had been an old woman in disguise, having a white cloth round his head; others, who found him out, expected him to expire every moment. Other incurables were introduced on their side. Mr. Hopton, for Hereford, was carried in on crutches. Sir Robert Walpole exceeded himself. Mr. Pelham, with the greatest decency, cut Pultney into a thousand pieces. Sir Robert actually dissected him, and laid his heart open to the view of the House.'—E."

"† Admiral Sir Charles Wager. He had been knighted by Queen Anne, for his gallantry in taking and destroying some rich Spanish galleons. He was at this time first lord of the admiralty. He died in 1743." [Note, by Lord Dover.]

"‡ Sir William died in the May following."

“When the debate was over, Mr. Pultney owned that he had never heard so fine a debate on our side ; and said to Sir Robert, ‘Well, nobody can do what you can!’ ‘Yes,’ replied Sir R., ‘Yonge did better.’ Mr. P. answered, ‘It was fine, but not of that weight with what you said.’ They all allow it ; and now their plan is to persuade Sir Robert to retire with honor. All that evening there was a report about the town, that he and my uncle were to be sent to the Tower, and people hired windows in the city to see them pass by ; but for this time I believe we shall not exhibit so historical a parade.

“The night of the committee, my brother Walpole * had got two or three invalids at his house, designing to carry them into the House, as they were too ill to go round by Westminster Hall ; the patriots, who have rather more contrivances than their predecessors of Grecian and Roman memory, had taken the precaution of stopping the keyhole with sand. How Livy’s eloquence would have been hampered, if there had been back-doors and keyholes to the Temple of Concord.

“A few days ago there were lists of the officers at Port Mahon laid before the House of Lords ; unfortunately it appeared, that two thirds of the regiment had been absent. The Duke of Argyll said, ‘such a list was a libel on the government’ ; and, of all men, the Duke of Newcastle was the man, who rose up and agreed with him. Remember what I told you, once before, of his union with Carteret. We have carried the York election by a majority of 956.”—Vol. i. pp. 212–217.

A majority of three upon such a question, was equivalent to defeat. The next question, upon a contested election, was carried against the minister, by a majority of sixteen, and his friends then interfered to advise him to retire. He did so, as Coxe his biographer states, very reluctantly ; and thus ended the most vehement and long-continued party struggle, that has happened in English history since the expulsion of the Stuarts, and the establishment of the power of the House of Commons. The names of most of the actors have long ceased to excite any interest on their own account, but the scene was much the same with what goes on now, with only the variation of a new set of performers. It is at this day, too often, as it was then, a simple question of ins and outs, with very little to choose between them. And if we

* Robert, Lord Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford. He was auditor of the Exchequer, and his house joined to the House of Commons, to which he had a door ; but it was soon after locked up, by an order of the House.”

had a second Horace Walpole now alive, on either side of the Atlantic, to sketch with as vivid a pencil what he saw, as the first one has, we doubt whether he would make much alteration in the picture.

Before dismissing this part of the subject, however, it may be worth while to remark upon two or three circumstances alluded to in these letters. One is the severity of party discipline, by which individuals holding office, or being under obligation to the minister, as in the case of Ross, and in that of Sir William Gordon, are held up to censure for acting against him. This was one principle of Walpole's system of government, to admit no difference of opinion among those who looked to him as their leader. It was perhaps carried so far as to prove the cause of his ruin. He never rested content whilst there was a rival, or any man who threatened to be a rival, within reach of the throne. He got rid of Pultney, Lord Carteret, Chesterfield, and even his brother-in-law, Viscount Townsend, in order to be sole minister. And he preferred selecting his officers from the lower classes in many cases, to placing greater power in the hands of the aristocracy. The consequence was, that his action strengthened the common interest of opposition among the discontented, whilst it made even his adherents impatient of the yoke he put upon them. When the moment of trial came, he found himself more embarrassed by secret treachery than by the attacks of his avowed enemies. This will explain the extreme harshness with which Horace Walpole speaks throughout his works of the Duke of Newcastle, and of Lord Hardwicke, some slight specimen of which, as to the first named, may be found in the letters we have extracted. Of his unfaithfulness there can be little doubt. Something may be said in defence of the other; but it is perfectly certain that he had, for some time before the fall of Walpole, differed with him most especially as to the policy which had been adopted towards the Prince of Wales, and this difference could not have failed to bring on his retirement, had Walpole sustained himself. When therefore he appears in company with Newcastle, as a negotiator with Pultney, and these two are found to retain their places, by sacrificing Walpole and buying off the opposition of Pultney and the Prince's party, it is difficult to resist the conviction, that our author's suspicion of treachery was in the two cases equally well founded.

Such are the vicissitudes, such the mishaps, to which political life in every country is subject, that no minister who has enjoyed the highest situations, ought to be dejected at the loss of them. Yet it has seldom happened that any one has submitted with equanimity to the change. Sir Robert did not live long enough after his fall, to show to the world very clearly the effect which it produced upon him. After some little vacillation, the reins of government fell into the hands of Henry Pelham, and his brother the Duke of Newcastle, who enjoyed for years an uninterrupted control of large majorities in both houses of Parliament, with perhaps as moderate a portion of ability in the administration, as has existed at any time in England since the Revolution. It is the characteristic of great capacity in high political station to arouse and combine against itself numbers of men in opposition, whilst moderate abilities in the same often encounter little or no resistance. It also sometimes happens, that the succession of the latter, after years of stormy violence against the former, produces an astonishing degree of calm over the surface of affairs. The Pelhams appear to have enjoyed all these advantages. The system of party discipline, which had been drawn up too tightly under Walpole, they relaxed, until it became not uncommon for members of the government to be found opposing the measures of the minister in the House of Commons. And yet there has seldom been so little of party division as during this time. Henry Pelham died in office, a respectable, if he was not a great man; yet even his brother, the Duke of Newcastle, far his inferior in all respects, still managed to carry on the government until the year 1756, when Mr. Pitt drove him from the helm. However easy it might have been for him to keep on in the ordinary course of affairs at home, he could not prevent his incapacity from manifesting itself, when the country became involved in war with foreign nations. He was better versed in the system of representation in Parliament and the control of rotten boroughs, than in geography or history. When General Ligonier hinted to him the necessity of defending Annapolis, he replied, "Annapolis, Annapolis! O! yes, Annapolis must be defended: to be sure, Annapolis should be defended. — Where is Annapolis?" It was reserved for the genius of Pitt to show to men of similar calibre, that the way to conquer France was to direct a little more attention to the geography of America.

We have already remarked, that it is not safe to rely entirely upon the authority of Horace Walpole in forming our opinions of any of his contemporaries, but most particularly of those among them against whom he had, or thought he had, any cause of complaint. His style is almost always caustic, and every sentence of it relating to others has the point of an epigram. But he does not appear to have so written for the sake of showing how skilfully he could do it, as many have done, particularly among the French writers. It was rather the natural manifestation of his own habits of thought, which led him to decide unfavorably upon the conduct of all men, in every case that was susceptible of ambiguous construction. He cherished two distinct classes of vindictive feelings; one of them on account of real or supposed injuries done to his father, the other, upon quarrels of his own. And, as the progress of time shows the softening and gradual removal of the former class from his memory, it has the effect of throwing into bolder relief the virulence of the latter. Walpole took an eager interest in politics whilst his father was alive, because that father was a leader in them; and, after his death, he followed them, not from any attachment to some particular system of measures to which he gave his support, but because it amused him to watch the intrigues of the great and to comment upon them. He himself tells us, that, upon the happening of any extraordinary event, the first question his friend Bentley would expect to hear from him was, Would it make a party? Doubtless these qualities are not likely to constitute an impartial historian, but they make a fascinating letter-writer, and in this light alone ought we to consider him. What can be better in its way, for instance, than the following letter, written to Sir Horace Mann, in the midst of the consternation occasioned by the rebellion of 1745?

“Arlington Street, Nov. 22, 1745.

“For these two days we have been expecting news of a battle. Wade marched last Saturday from Newcastle, and must have got up with the rebels if they stayed for him; though the roads are exceedingly bad, and great quantities of snow have fallen. But last night there was some notice of a body of rebels being advanced to Penryth. We were put into great spirits by an heroic letter from the Mayor of Carlisle, who had fired on the rebels and made them retire; he concluded with saying,

‘ And so I think the town of Carlisle has done his Majesty more service than the great city of Edinburgh, or than all Scotland together.’ But this hero, who was grown the whole fashion for four and twenty hours, had chosen to stop all other letters. The King spoke of him at his *levée* with great encomiums ; Lord Stair said, ‘ Yes, Sir, Mr. Patterson has behaved very bravely.’ The Duke of Bedford interrupted him ; ‘ My lord, his name is not *Paterson* ; that is a Scotch name ; his name is *Patinson*.’ But, alack ! the next day the rebels returned, having placed the women and children of the country in wagons in front of their army, and forcing the peasants to fix the scaling ladders. The great Mr. Patinson or Paterson (for now his name may be which one pleases) instantly surrendered the town, and agreed to pay two thousand pounds to save it from pillage. Well ! then we were assured, that the citadel could hold out seven or eight days ; but did not so many hours. On mustering the militia, there were not found above four men in a company ; and for two companies, which the ministry, on a report of Lord Albermarle, who said they were to be sent from Wade’s army, thought were there, and did not know were not there, there was nothing but two of invalids. Colonel Durand, the governor, fled, because he would not sign the capitulation, by which the garrison, it is said, has sworn never to bear arms against the House of Stuart. The Colonel sent two expresses, one to Wade, and another to Ligonier, at Preston ; but the latter was playing at whist with Lord Harrington, at Petersham. Such is our diligence and attention ! All my hopes are in Wade, who was so sensible of the ignorance of our governors, that he refused to accept the command, till they consented that he should be subject to no kind of orders from hence. The rebels are reckoned up to thirteen thousand ; Wade marches with about twelve ; but if they come southward, the other army will probably be to fight them ; the Duke [of Cumberland] is to command it, and sets out next week with another brigade of Guards, and Ligonier under him. There are great apprehensions for Chester, from the Flintshire-men, who are ready to rise. A quartermaster, first sent to Carlisle, was seized and carried to Wade ; he behaved most insolently, and, being asked by the General, how many the rebels were, replied ‘ Enough to beat any army you have in England.’ A Mackintosh has been taken, who reduces their formidability, by being sent to raise two clans, and with orders, if they would not rise, at least to give out they had risen, for that three clans would leave the Pretender, unless joined by those two. Five hundred new rebels are arrived at Perth, where our prisoners are kept.

“I had this morning a subscription book brought me for our parish; Lord Granville had refused to subscribe. This is in the style of his friend Lord Bath, who has absented himself whenever any act of authority was to be executed against the rebels.

“Five Scotch lords are going to raise regiments à l’*Anglaise*! resident in London, while the rebels were in Scotland; they are to receive military emoluments for their neutrality!

“The Fox man-of-war, of 20 guns, is lost off Dunbar. One Beaver, the captain, has done us notable service; the Pretender sent to commend his zeal and activity, and to tell him, that if he would return to his allegiance, he should soon have a flag. Beaver replied, ‘He never treated with any but principals; that if the Pretender would come on board him, he would talk with him.’ I must now tell you of our great Vernon; without once complaining to the ministry, he has written to Sir John Philipps, a distinguished Jacobite, to complain of want of provisions; yet they do not venture to recall him! Yesterday they had another baiting from Pitt, who is ravenous for the place of Secretary at War; they would give it him; but, as a preliminary, he insists on a declaration of our having nothing to do with the continent. He mustered his forces, but did not notify his intention; only at two o’clock Lyttelton said, at the treasury, that there would be business at the House. The motion was, to augment our naval force, which, Pitt said, was the only method of putting an end to the rebellion. Ships built a year hence to suppress an army of Highlanders now marching through England! My uncle attacked him, and congratulated his country on the wisdom of the modern young men; and said, he had a son of two and twenty, who, he did not doubt, would come over wiser than any of them. Pitt was provoked, and retorted on his negotiations and *grey-headed* experience. At these words my uncle, as if he had been at Bartholomew fair, snatched off his wig, and showed his gray hairs, which made the *august senate* laugh, and put Pitt out, who, after laughing himself, diverted his venom upon Mr. Pelham. Upon the question, Pitt’s party amounted to but thirty-six; in short, he has nothing left but his words, and his haughtiness, and his Lytteltons, and his Grenvilles. Adieu.”—Vol. i. pp. 451–453.

It should be borne in mind, whilst examining this capital picture of a scene in the House of Commons, that the painter bore a grudge against Pitt, who was one of the opposition to his father Sir Robert, and who did not, until after this time, publicly recant that measure of his political life. It was not without reason that Pitt wanted to be Secretary at War, (if indeed he did want to be,) for the imbecility of the gov-

ernment had wellnigh overturned it. Neither George the Second, nor his drunken genius of a first minister, Lord Granville, would believe the rebellion serious, until London was stricken with panic, and the Bank of England was reduced to paying out sixpences. When any of the ministry proposed any measure with regard to it to the King, he would answer, "Pho! don't talk to me of that stuff." With such a monarch and such a ministry, the great wonder is, that the insurrection was not successful. Never was a bolder experiment made upon a nation than the introduction of the House of Brunswick; a family which has been singularly unfortunate in its private relations, and which has possessed in the character of its principal members, about as little as can well be conceived, to recommend it to popular favor in Great Britain. George the First was an ignorant German, unable to speak a word of English, who lived at enmity with his father, his wife, and his son, and who brought from his native country little beyond a harem of females, like locusts to prey upon the body politic. One of these German women, having been insulted by the mob when riding in the streets of London, is said by Walpole to have put her head out of the coach, and cried in bad English, "Good people, why do you abuse us? We come for all your goods." "Yes," was the quick-witted reply in the crowd, "d—ye, and for all our chattels too." The answer was true as it was witty, and yet even the rapacity of these leeches was doubtless a blessing compared to the return of the exiled family. George the Second commenced his reign by putting upon his father the only insult left within his power to cast, and bestowed upon his own son the thorough and unqualified hatred which that father had extended to him. To his wife he was apparently kind and affectionate, notwithstanding that, without the palliation even of passion, he made her constantly submit to mortifications, which no females but Queens are ever expected to bear without a murmur. The reputation of the mother of George the Third is not entirely free from suspicion, whilst he himself, though exemplary in private life, was saved from the risk of extreme unpopularity, consequent upon his self-will and obstinacy, only by the happening of that calamity, which covered all his defects, as a public man, under the mantle of universal sympathy with overwhelming misfortune. Of the

character, personal or political, of his son George the Fourth, it is not necessary now to speak, whilst the leading and disgraceful events of his private life are still fresh in the memory of men. The late sovereign was scarce a whit more respectable in his youth,—and not one of all the line has ever been noted for a single popular quality attaching to his manners, or for a spark of genius or political ability, to secure respect; yet in spite of all these drawbacks, no family in English history has been fixed more firmly upon the throne, or has, on the whole, more fully confirmed the stability and promoted the prosperity of British institutions, and of the English nation.

But we cannot spare time or space to consider mere anomalies in history, when needing both so much to do justice to the Letters before us. We cannot quote half so much as we would, although we endeavour not to select such portions as are obviously most striking, and for that reason have already been frequently noticed by other journals. Horace Walpole does not appear to have been desirous of taking any great part in political affairs. He spoke seldom in the House of Commons;—once, however, with some effect, upon the motion to raise a committee to investigate the official conduct of his father, although the natural sympathy for him in his peculiar situation must have contributed to this effect far more than the substance of his speech. His opinions were in unison with those of the Whig party, although tinged with a little of the oddness, which marked every thing about him. He was an aristocrat of the first water, yet professing a contempt for kings, and lauding the conduct of the regicide judges. He was sharp to censure the misconduct of the minister, yet generally voting with him in the House. In one or two cases he appears to have acted without beforehand precisely defining, in his own mind, the adequateness of the means used to attain the end which he proposed to gain. We think his attempt to save Admiral Byng is creditable to his feelings, although it seems to have been neither well digested, nor happily executed. He was too near to the management of the details, not to lose sight of general principles and systems of policy. The character of his mind was not suited to statesmanship, and he did not pretend to it. Yet he has been as solemnly tried for his political opinions by some of the critics of his own country, as if he had stood in the same position as his father. This appears to us to be not

only unjust to him, but positively ridiculous. It certainly is no sign of inconsistency in him, that he censures the butchers of Louis the Sixteenth, while he maintains the abstract right of a people in certain cases to execute a king ; nor is it discreditable to his feelings that he should prefer to study the manners of the Court of Louis the Fourteenth, to watching the bloody vicissitudes of the reign of terror. His opinions were not intended to operate upon the public mind, but to amuse his correspondents. And, if they are not always strictly consistent with each other or very deliberately formed, he ought not to be held to a rigid responsibility for the deficiency. These are letters, and not political essays. They have all the charm of unpremeditated and unguarded compositions. And, when considering them as such, we think they are particularly creditable to the author for two reasons ; one, that they show not only a great deal of penetration and foresight, as to the effect of public measures, as for example in the policy that led to the war of our Revolution, but a correctness of moral judgment which we did not look for in the author. The second reason is, that they do not manifest any of those personal hopes or fears, the existence of which a thoroughly selfish character, as he has been called, would most inevitably have betrayed.

We have already remarked, that Sir Robert, during the period of his administration, if he did not study to enrich himself, took care to provide very abundantly for his children at the public expense. His moral sense was not more nice in this regard than that of many hundreds of ministers who have lived before and after him. Horace, although only the third son, and no great favorite, never cost his father more than £250 after he became of age, because he was then placed, and continued nearly through life, in the enjoyment of two or three lucrative sinecures, which yielded him three or four thousand pounds a year. This gave him an opportunity to cultivate his peculiar tastes. He became an antiquary, a dealer in *virtù*, a builder after his own fashion, for all which he has been reproached with far more severity than if, like many of his rank in England, including, we believe, his own brothers and nephew, he had squandered his fortune at the gaming-table and in all other imaginable vices. He became an author, and he set up a private printing press at Strawberry Hill, from which he issued copies of works in

so limited numbers as to make them sought after on account of their rarity. He valued his pursuits in proportion as they were shared by few. All this had no tendency to make him popular. He was sarcastic in his writing, and this never conciliates a reader. All concede to him now a great literary reputation, whilst everybody appears to do it grudgingly. His romance enjoyed a great and general popularity, until it was overwhelmed by extravagant imitations. He wrote a tragedy, which has been praised by many of the most eminent men of his own country, but which alone would never have preserved his fame, for at this day few can be found who have read it. He published a small volume, calling in question the correctness of the character commonly given in history to Richard the Third, which was more admired for its ingenuity, than productive of any material change in the popular opinion. He compiled other books, professing all the while the utmost dislike of the reputation of a literary man, as if a gentleman had something to be ashamed of in pursuing any useful occupation. Yet all these productions, and Strawberry Hill into the bargain, which, even as we write, is becoming despoiled of its treasure of curiosities, would not have immortalized him without the aid of the incomparable Letters before us.

The specimens we have thus far quoted have been all political in their character. Let us now select on a different principle.

“TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

“Strawberry Hill, June 6, 1752.

“I have just been in London for two or three days, to fetch an adventure, and am returned to my hill and castle. I can't say I lost my labor, as you shall hear. Last Sunday night, being as wet a night as you shall see in a summer's day, about half an hour after twelve, I was just come home from White's, and, undressing to step into bed, I heard Harry, who you know lies forwards, roar out 'Stop thief!' and run down stairs. I ran after him. Don't be frightened; I have not lost one enamel, nor bronze, nor have been shot through the head again. A gentleman, who lives at Governor Pitt's, next door but one to me, and where Mr. Bentley used to live, was going to bed too, and heard people breaking into Mr. Freeman's house, who, like some acquaintance of mine in Albemarle Street, goes out of town, locks up his doors, and leaves the community to watch his furniture. N. B. It was broken open but two years

ago, and I, and all the chairmen, vow they shall steal his house away another time, before we shall trouble our heads about it. Well, madam called out 'watch,' two men who were sentinels ran away, and Harry's voice after them. Down came I, and, with a posse of chairmen and watchmen, found the third fellow in the area of Mr. Freeman's house. Mayhap you have seen all this in the papers, little thinking who commanded the detachment. Harry fetched a blunderbuss to invite the thief up. One of the chairmen, who was drunk, cried, 'Give me the blunderbuss, I'll shoot him!' But as the general's head was a little cooler, he prevented military execution, and took the prisoner without bloodshed, intending to make his triumphal entry into the metropolis of Twickenham with his captive tied to the wheels of his post-chaise. I find my style rises so much with the recollection of my victory, that I don't know how to descend to tell you that the enemy was a carpenter, and had a leather apron on. The next step was to share my glory with my friends. I despatched a courier to White's for George Selwyn, who, you know, loves nothing upon earth so well as a criminal, except the execution of him. It happened very luckily, that the drawer, who received my message, has very lately been robbed himself and had the wound fresh in his memory. He stalked up into the club-room, stopped short, and with a hollow, trembling voice said, 'Mr. Selwyn! Mr. Walpole's compliments to you, and he has got a housebreaker for you!' A squadron immediately came to reinforce me, and, having summoned Moreland with the keys of the fortress, we marched into the house to search for more of the gang. Colonel Seabright, with his sword drawn, went first, and then I, exactly the figure of Robinson Crusoe, with a candle and lantern in my hand, a carbine upon my shoulder, my hair wet and about my ears, and in a linen night-gown and slippers. We found the kitchen shutters forced, but not finished; and in the area a tremendous bag of tools, a hammer large enough for the hand of a Jael, and six chisels. All which *opima spolia*, as there was no temple of Jupiter Capitolinus in the neighbourhood, I was reduced to offer on the altar of Sir Thomas Clarges." — Vol. II. pp. 129, 130.

Here is painting, as clear as words can make it. Walpole tells us in one of his letters, that he became an author to avoid being thought by the world a fool, having always lived in terror of that oracular saying, 'Ηρώων παῖδες λοῦβοι, which his friend Bentley, upon the requisition of his learned father, translated, "The sons of heroes are loobies." He need not have felt much anxiety on this score. Hero as the father in

this instance was, and superior as was the influence exerted by him over the world of his own generation, he has left nothing to take hold of the public of later times, like these productions of his "looby" son.

We should never be tired of quoting passages that interest us, and we find it extremely difficult to insert an extract, without adding the rest of the letter from which it was taken. One, however, we cannot pass over. It is the author's account of one of the most celebrated efforts of the elder Pitt, when declaring his breach with the Newcastle administration, which ultimately broke it down. It is given in a letter to General Conway.

"Arlington Street, Nov. 15, 1755.

"I promised you histories, and there are many people that take care I should have it in my power to keep my word. To begin in order, I should tell you, that there were 289 members at the Cockpit meeting, the greatest number ever known there; but Mr. Pitt, who is too great a general to regard numbers, especially when there was a probability of no great harmony between the commanders, did not, however, postpone giving battle. The engagement was not more decisive than long; we sat till within a quarter of five in the morning; an uninterrupted serious debate from before two. Lord Hillsborough moved the address, and very injudiciously supposed an opposition. Martin, Legge's secretary, moved to omit, in the address, the indirect approbation of the treaties, and the direct assurances of protection to Hanover. These questions were at length divided; and, against Pitt's inclination, the last, which was the least unpopular, was first decided by a majority of 311 against 105. Many then went away; and, on the next division, the numbers were 290 to 89. These are the general outlines. The detail of the speeches, which were very long, and some extremely fine, it would be impossible to give you in any compass. On the side of the opposition, (which I must tell you, by the way, though it set out decently, seems extremely resolved,) the speakers (I name them in order) were; the 3d Colebrook, Martin, Northey, Sir Richard Lyttelton, Doddington, George Grenville, Sir F. Dashwood Beckford, Sir G. Lee, Legge, Potter, Dr. Hay, George Townshend, Lord Egmont, Pitt, and Admiral Vernon; on the other side, were Lord Hillsborough, O'Brien, young Stanhope,* Hamilton, Alstone, Ellis, Lord Barrington, Sir G.

* Son of the Earl of Chesterfield; who, upon this occasion, addressed the House for the first time. 'His father,' says Dr. Maty, 'took infinite pains to prepare him for his first appearance as a speaker. The young

Lyttelton, Nugent, Murray, Sir T. Robinson, my uncle, and Mr. Fox. As short as I can, I will give you an account of them. Sir Richard, Beckford, G. Townshend, the Admiral of course, Martin, Stanhope, and Ellis, were very bad; Doddington was well, but very *acceding*; Dr. Hay, by no means answers his reputation; it was easy, but not striking. Lord Egmont was doubling, absurd, and obscure. Sir G. Lee and Lord Barrington were much disliked; I don't think so deservedly. Poor Alstone was mad, and spoke ten times to order. Sir George, our friend, was dull and timid. Legge was the latter. Nugent roared, and Sir Thomas rumbled. My uncle did justice to himself, and was as wretched and dirty as his whole behaviour for his coronet has been. Mr. Fox was extremely fatigued and did little. George Grenville's was very fine, and much beyond himself, and very pathetic. The Attorney General,* in the same style and, very artful, was still finer. Then there was a young Mr. Hamilton,† who spoke for the first time, and was at once perfection; his speech was set, and full of antithesis, but those antitheses were full of argument; indeed, his speech was the most argumentative of the whole day, and he broke through the regularity of his own composition, answered other people, and fell into his own track again with the greatest ease. His figure is advantageous, his voice strong and clear, his manner spirited, and the whole with the ease of an established speaker. You will ask, what could be beyond this? Nothing, but what was beyond what ever was, and that was Pitt! He spoke at past one, for an hour and thirty-five minutes; there was more humor, wit, vivacity, finer language, more boldness, in short, more astonishing perfections, than even you, who are used to him, can conceive. He was not abusive, yet very attacking on all sides; he ridiculed my Lord Hillsborough, crushed poor Sir George, terrified the Attorney, lashed my Lord Granville, painted my Lord of Newcastle, attacked Mr. Fox, and even hinted up to the Duke. A few of the Scotch were in the minority, and most of the Princess's people, not all; all the Duke of Bedford's in the majority. He himself spoke in the other House for the address

man seems to have succeeded tolerably well upon the whole, but on account of his shyness was obliged to stop, and, if I am not mistaken, to have recourse to his notes. Lord Chesterfield used every argument in his power to comfort him, and to inspire him with confidence and courage, to make some other attempt; but I have not heard, that Mr. Stanhope ever spoke again in the House.'"

"* William Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield."

"† William Gerard Hamilton. It was this speech which, not being followed, as was naturally expected, by repeated exhibitions of similar eloquence, acquired for him the name of *single speech* Hamilton."

(though professing uncertainty about the treaties themselves), against my Lord Temple and Lord Halifax, without a division. My Lord Talbot was neuter; he and I were of a party; my opinion was strongly with the opposition; I could not vote for the treaties; I would not vote against Mr. Fox. It is ridiculous perhaps at the end of such a debate, to give an account of my own silence; and, as it is of very little consequence what I did, so it is very unlike me to justify myself. You know how much I hate *professions* of integrity; and my pride is generally too great to care what the generality of people say of me; but your heart is good enough to make me wish you should think well of mine.

“You will want to know what is to be the fate of the ministry in opposition; but that I can’t tell you. I don’t believe they have determined what to do, more than oppose, nor that it is determined what to do with them. Though it is clear, that it is very humiliating to leave them in place, you may conceive several reasons why it is not eligible to dismiss them. *You* know, where you are, how easy it is to buy an opposition who have not places; but tell us what to do with an opposition that has places? If you say, Turn them out; I answer, That is not the way to quiet any opposition, or a ministry so constituted as ours at present. Adieu!” — Vol. II. pp. 289, 290.

This celebrated speech of Mr. Pitt, in opposition to the treaties of subsidy to sustain Hanover, cost him his office. A very full account of the debate is given in our author’s “*Memoires of the last Ten Years of the Reign of George the Second*,” and constitutes the most interesting portion of that work. It was in the course of that speech, that he compared the junction of the two parts of the Administration, the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Fox, the first Lord Holland, to the conflux of the Rhone and the Saone, with that sort of extraordinary success, which always attends forcible and novel illustrations in oratory. Yet this great speech, which excited enthusiasm in a mind neither very friendly to the speaker, nor apt at any time to be carried away, lasted only an hour and thirty-five minutes. And this great debate, which called out all the talent of the House of Commons, in which Murray and Hamilton, George Grenville and Pitt, took a part worthy of the reputations they were earning; this great debate, in which twenty-nine persons addressed the House in succession, was finished and the question brought to a decision in fifteen hours from the time when it commenced.

And why can it not be so in this day? Why is it, that our speakers in Congress do not find themselves able to say all they have to say upon any given topic, within the same compass? The reason, we fear, is to be found in the wretched habits of mental discipline, which prevail among us, even as to the best educated. It may be, that the schoolmaster has been abroad for a few years past; but, if so, there can be little doubt that the logician has been left all the while in prison at home. A *normal* school, which should set out with preparing a new race of teachers, solely of the art of reasoning to the matter in hand, would be the greatest possible benefaction to the affairs of the United States. Mr. Pitt, notwithstanding that he did not take up two hours of the time of the House of Commons in one of his most elaborate efforts, notwithstanding that he began the session with a majority of two hundred against him, in the course of one short year absolutely forced his way into the lead of the administration, and drove both his opponents, the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Fox, out of power. Neither does it seem to have been long speaking, that recommended Murray to the high post from which, as Lord Mansfield, he subsequently became famous in the world.

But we find ourselves insensibly wandering away into politics again, when we have much else to notice in the course of these Letters. Horace Walpole was only an observer of political affairs, and we should be giving a very incorrect idea of him, if we led any of our readers to infer, from the selections we make, that his Letters are only political. The most striking feature about them is the abundance of anecdote, which he has collected about all the principal people in England of his time. He was a man much in social life, and a frequent visiter of the loo tables of the lady dowagers, at which he picked up all the gossip of the day. He was a student of forms, and liked to deal in minute particulars, whether regarding old furniture, that had some association with historical personages of by-gone time, or the scandal about the Duchess of Kendall, Lady Yarmouth, or the Earl of Bute, or Miss Chudleigh's vagaries, or, in fine, any thing that was current at the moment. For all this, he has been charged with having the soul of a gentleman usher, just as if he had never thought of any thing else, or had not been made capable, by this very faculty of close observation,

of drawing pictures of more important scenes, infinitely beyond the power of the most supercilious of his critics. Walpole is the annalist of his times. To him will posterity go for the history of the reigns of George the Second and Third, rather than to Smollett, or Bissett, or Belsham, because he can make a dull period amusing, whilst they are more likely to make a lively one dull.

Let us now come down to the coronation of George the Third, and select one letter, descriptive of the procession upon that occasion.

“TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

“Arlington Street, Sept. 24, 1761.

“I am glad you arrived safe in Dublin, and hitherto like it so well; but your trial is not begun yet. When your King comes, the ploughshares will be put into the fire. Bless your stars, that your King is not to be married or crowned. All the vines of Bordeaux, and all the fumes of Irish brains, cannot make a town so drunk, as a regal wedding and coronation. I am going to let London cool, and will not venture into it again this fortnight. O! the buzz, the prattle, the crowds, the noise, the hurry! Nay, people are so little come to their senses, that, though the coronation was but the day before yesterday, the Duke of Devonshire had forty messages yesterday, desiring tickets for a ball, that they fancied was to be at court last night. People had sat up a night and a day, and yet wanted to see a dance. If I was to entitle ages, I would call this the *century of crowds*. For the coronation, if a puppet-show could be worth a million, that is. The multitudes, balconies, guards, and processions made Palace-yard the liveliest spectacle in the world; the hall was the most glorious. The blaze of lights, the richness and variety of habits, the ceremonials, the benches of peers and peeresses, frequent and full, was as awful as a pageant can be; and yet, for the King's sake and my own, I never wish to see another; nor am impatient to have my Lord Effingham's promise fulfilled. The King complained, that so few precedents were kept for their proceedings. Lord Effingham owned, the earl marshal's office had been strangely neglected; but he had taken such care for the future, that the *next coronation* would be regulated in the most exact manner imaginable. The number of peers and peeresses present was not very great; some of the latter, with no excuse in the world, appeared in Lord Lincoln's gallery, and even walked about the hall indecently in the intervals of the procession. My Lady Harrington, covered with all the diamonds she could borrow, hire, or seize, and with the air of Roxana, was the finest figure

at a distance ; she complained to George Selwyn, that she was to walk with Lady Portsmouth, who would have a wig and a stick. — ‘Pho,’ said he, ‘you will only look as if you were taken up by the constable.’ She told this everywhere, thinking the reflection was on my Lady Portsmouth. Lady Pembroke, alone at the head of the countesses, was the picture of majestic modesty ; the Duchess of Richmond as pretty as nature and dress, with no pains of her own, could make her ; Lady Spencer, Lady Sutherland, and Lady Northampton, very pretty figures. Lady Kildare, still beauty itself, if not a little too large. The ancient peeresses were by no means the worst party ; Lady Westmoreland still handsome, and with more dignity than all ; the Duchess of Queensbury looked well, though her locks milk-white ; Lady Albemarle very genteel ; nay, the middle age had some good representatives in Lady Holderness, Lady Rochford, and Lady Strafford, the perfectest little figure of all. My Lady Suffolk ordered her robes, and I dressed part of her head, as I made some of my Lord Hertford’s dress ; for you know, no profession comes amiss to me, from a tribune of the people to a habit-maker. Don’t imagine, that there were not figures as excellent on the other side ; old Exeter, who told the King he was the handsomest man she ever saw ; old Effingham and a Lady Say and Seale, with her hair powdered and her tresses black, were an excellent contrast to the handsome. Lord B***** put on rouge upon his wife and the Duchess of Bedford, in the painted chamber ; the Duchess of Queensbury told me, of the latter, that she looked like an orange-peach half red and half yellow. The coronets of the peers, and their robes, disguised them strangely ; it required all the beauty of the Dukes of Richmond and Marlborough to make them noticed. One there was, though of another species, the noblest figure I ever saw, the high constable of Scotland, Lord Errol ; as one saw him in a space capable of containing him, one admired him. At the wedding, dressed in tissue, he looked like one of the giants in Guildhall, new gilt. It added to the energy of his person, that one considered him acting so considerable a part in that very hall, where so few years ago one saw his father, Lord Kilmarnock, condemned to the block. The champion acted his part admirably, and dashed down his gauntlet with proud defiance. His associates, Lord Effingham, Lord Talbot, and the Duke of Bedford were woful ; Lord Talbot piqued himself on backing his horse down the hall, and not turning its rump towards the King, but he had taken such pains to dress it to that duty, that it entered backwards ; and at his retreat the spectators clapped, a terrible indecorum, but suitable to such Bartholomew Fair doings. He had twenty *démêlés* and came out of none of them creditably. He had

taken away the table of the Knights of the Bath, and was forced to admit two in their old place, and dine the others in the court of requests. Sir William Stanhope said, 'We are ill-treated, for *some of us* are gentlemen.' Beckford told the Earl, it was hard to refuse a table to the city of London, whom it would cost ten thousand pounds to banquet the King, and that his lordship would repent it, if they had not a table in the hall; they had. To the barons of the Cinque-ports, who made the same complaint, he said, 'If you come to me as Lord Steward, I tell you, it is impossible; if as Lord Talbot, I am a match for any of you;' and then he said to Lord Bute, 'If I were a minister, thus I would talk to France, to Spain, to the Dutch,—none of your half measures.' This has brought me to a melancholy topic. Bussy goes to-morrow, a Spanish war is hanging in the air, destruction is taking a new lease of mankind,—of the remnant of mankind. I have no prospect of seeing Mr. Conway. Adieu! I will not disturb you with my forebodings."—Vol. III. pp. 145—147.

One charge has been brought against our author, which seems to be very strongly founded. He was not very firm in his friendships, neither was he of that sort of temperament which admitted of unrestrained intimacy. His house was his castle in truth, and he loved no person to share it with him. He quarrelled with his friend Gray, the poet, before they could finish their tour on the continent together, and had the candor to admit, long afterwards, that he was the person to blame for it. He quarrelled with his uncle, Horace Walpole, most violently, and never did him justice in any of his writings. So it was with Mr. Bentley, with George Montagu, and with Mr. Fox; with all of whom he once was upon terms of intimacy. Incidents of this kind may occasionally happen in the life of a man, and he may nevertheless be innocent of blame for them; but, when they are perpetually recurring, and that with persons wholly different in disposition from each other, the inevitable inference is, that the fault lies somewhere in his own character. Yet, although these facts go to establish against Walpole the charge of instability in friendships, they do not prove that he was incapable of any durable one. Towards General Conway he remained uniform in his feelings throughout his long life; and the intensity of them seemed to increase in proportion as his attachment to others grew weak. Another of his intimacies deserves more particular notice on account of its singularity. In one of his visits to Paris, where he

became the fashion on account of a squib against Rousseau which he published, purporting to be a letter addressed to that personage by the king of Prussia, he became acquainted with Madame du Deffand, an old lady, whose blindness and general loss of strength did not in the least prevent her from taking that eager interest in the doings of the world around her, so characteristic of most French people. Yet, although she was seventy, and Walpole fifty years old, at the time of the formation of this intimacy, he, who ridiculed others, felt so afraid of being ridiculed himself on account of this sentimental attachment, that much of his epistolary communication with her is taken up in positive and not very gentle scolding for using towards him too many French epithets of endearment.

The letters of Madame du Deffand, had they come from a young woman, might doubtless have led to a misconstruction of a grave nature ; but they would not then have caused to Walpole nearly the same degree of vexation. The idea of flirting with an antique was too much for his philosophy. That he could imagine such an idea as entering into the heads even of the malicious people about the French Court, who might have an opportunity to inspect the correspondence while on its way, as was the practice of the time, gives one a tolerable clue to one of his greatest foibles. He was suspicious and irritable, and yet he was kind and generous withal. Otherwise, it would be hard to account for his repeated visits afterwards to Paris, simply for the sake of gratifying her, and for his offers to make up to her from his own fortune all deficiencies, at a moment when she was apprehensive of losing a part of her pension, the means of her subsistence. What could there be in her situation, to induce Walpole to go a step out of his way from any motives, other than the most disinterested ones ? She was a lone woman, weary of the world, and yet loath to quit it, regarding futurity only as a more dreary void, than that which already existed in her own heart. To her, the society or correspondence of Walpole was a relief from the monotony of her life and the *ennui* of her own thoughts, whilst he had not yet attained the age when company was essential to his amusement or happiness. We think this intimacy does him on the whole great credit, and the correspondence resulting from it constitutes one of the most interesting episodes in

the whole of his career. We have sometimes regretted, that his letters to her had not been published in full, in connexion with hers to him ; notwithstanding the probability, that, being written in a language, of the idioms of which he was not perfectly master, they would not contrast very well with the graceful and feminine elegance with which she used it. There is a valuable moral to be drawn from her letters, over and above the amusement and information which they furnish. They show the struggle of a mind and heart, naturally good, against the lessons of a mere worldly philosophy, and that the very failure to reach something better, in her case, was the consequence of not early learning the only source from which she could have obtained it. Intimacy with Philip of Orleans, the libertine of libertines, was not the best calculated preparation in her youth for happiness or comfort in her old age. Religion was to her a cipher. The result was, that life, tedious as it became at last, was better to her than the blank hereafter, which she could not fill up if she would, and which she would not if she could.

Religion appears to have been very little in the mind of Walpole himself, at any period of his life. But he was an outward respecter of morals, and there is a general correctness of tone running through his opinions upon the subject, at which we were somewhat surprised, considering the school in which he was brought up. His father, Sir Robert, was a very loose and a very coarse man in private life, piquing himself somewhat upon his "*bonnes fortunes*." He himself, we are told, was thought to be no favorite with that father, on account of the suspected fidelity of his mother. After the death of that mother, Sir Robert introduced his mistress, Maria Skerrett, as her successor, whose daughter was legitimated by patent at the period of his fall. To the profligacy of his eldest brother's wife, the early portion of these letters is perpetually alluding, whilst his other brother left, as his only family, three natural daughters, who, notwithstanding their illegitimacy, appear in succession in this correspondence as the Honorable Mrs. Keppel, Lady Waldegrave, and Lady Dysart. With such associations as these, it would not have been surprising, if his own epistolary style had carried with it all the poison which marks that of Lord Chesterfield. But it does not. The only effect, which they seem to have produced, lies on the surface, in the occasional

introduction of coarse allusions and indelicate anecdote ; a practice which a polished writer, at the present day, would not think of adopting, but which, in his own age, was by no means peculiar to Walpole. He has none of the obtuseness, as to political morality, which distinguished such men as Bubb Doddington, the Duke of Newcastle, and most of the leading politicians of the time, nor does he seek to excuse the means to which his father resorted when endeavouring to maintain his power. The only palliation that can be urged is, that he did no more than any man of his time would have done in his place ; but Walpole does not press even that. Upon the African slave-trade, he early had very strong and just notions. Yet, notwithstanding this, to the last day of his life, he appears to have thought little upon serious subjects. He too, like Madame du Deffand, felt the loneliness incident to old age, when deprived of all the endearing ties of family affection, and his last moments were tormented by fear of the desertion of two ladies, upon whose attentions he was conscious he had no other claim than that of charity for suffering. Such is the inevitable consequence of a mere worldly life ; of the enjoyment of what is called society, at the expense of the social and religious affections. These two distinguished instances, in the most celebrated capitals of modern Europe, ought to operate rather as a warning what to avoid, than an example what to pursue.

Our author has been censured for his opinions of contemporary literature, with the same spirit of fault-finding, which has pervaded the examination of all the rest of his character, and with even less reason here, as it seems to us, than elsewhere. That posterity very seldom confirms the judgment passed by literary men upon the productions of their own age, has long been known. Great temporary popularity is no sign of a permanent reputation to any author, neither is the verdict of the learned in every case found to be without appeal. Walpole has committed no greater errors of taste or of judgment, than can be cited against almost any distinguished man, of whose judgments as much is recorded as of his. He did admire Dr. Darwin and Crebillon's "Sofa," it is true, and he did not admire Thomson's "Seasons" and Dr. Johnson. But Johnson himself admired Blackmore, and censured Gray. How many decisions are there of Sir Walter Scott or Lord Byron, which the course even of the very short

time since their death has reversed ! The traveller, who looks round upon a scene, finds his attention caught by those objects which are nearest to him, and is apt to overlook the relative importance which they bear to more distant ones ; whilst a voyager in a ship, as it recedes from the same spot, would notice only those features of the landscape which are in themselves positively prominent. Just so is it with the writings of men, who are living around us. We judge them under a thousand impulses, which have no connexion with the merit or demerit of the things themselves. Perhaps the novelty is startling ; perhaps we know the author ; perhaps it is fashionable to admire ; perhaps our taste is made up on the artificial standard created by our own generation, to conform to which some writer is making himself disgusting to all future time by his mannerism, though we perceive it not ; perhaps we are too far gone in satiety of good books longer to relish what is merely natural and simple. All these and a thousand other probabilities go to pervert our sentiments of present literature ; but another generation will spring up in season to set us right, as we may have set right that which preceded us. Horace Walpole was no bad critic at bottom, we think, when he addressed to Mr. John Pinkerton such remarks as these, erroneously stated to be now first published.

“To *your* book, Sir, I am much obliged on many accounts ; particularly for having recalled my mind to subjects of delight, to which it was grown dulled by age and indolence. In consequence of your reclaiming it, I asked myself, whence you feel so much disregard for certain authors, whose fame is established ; you have assigned good reasons for withholding your approbation from some, on the plea of their being imitators ; it was natural, then, to ask myself again, whence they had obtained so much celebrity. I think I have discovered a cause, which I do not remember to have seen noted ; and *that* cause I suspect to have been, that certain of those authors possessed grace ; do not take me for a disciple of Lord Chesterfield, nor imagine that I mean to erect grace into a capital ingredient of writing ; but I do believe that it is a perfume, that will preserve from putrefaction, and is distinct even from style, which regards expression. *Grace*, I think, belongs to *manner*. It is from the charm of grace that I believe some authors, not in your favor, obtained part of their renown, Virgil in particular ; and yet I am far from disagreeing with you on his subject in general. There is such a dearth of invention in the *Æneid*, (and when he did invent, it was often

so foolishly,) so little good sense, so little variety, and so little power over the passions, that I have frequently said, from contempt for his matter and from the charm of his harmony, that I believe I should like his poem better, if I was to hear it repeated, and did not understand Latin. On the other hand, he has more than harmony; whatever he utters is said gracefully, and he ennobles his images, especially in the *Georgics*; or at least it is more sensible there from the humility of the subject. A Roman farmer might not understand his diction in agriculture; but he made a Roman courtier understand farming, the farming of that age, and could captivate a lord of Augustus's bedchamber, and tempt him to listen to themes of rusticity. On the contrary, Statius and Claudian, though talking of war, would make a soldier despise them as bullies. That graceful manner of thinking in Virgil seems to me to be more than style, if I do not refine too much; and I admire, I confess, Mr. Addison's phrase, that Virgil 'tossed about his dung with an air of majesty.' A style may be excellent without grace; for instance, Dr. Swift's. Eloquence may bestow an immortal style, and one of more dignity; yet eloquence may want that ease, that genteel air that flows from or constitutes grace. Addison himself was master of that grace, even in his pieces of humor, and which do not owe their merit to style; and from that combined secret he excels all men that ever lived, but Shakspeare, in humor, by never dropping into an approach towards burlesque and buffoonery, when even his humor descended to characters, that in any other hands would have been vulgarly low. Is not it clear that Will Wimble was a gentleman, though he always lived at a distance from good company? Fielding had as much humor, perhaps, as Addison; but, having no idea of grace, is perpetually disgusting. His inn-keepers and parsons are the grossest of their profession; and his gentlemen are awkward, when they should be at their ease.

"The Grecians had grace in every thing; in poetry, in oratory, in statuary, in architecture, and, probably, in music and painting. The Romans, it is true, were their imitators; but having grace too, imparted it to their copies, which gave them a merit that almost raises them to the rank of originals. Horace's *Odes* acquired their fame, no doubt, from the graces of his manner and purity of his style, — the chief praise of Tibullus and Propertius, who certainly cannot boast of more meaning than Horace's *Odes*.

"Waller, whom you proscribe, Sir, owed his reputation to the graces of his manner, though he frequently stumbled, and even fell flat; but a few of his smaller pieces are as graceful as possible; one might say, that he excelled in painting ladies in enamel, but could not succeed in portraits in oil, large as life. Milton had such superior merit, that I will only say, that, if his angels,

his Satan, and his Adam have as much dignity as the Apollo Belvidere, his Eve has all the delicacy and graces of the Venus de Medicis; as his description of Eden has the coloring of Albano. Milton's tenderness imprints ideas as graceful as Guido's Madonnas; and the 'Allegro,' 'Penseroso,' and 'Comus' might be denominated from the three Graces; as the Italians gave similar titles to two or three of Petrarch's best sonnets.

"Cowley, I think, would have had grace (for his mind was graceful), if he had had any ear, or if his taste had not been vitiated by the pursuit of wit; which, when it does not offer itself naturally, degenerates into tinsel or pertness. Pertness is the mistaken affectation of grace, as pedantry produces erroneous dignity; the familiarity of the one, and the clumsiness of the other, distort or prevent grace. Nature, that furnishes samples of all qualities, and on the scale of gradation exhibits all possible shades, affords us types that are more apposite than words. The eagle is sublime, the lion majestic, the swan graceful, the monkey pert, the bear ridiculously awkward. I mention these, as more expressive and comprehensive than I could make definitions of my meaning; but I will apply the swan only, under whose wings I will shelter an apology for Racine, whose pieces give me an idea of that bird. The coloring of the swan is pure; his attitudes are graceful; he never displeases you when sailing on his proper element. His feet may be ugly, his notes hissing, not musical, his walk not natural; he can soar, but it is with difficulty; still, the impression the swan leaves is that of grace. So does Racine.

"Boileau may be compared to the dog, whose sagacity is remarkable, as well as its fawning on its master, and its snarling at those it dislikes. If Boileau was too austere to admit the pliability of grace, he compensates by good sense and propriety. He is like (for I will drop animals) an upright magistrate, whom you respect, but whose justice and severity leave an awe that discourages familiarity. His copies of the ancients may be too servile; but if a good translator deserves praise, Boileau deserves more. He certainly does not fall below his originals; and, considering at what period he wrote, has greater merit still. By his imitations, he held out to his countrymen models of taste, and banished totally the bad taste of his predecessors. For his 'Lutrin,' replete with excellent poetry, wit, humor, and satire, he certainly was not obliged to the ancients. Excepting Horace, how little idea had either Greeks or Romans of wit and humor; Aristophanes and Lucian, compared with moderns, were the one a blackguard, and the other a buffoon. In my eyes, the 'Lutrin,' the 'Dispensary,' and the 'Rape of the Lock' are standards of grace and elegance, not to be paralleled by antiquity; and eternal reproaches to Voltaire, whose indelicacy in the 'Pucelle' de-

grade him as much, when compared with the three authors I have named, as his 'Henriade' leaves Virgil, and even Lucan, whom he more resembles, by far his superiors.

"The 'Dunciad' is blemished by the offensive images of the games; but the poetry appears to me admirable; and though the fourth book has obscurities, I prefer it to the three others; it has descriptions not surpassed by any poet that ever existed, and which surely a writer merely ingenious will never equal. The lines on Italy, on Venice, on Convents, have all the grace for which I contend as distinct from poetry, though united with the most beautiful; and the 'Rape of the Lock,' besides the originality of great part of the invention, is a standard of graceful writing.

"In general, I believe that what I call grace, is denominated elegance; but by grace I mean something higher. I will explain myself by instances. Apollo is graceful, Mercury elegant. Petrarch, perhaps, owed his whole merit to the harmony of his numbers and the graces of his style. They conceal his poverty of meaning and want of variety. His complaints, too, may have added an interest, which, had his passion been successful, and had expressed itself with equal sameness, would have made the number of his sonnets insupportable. Melancholy, in poetry, I am inclined to think, contributes to grace, when it is not disgraced by pitiful lamentations, such as Ovid's and Cicero's in their banishments. We respect melancholy, because it imparts a similar affection, pity. A gay writer, who should only express satisfaction without variety, would soon be nauseous.

"Madame de Sévigné shines both in grief and gaiety. There is too much of sorrow for her daughter's absence; yet it is always expressed by new terms, by new images, and often by wit, whose tenderness has a melancholy air. When she forgets her concern, and returns to her natural disposition, gaiety, every paragraph has novelty; her allusions, her applications, are the happiest possible. She has the art of making you acquainted with all her acquaintances, and attaches you even to the spots she inhabited. Her language is correct, though unstudied; and, when her mind is full of any great event, she interests you with the warmth of a dramatic writer, not with the chilling impartiality of an historian. Pray read her accounts of the death of Turenne, and of the arrival of King James in France, and tell me whether you do not know their persons as if you had lived at the time."

— Vol. iv. pp. 367 – 370.

Without yielding unqualified assent to all the opinions expressed in this letter, we must nevertheless maintain, that it is a pattern of graceful criticism, possessing the very quality which the author so carefully describes. Walpole is always

an original, perhaps sometimes an eccentric thinker, and seizes subjects in the way most agreeable to a reader. And where his strong prejudices do not operate he is generally just. For Dr. Johnson he entertained the disgust, which a refined gentleman will feel when brought in contact with an ill-mannered person ; and he had not the necessary patience to dig below the repulsive surface for the sake of the ore he might find beneath. It is a little curious, that, although the author, who lived so much in the world, mentions almost every incident of passing interest, he nowhere makes the remotest allusion to the publication of the *Letters of Junius*. This is adduced among other arguments by Sir Charles Grey, in a paper included in the present work, to prove that Walpole was himself their author. We have long since given up all hope of unveiling the mystery by the force of mere argument. But we have known the authorship ascribed to many with less probability than it is to Walpole. Far removed as his style is from that of the *Unknown*, it is not farther than that of Tooke, or of Chatham, or of Francis.

But we are conscious of having already extended our notice of these volumes too far, though we have by no means exhausted the topics which they suggest to us. So many and so various are these, growing as they do out of the correspondence of a long life, that we find ourselves unable to crowd them all within any tolerable compass. And so mixed is the character of the writer, containing within itself so much that is not agreeable, with a great deal that is interesting and pleasant to dwell upon, that it seems as if at every turn we found a new view to take of it. No letters can be pleasant or genuine, which do not furnish to the student of human nature ample materials for thought. That these do it in so great abundance, is a strong proof of their extraordinary merit. And, although we may find upon reading them, that men and things are described in a manner different from that which we are used to in history, yet that their way of doing it is in consonance with the results of our own observation in life, can hardly fail to be marked, even by the least observing. A youth may find pleasure and advantage in perusing those artificial narratives called philosophical histories; but, as he becomes older, he will also become daily more apt to keep in his mind the words of the Chancellor Oxenstiern, and observe the little wisdom that men commonly use in the government of the world.

- ART. II. — 1. *The Asiatic Journal and Monthly Register for British and Foreign India, China, and Australasia*. Number for April, 1842. [Article, *Review of Eastern News*.] London : William H. Allen & Company. 8vo. pp. 192.
2. *Parliamentary Papers*. Vol. XXXVII.

THE recent events in Central Asia, and the terrible disasters which have been experienced by the English forces in that country, will naturally excite the attention of the civilized world. We have ventured to suppose, that some sketch of the events connected with that disaster, and the causes which led to the English invasion of Afghanistan, will not be without interest ; and we enter upon this subject with the more readiness, as it is possible, that there are not many of our countrymen who have watched the course of events in that war.* The statements and views we are about to present, are the fruit of some special attention we have been enabled to give to the subject, aided by constant communication with officers going to and returning from the seat of the war.

“Every thing,” say the Indian accounts, “has been lost but honor, and the heaviest calamity that has ever fallen upon British arms has now overtaken them ; — the cup of bitterness has been drained to the lees, and death and misery are scattered all around.” The almost total destruction of thirteen thousand troops and followers is now clearly announced. Of all this number, only about fifteen are known to survive. Twelve or fourteen officers turned back with their wives after leaving Caboul, and are now in safety ; but of those who remained with the retreating force only *one* lives to tell the tale of their defeat and slaughter. A wail of mourning has gone through the land, and the cry has arisen on all sides for signal retribution for the shedding of all this English blood.

But before the echoes of this cry have ceased, even while it is still uttered, another voice has arisen, and the question is asked, upon whom the revenge is to be exercised. “Retri-

* There is one gentleman in the United States, General Harlan, formerly Chief of the Staff of Dost Mahomed, who can give more information upon Central Asia than almost any person who is at liberty to speak. We hope that the result of his long observation, aided by the rare opportunities he has enjoyed, will not be kept from the world.

bution, and a terrible one," declares the "Bengal Hurkaru," "has already descended and fallen upon the heads of the offenders, — upon our own." The London "Times," of April 16th, declares ; "We have never been attacked or provoked by the Afghans. The aggression has been on our side. We have invaded their territory to impose upon them a king whom they refused, and whom they had several times repulsed from their land. If any thing can excuse the excesses said to have been committed, it is the holy character of the war in which they are engaged, a war to defend their rights, their natal soil, their chosen sovereign. One cannot but be moved at the constancy of those, who are sacrificing themselves for a cause of such a nature."

These remarks are echoed from all sides, and the most bitter reproaches are poured down upon those who have conceived and carried on the war. The East India Company, whose broad shoulders have been before made to bear the blame of many an act of aggression and cruel war, here comes forward through some of its most influential Directors, and abjures all responsibility for the acts that have been committed. Even as far back as October, 1841, at the moment when the rising of the Afghans was concerting, but before any idea of their action or of their plans could have reached England, Sir Henry Willock wrote to Lord Aberdeen, declaring, that "it will hardly be credited, that a measure calculated in so great a degree to influence the deepest interests of the British Empire in India, as the erection of a new dynasty in Afghanistan, should have been undertaken *without the concurrence of the Board of Directors*, and that not an individual of their body, with the exception of the gentlemen of the secret committee, was in any way consulted thereon." In the meeting of the Court of Directors on March 23d, 1842, Mr. Montgomery Martin, well known for his statistical notices upon India, declared the same thing, and called loudly for inquiry into the acts that caused the war. Whose work was it? Who had conceived it? *Who had led the Company into such a ruinous expense?*

The English war of 1838 – 9, seems to have gone on, however, with scarce one word of opposition at the time ; a few Tory voices were, indeed, raised against it, but the news of the successful storming of Ghuznee, and the taking of the city containing the sacred tomb of Mahmoud, before which

stood the sandal-wood doors, carried off eight hundred years before from Somnat in India, — seemed to check all spirit of inquiry, and change it to exultation. The vertigo of success made opposition dumb. So it is with the glory of the Syrian campaign of 1840. The roar of British cannon, and the shouts of victory at St. Jean d'Acre, were loud enough to drown the feeble groans of dying thousands ; and almost two years have gone by before people begin to look at that question, and inquire what good has been brought about, or even what political object gained, by the causing of all this misery.

The recent disasters in Afghanistan, coming home to all, have aroused public attention to the causes of this war, and the London "*Asiatic Journal*," for April, 1842, says, "It is now believed, that the dread of Russian ambition, and the notion of Russian intrigues against us in the East, to which the expedition may fairly be ascribed, was a pure chimera."

Let us look at this. But first, to render the subject more clear, we must see the position which England occupies in the East. There we find an immense empire, of more than a *hundred million subjects*, possessing a large army, with great revenues, with cities of a million of inhabitants, all under the control and government of a company of merchants and stockholders, who, sending out instructions and giving orders from their own quiet counting-house at home, have, *in eighty years*, built up an empire which almost rivals that of Alexander or Tamerlane.

The circumstances of the country have favored this immense growth of empire ; but a cause almost as great, is the opening that has been given to talent of every kind, and the facilities which every able officer has had, however poor, or however low his rank at home, to push his way forward to fortune and to fame, in furthering the interests of those whom he served. It is not a little remarkable, in regard to the ease with which the country has been subdued, that the plan of conquest originally adopted by Clive, and followed up constantly by the English ever since, had been before conceived by the French General, Dupleix, when in command at Madras, and was immediately rejected in France, bringing down at the same time severe reproaches upon its author, reproaches which have not been spared by recent biographers. This plan was, to employ only a small force of foreign troops, but

to use the passions of the native princes themselves, and, fomenting discords in the several states, lend at the last moment assistance to that one, which, when successful, would become the pliant instrument of the nation that had given it aid. “*Divide et impera.*”

Following up this system, the Company has been gradually working its way further and further north, engulfing, one after the other, Prince and Rajah, Amir and Nizam, and finally the Great Mogul himself. Passing his capital of Delhi, crossing the Sutlege, subsidizing the sovereign of Lahore, hardly knowing when or where to stop, they at length see in the distance, indeed they almost meet face to face with another power, whose spirit is as active, whose resources as large, as their own, and whose interest and ability to move south are perhaps fully as great as their own to advance in the opposite direction. That power is Russia.

At the time when the Persian expedition against Herat was planned in 1835–6, the northern limit of the English possessions, proper and subsidized, was the river Sutlege, flowing southwest into the Indus, at a distance of about two hundred miles north of Delhi. Beyond, and in the Delta formed by the Sutlege and the Indus, was the Punjab, the Kingdom of the Sikhs, with their remarkable sovereign Runjeet Singh, of Lahore. His readiness to unite with the English Government was undoubted in 1832, when Burnes declares, that, “as regards the English, he may be considered a most friendly ally ;” and this readiness was acted up to by him in 1838, when he joined in the English operations against Afghanistan. Passing Runjeet Singh’s rule, we are at once in that ill-fated country, which has been the scene of the recent melancholy disasters. To the north of Caboul, the capital, extends one part of the Himalaya mountains, through which are at least two passes, open in summer to caravans, that lead directly to the Khanates of Balkh, Badakshan, and Bokhara. With all of these Russia has large commercial transactions,* and their political intercourse is said to be troubled with few misunderstandings.

From another city of Afghanistan, Candahar, the war is open to Herat on the frontiers of Persia, and passing Persia,

* When, in 1836, Lieutenant Woods was on his journey to the sources of the Oxus, he was treated at Koundouz, by Mourad Bey, with loaf-sugar, refined at St. Petersburg.

one comes at once upon the Caspian Sea and the southern frontier of Russia. There are thus between Afghanistan and Russia, on one point, the three Khanates we have named, with a wide strip of desert, and, on another point, Persia, which state, like its neighbour Turkey, forgetful of its ancient resources and fame, weakened without and within, stands tottering and ready to fall beneath the first hand that touches it roughly.

It will thus be seen, that this territory of Afghanistan, of the existence of which scarce any one in Europe fifty years ago thought or cared, is likely to become the theatre of great events ; and to be the scene on which, at some future day, may be staked the destinies of Central Asia.

Here Alexander the Great, in his march to the Indus, stopped to recruit the forces of his wearied soldiers, who, as the historian tells us, ate with delight the refreshing fruits of the fertile country around what is now Caboul.* Here also have passed Tamerlane and Jenghis-Khan, in going to and returning from their foreign expeditions. Hither, too, are directed the eyes of the two great powers, whose interests are most deeply engaged, as to the pivot on which turns, in some degree, the fate of those interests in Asia. "Great Britain and Russia," says Count Nesselrode's despatch of October 20th, 1838, "can have but one desire, to maintain the peace of Central Asia, as also its *independence*."

The friend of England, Runjeet Singh, had already committed many depredations upon Afghanistan, had reduced Peshawur to a state of vassalage, and was preparing for still further hostile movements at the southeast, when the Shah of Persia, recollecting that his former dominion once extended even to Delhi, took the resolution to recover or reduce Herat, that part of his "legitimate" possessions, which formed the most northwesterly province of Afghanistan. In this recollection of his ancient rights, his memory is supposed to have been assisted by the counsels of Count Simonich, the Russian minister at Teheran. The Persian expedition against Herat, was the signal for immediate action on the part of the English government. Many English officers were sent to that place to assist in its defence, † Runjeet

* See Arrian. There is a good notice of Alexander's march in the papers of the Royal Society of Koenigsberg, for 1829. *Ueber den Feldzug Alexanders nach Indien*, von Dr. von Bohlen.

† There was rather an awkward clause in the treaty of 1814, between England and Persia, that would appear to stand in the way of this inter-

Singh was called upon to join in a grand plan of attack upon Afghanistan, and Shah Shoudjah was drawn from the great corps of pliant sovereigns, that the Indian government has in reserve for every province, as the man destined to sway the sceptre of Central Asia. The invasion of Afghanistan followed in 1839.

Before we trace out the war, which succeeded to the treaty concluded between the English government of India, the Mahar-Rajah Runjeet Singh, and Shah Shoudjah, the motives of which are declared in Lord Auckland's Simla proclamation of October 1st, 1838, let us look at the condition of Afghanistan, and see the internal state of the country, destined so soon to experience a foreign invasion.

The origin of the Afghan people is as yet undetermined. Some have claimed for them a descent from the soldiers of Alexander the Great, or from colonies of Greeks, whom tradition declares he left in the country. Marco Polo tells us, that, while on his travels in Asia, which was six hundred years ago, he saw in Badakshan "princes, all of whom are descended directly from Alexander;" and the eastern historian, Aboul Fuzul, says, that "Iskander (Alexander) left great treasures in Caboul, under some of his relations, and the descendants of these persons, who have their genealogical tables in hand, are living still in the country and mountains around."* Burnes, in his travels, visited the Khanate of Badakshan, and saw many of the sovereigns, who boast descent from Alexander the Great; but he is rather skeptical in regard to their claim, and finds it difficult to reconcile it with the histories that have travelled down to us, which declare, "that the son of Philip left no heir to inherit his gigantic conquests, much less a numerous list of colonies, which have survived a lapse of more than two thousand years in Asia." He adds, however, that, even if we cannot believe fully in the descent of these moderns from Alexander, "we must yet receive their tradition, as the most convincing proof of his having over-

ference. The ninth clause declares, "if war should ensue between the Persian and Afghan governments, the English government *shall take no part in it*, nor shall it give assistance to either party, except as a mediator, at the solicitation of both parties, for the purpose of producing peace." Lord Auckland is complimented in one of the despatches, for "the energy of character which he displayed in surmounting all the obstacles which arose during the preparations for the expedition." Was this clause in the treaty with Persia one of those obstacles?

* See Marsden's *Notes* to Marco Polo, London, 1818.

run these countries ;” and further, “until some well-grounded argument can be brought forward to the contrary, I cannot, for my own part, deny their title to the honors which they claim.” * Although the princes whom Burnes visited are in a district further north than Caboul, yet many have supposed the present Afghans to be also descended from Alexander’s Greeks, while they have been claimed by others as being one of the ten tribes of Israel. Burnes, whose observations are always of great value, seems to concur in the latter opinion, although it is rejected entirely by Elphinstone. The people are now Mohammedans, speak a dialect of the Persian language, and have a sovereign contempt for the few Jews, who are at present among them.

The proper Afghan population amounts to three and a half or four millions. The old kingdom of Afganistan comprised eleven millions, including Afghans, Belouchis, Tartars, and Persians.

Every notice that we have gives a favorable account of this people. They are represented as brave, temperate, and honest. They are “sociable and well informed,” says Burnes, “free from prejudice on points of religion, and many of them very well versed in Asiatic history.” He says, again, when he has left Lahore, and enters the Afghan territory, “I did not regret to exchange the cringing servility of the Indians for the more free and independent manners of Caboul ;” † and further on, “they cannot conceal their feelings from one another, and a person with good discrimination may at all times pierce their designs.” Every one, who has experienced in his proper person the duplicity and knavery, that would seem to flow in the blood of all Eastern nations, will readily concede that this last remark is the highest praise that could be given to any among them.

Throughout all the changes which have taken place in Central Asia, the Afghans have contrived to preserve a sort of independence within themselves. Their monarchy, during the short time that it endured as such, was elective, the choice of the sovereign depending upon the Sirdars or chiefs, who have taken, generally, a son of their old king to place upon the throne of his father. This choice of a monarch seems to have led, sometimes, to scenes as violent as those which have attended similar elections in Poland, and the di-

* Burnes’s *Travels to Bokhara*, Vol. II. p. 218.

† *Ibid.*, Vol. I. p. 74.

visions among the Sirdars have certainly weakened very materially the resources of the country. Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone, in his account of his mission to Caboul in 1809, says, he once urged upon a very intelligent old man, of the tribe of Meankhiel, the superiority of a quiet life under a powerful monarch, over the state of discord in which they were sometimes plunged. The reply was, "We are content with alarms, we are content with discord, we are content with blood, but we never will be content with a master!"

A people having feelings like these will scarce ever lose its nationality, even though exposed, as the Afghans have been, to the attacks of all the great Eastern conquerors. Babur took Caboul and Ghuznee in 1506, and, during the early part of the eighteenth century, Nadir Shah, of Persia, extended his rule over nearly all the provinces of the kingdom of Afghanistan. This roused all, and in 1738, Achmed Shah-Abdalli, the chief of the Sudozi family, putting himself at the head of the different tribes, took possession of Caboul and Ghuznee, drove the Persians from Herat, established his authority in Peshawur and Cashmire, and was finally crowned in 1747 at Candahar. He died in 1773; his son Timour, who succeeded him, died in 1793. Since that time until 1826, when Dost Mahomed Khan mounted the throne of Caboul, the country has been exposed to continual warfare, to attacks from without and within, to dissensions, and to bloodshed. The descendants of Achmed Shah seem destined to furnish another proof of the truth of the remark of the old historian, that "in three generations of every dynasty, only one brilliant name will be found."

Timour Shah left several sons, of whom only four figure conspicuously in the events of the last thirty years; Zuman, Mahmoud, Eyoub (Job), and Shoudjah. The eldest of these, Zuman, was living a few years since at Loudiana, where he had taken refuge after having had his eyes torn out, and been driven from the country by his brother Mahmoud. This last, obliged to flee from Caboul to avoid the punishment of the cruelties he had committed, died in 1829 at Herat. Eyoub, who has sat for a short time on the throne, is now in British India; and Shoudjah, driven in 1809 from the country for his cruelties, had likewise been living there until he was drawn forth for the recent expedition.

“Timour,” says Burnes, in 1832, “had none of the energy and activity of his parent. Shah Zuman his son, defective in education and cruel in disposition, succeeded to a government relaxed by a long reign of indolence. He and his brothers, Mahmoud and Shoudjah, seem alike to have forgotten, on their elevation to a throne, that they ruled a people whose genius was republican. The total overthrow of the dynasty is universally attributed to the misplaced pride and arrogance of the last kings, who now receive no sympathy from the Afghans in their downfall.”*

In the disorders that followed the death of Timour, the chiefs of the Barukzi clan, who had assisted in putting Achmed Shah upon the throne, came forward to take their parts in the affairs of government. The Barukzi and the Sudozi, to the latter of which tribes belonged Achmed Shah, may be considered as the great rival clans of Afghanistan. Burnes says, that the Barukzi is by far the most powerful, consisting of sixty thousand families, and that their influence in the country is far greater than that of the other tribe. Shah Shoudjah, of course, is a Sudozi. To the tribe of Barukzi belong Dost Mahomed Khan, the deposed ruler, and his eighteen brothers.

Shah Zuman reigned but a short time, and in 1808, at the time of Mr. Elphinstone’s mission, Shoudjah was on the throne. The cruelties he had committed, and his failure to conciliate the Barukzi tribe, raised a strong feeling against him; and, in 1809, Futteh Khan, the chief of that tribe, drove him from the throne, and put another brother, Mahmoud, in his place.† This last seems to have been at first a good easy king, who, like the more famous King Cole, amused himself with “potations pottle-deep,” leaving all the cares of government to his Vizier, Futteh Khan. This was an elder brother of Dost Mahomed, and under his rule, the kingdom regained for a time its former splendor; the revenues were put in order, the tributary Amirs of Sind were brought to obedience, and Cashmire, which was in rebellion, was reduced to submission. In this expedition to Cashmire, which

* Burnes, Vol. II. p. 341.

† It was the battle of Neemla that decided the fate of Shoudjah. His forces are stated by Burnes to have been fifteen thousand, and those of the “adverse faction,” two thousand. To Shoudjah’s force, of fifteen thousand, Burnes might have added “the King’s name.” Yet they were totally defeated.

was in 1811, Runjeet Singh appeared as an ally of the Vizier, and, the rebellion there having been quelled, the country was left in the government of Mahomed Azeem Khan, the eldest of the Vizier's seventeen brothers.

But while the troops were off on this expedition, the Governor of Attock (an important point on the Indus), who was a brother of the deposed governor of Cashmire, made secret overtures to Runjeet Singh; and he, eager to secure so fine an addition to his possessions, forgot his allies, and seized upon this part of their territory. Futteh immediately hurried back from Cashmire and gave battle to Runjeet Singh before Attock. Here Dost Mahomed, the younger brother, first appears on the scene, having, at the head of two thousand Afghans, charged and taken the whole of Runjeet Singh's artillery. They were compelled afterwards to abandon the ground, and Attock, with all the possessions of the Afghans south of the Indus, fell into the hands of the sovereign of Lahore. The revenues of Cashmire were, however, more than a compensation for this.

About this time, the Shah of Persia demanded tribute from Herat, the most westerly province, and set on foot an expedition to recover it. Futteh Khan immediately left the scene of war in the southeast, and, taking part of his Cashmire force with him, marched some six hundred miles to meet the Persians. At Herat a battle took place, which resulted in the flight of the Persians, under Ali Mirza, a son of the Shah. During all this time of war and action, Mahmoud, who had been placed on his throne by Futteh Khan, was quietly eating and drinking at Caboul. "The King, himself," says Burnes, "was but a silent spectator, and owed all these successes to his Vizier, who managed the whole affairs of the kingdom, while the monarch himself was plunged in debauchery."

But Kamran Khan, the son of this weak monarch, stirred up jealousies against the Vizier, and, persuading his father that now that all enemies were defeated, and the finances in order, the country could be governed without his assistance, procured at length from the king the liberty to tear out the eyes of Futteh Khan. This act drove the seventeen brothers to rebellion, and six months after, in 1818, the Vizier was put to death with the most cruel torments, by Mahmoud and his son Kamran. "The tragedy," says Burnes,

“which terminated the life of Futteh Khan Barukzi, is perhaps without parallel in modern times. Blind and bound, he was led into the court of Mahmoud, where he had so lately ruled with absolute power. The King taunted him for his crimes, and desired him to use his influence with his brothers, then in rebellion. Futteh Khan replied without fear, and with great fortitude, that he was now but a poor blind man, and had no concern with affairs of state. Mahmoud, irritated at his obstinacy, gave the last orders for his death; and this unfortunate man was deliberately cut to pieces by the nobles of the court; joint was separated from joint, limb from limb, his nose and his ears were lopped off, nor had the vital spark fled, till the head was separated from the mangled trunk. Futteh Khan endured all these cruel torments without a sigh, and stretched out his different limbs to those who thirsted for his blood. The remnants of the unfortunate man were gathered in a cloth and sent to Ghuznee, where they were interred.” *

All the brothers immediately joined to dethrone the murderer, and Azim Khan, the eldest, precipitately quitting his government of Cashmire, hurried back to take the lead. The imbecile Mahmoud fled without the show of resistance, and remained undisturbed at Herat until his death in 1829. His son Kamran, the instigator of the murder, succeeded him there, and to sustain him in his “legitimate” possession of Herat was the first pretext for the English war of 1838 – 9.

Azim Khan entered Caboul, and recalled Shoudjah, who, since 1809, had been a wanderer in different lands, and part of the time a prisoner at Lahore. This was in 1818, and he at once repaired to Peshawur, eager to remount the throne which he had once pressed. But here, when he had scarce entered his territory, he deliberately insulted, some accounts say struck, a member of that family which had recalled him, one of the Barukzi, who he thought had encroached on his royal dignity by using a palanquin. This insult caused him at once to be sent back by the tribe, again to become a wanderer. Another brother of Shoudjah, Eyoub, now came forward and begged of Azim Khan to be made king, promising that all the power should remain with him as Vizier, “so

* *Travels to Bokhara*, Vol. II. p. 306.

that he might only be allowed to have the title of King, and have his name struck upon the coin." To this Azim consented, and Shah Eyoub ascended the throne. Things went on well and tranquilly for a little time, but Cashmire had lost its active Governor, and Runjeet Singh, profiting by his absence, marched upon and took possession of that rich province. He followed this up by attacks on other parts of the Afghan territory, and took much of their country on the banks of the Indus. In 1823, he passed the Indus to its northern bank above Attock, and there defeated the few who were assembled as "defenders of the faith" against the infidels. Azim Khan, who was on the southern side, without boats, and unable to ford the swift current, was compelled to see his territory taken, and his followers defeated, without being able to fire a gun in their defence. He retreated suddenly up the Indus, fearing Runjeet Singh would recross at a higher point; but this disaster so weighed upon his spirits, that he soon after sickened, and died before reaching Caboul. Runjeet Singh had meanwhile recrossed the Indus and taken Peshawur, an important port, at the mouth of the Khyber Pass, one of the principal roads to Caboul. It is here that large British forces are now collected, waiting for a favorable time to get through the pass, and give relief to the few remaining troops at Jellalabad.

The Vizier Azim died in 1823. Before his death, he summoned his wives to his presence, and, recalling the presents he had given them, handed them with all his treasure to his son, making him swear to revenge the shame of his father's defeat, and carry fire and sword into the kingdom of Lahore. The son proved worthless, and the other brothers took upon themselves the task of avenging the misfortune of their country; dissensions, however, arose among them, Shere Dil Khan took possession of Candahar, and made a separate chiefship of it, while Caboul, after many changes, fell into the hands of Dost Mahomed Khan. In the excitement of this action, one would lose sight of, or indeed, quite forget, that there was all this time a regular king, Eyoub, seated on the throne of Caboul. He, however, like a very peaceful and quiet puppet, seems to have made little noise, and given himself no trouble in regard to the affairs of his people. He retired to Lahore, where he lived for a long time; perhaps lives even to the present day, enjoying the same *dolce far niente* as his brother Shoudjah.

Dost Mahomed, who, since 1826, has been in power at Caboul, is one of the most remarkable men, that have sprung up for centuries in Asia. He had developed the resources of the country, established order and security in all its parts, and, by his encouragement of industry, made the country around Caboul one complete garden. So says Lientenant Woods, who was sent in 1836, to explore the sources of the Oxus, and the account of whose journey has been published; and so said also, at an earlier day, that excellent traveller, Burnes. "The reputation of Dost Mahomed Khan (1832) is made known to the traveller long before he enters his country, and no one better merits the high character which he has obtained. He is unremitting in his attention to business, and attends daily at the Court-house with the Kazi and Moulahs, to decide every cause according to the law. Trade has received the greatest encouragement from him, and he has derived his own reward; since the receipts of the custom-house of the city have increased fifty thousand rupees, and now furnish him with a net revenue of two lacs of rupees *per annum*. One in forty, that is, two and one half per cent., is the only duty levied in his territory,* and the merchant may travel without guard or protection from one frontier to the other, *an unheard of circumstance in the time of the kings*. The chief of Caboul, in his zeal for orthodox government, has deprived his subjects of the luxury of wine and spirits, as being prohibited by their creed. A good Mahomedan ought not to regret the loss of such luxuries, but, *with this single exception, I heard of no complaint against the rule of Dost Mahomed Khan.*"† Such

* One fortieth is the lawful rate, as fixed by the Koran. What a book! Serving alike as an exposition of the dogmas of religion, as a code of civil and criminal law, and as a tariff of custom-house duties.

† *Travels to Bokhara*, Vol. II. p. 331. Burnes adds further, "The picture of this chief affords a constant theme of praise to all classes; the peasant rejoices in the absence of tyranny; the citizen at the safety of his home, and the strict municipal regulations regarding weights and measures; the merchant at the equity of the decisions, and the protection of his property; and the soldiers at the regular manner in which their arrears are discharged. A man in power can have no higher praise."

Before going any further, let us pay here a tribute to the memory of Burnes, to whose admirable work we are indebted for almost all these notices upon Afghanistan. He has been one of the first, perhaps the most universally lamented, victims of the rising at Caboul. Leaving Scotland for India when only sixteen, he had worked his way, by patient study and untiring labor, to a most enviable position. Sent in 1832, upon a mission

was the man, who has been driven from his post by the government of a nation eminently distinguished for its morality, in order to give place to a vicious profligate,—an Eastern debauchee,—twice chased from his country for his acts of wickedness, and who only waited his return to power, to repeat the same acts.

Let us now leave Dost Mahomed in his government of Caboul, and go back to Herat and the English war. Prince Kamran, the murderer of Dost Mahomed's brother, was there in power, and was the only ruling member of the Sudozi family. Without acknowledging the sovereignty of Persia, he had been in the habit of paying tribute, but in 1834 he neglected to do this, and also refused to raze the fortress of Ghurian according to his promise, as well as to permit several Persian families to return to their native country. When in 1835 the English minister, Mr. Ellis, arrived at Teheran, he found the Shah in full preparation for his expedition against Herat. His first object was to obtain a fulfilment of the promises made by Kamran Khan, and then, perhaps, to push forward his forces even to Candahar and regain a part of his "legitimate" possessions. Mr. Ellis was immediately alarmed at this, and he wrote home,* January 15th, 1836, that, if Herat were once in possession of Persia, a Russian consular agent would be established there, and Russia could then push forward her influence in Central Asia. About this time the always active, unquiet Runjeet Singh, having already, as we have before mentioned, robbed the finest provinces of the Afghan kingdom, was meditating another attack, when Dost Mahomed, fearing the advance of so

to the almost uncivilized districts of Central Asia, he brought back with him from Caboul, from Balkh, and Bokhara, treasures of information upon countries then scarcely known in Europe, and added many new facts to the information already contained in the Travels of the Russian embassy of 1820, described by Meyendorf. His account of his travels is one of the most interesting that has ever appeared in England, and it brought down upon him showers of honor. He was knighted by William the Fourth, and Louis-Philippe conferred upon him the order of the Legion of Honor. The legation to Persia was offered him, which he declined, to the great surprise of his friends, and he returned again in 1835 to India. The part which he took in the following events will be mentioned further on. All accounts seem to concur in stating, that, had his advice been followed at the outset, the measures which led to these disasters would never have been adopted.

* See *Parliamentary Papers. Affairs of Afghanistan.*

powerful an enemy, — an enemy avowedly under the protection of England, — wrote to the Shah of Persia, offering to assist him against Herat, on condition that he should be on his part protected against the Sickhs under Runjeet Singh. A similar message is said to have been sent to St. Petersburg, though Count Nesselrode's despatch to Count Pozzo di Borgo, of October 20th, 1838, declares, that the person who arrived from Caboul was merely a commercial agent.

The expedition of the Shah went on, and was openly encouraged by Count Simonich, the Russian minister, but it was not until December, 1837, that the army arrived before Herat. Meanwhile Dost Mahomed had not been idle, and, determined to forestall Runjeet Singh, he had, in the summer of 1837, collected his forces, and falling suddenly upon the Sickhs, totally defeated them at Jumroud. The East Indian government was alarmed at this progress, added to the movement upon Herat, and Burnes, now Sir Alexander, (who was then on his way, as Lord Auckland's Simla proclamation declares, to extend the commercial treaties made in 1832 with the Amirs of Sind and with Runjeet Singh,) was directed to proceed at once to Caboul and offer his mediation. He was received with honor by Dost Mahomed; and Akbar Khan, the favorite son, then twenty-one years old, who figures so conspicuously in the recent actions, came out beyond the gates to meet him. This was in September, 1837, and within a month the agent from St. Petersburg, Captain Vikovich, having passed by Teheran, arrived also at Caboul. Here these two envoys, Vikovich and Burnes, met. Burnes had already gained influence with Dost Mahomed, and had induced him to abandon his hostile position, promising him, on the part of the British government, a guaranty from the further aggressions of the Sickhs, and also from the anger of Persia, whom he had already engaged to assist. It would appear that all these promises were disavowed by the Indian government, who had already determined on the unfortunate course they have since followed.*

It was certainly for the interest of England to secure a friend in the ruler of Afghanistan; and Burnes's opinion and

* It is very difficult to trace out the progress of these operations. In the correspondence called for by the House of Commons, many of the letters, particularly those of Burnes, are printed only in part.

earnest advice were, that some concessions should be made to Dost Mahomed, so as to win him over to the English alliance. Burnes had before declared, that one of the Barukzi family was the only person capable of restoring his power in Afghanistan, and that the time for the dynasty of the Sudozi had passed away. But the Indian government, it would seem, thought differently.

Dost Mahomed received Vikovich with some coldness, and Burnes was allowed to get copies of the letters which he brought. These were subsequently made the ground of a demand upon the Russian government by Lord Palmerston. One letter of Count Simonich to Dost Mahomed contains an expression of good-will, but the Persian letter which accompanied it declared, that the Shah and Russia were determined to force Runjeet Singh to give up all he had stolen from Afghanistan. A treaty was also concluded by Persia, and the brother of Dost Mahomed, in power at Candahar, under the auspices, it is said, of Count Simonich, by which Herat, when conquered by Persia, was to be united to Candahar, and this province, the most southerly of Afghanistan, to be guarantied by Russia against all attacks, from whatever side they might come. As there was no attack to be expected from any point but the East Indian government, that government took umbrage at this treaty, and its existence was one of the griefs presented to the Russian government in Lord Palmerston's despatch of October 26th, 1838.

The English minister, Sir John McNeil, having exerted in vain all his influence with the Shah of Persia to restrain him from laying siege to Herat, he at length, on the 10th of March, 1838, went to the Shah, then before that fortress, and declared, that his continuance there would be considered as an act of hostility to England. Having demanded satisfaction at the same time for insults committed on persons under British protection, he finally quitted Persia on his return to England. Before setting out, he wrote home, "The question of Herat is the question of all Afghanistan; for it is no secret to any one, that the British government has desired to prevent its fall, while Russia has been solicitous to see it in the hands of Persia." * Various demands had been made from time

* See *Parliamentary Papers*; also *Annual Register*, 1839.

to time to the Russian government, as to its intentions in Central Asia, to all of which the most soothing answers had been given, when in October, 1836, was written Lord Palmerston's despatch to Lord Clanricarde, the English ambassador at St. Petersburg, stating that Russia was free to pursue whatever course she pleased, but inquiring whether her intentions in Central Asia were to be judged of from the declarations of Count Nesselrode and Rodofnikin in St. Petersburg, or from the acts of Count Simonich and Vikovich in Asia. Before this, however, Count Nesselrode had sent a despatch to Count Pozzo di Borgo (October 20th, 1838), saying, "The siege of Herat was a measure which, however justifiable in itself, the Russian government had urged the Shah not to undertake, in the divided state of his kingdom;" but he adds, that, were Herat united to Candahar, an end would be put to the internal dissensions of the country, which would then be rendered accessible to the commerce and industry of all nations that are interested in intercourse with Central Asia. Captain Vikovich says, the despatch was intended to ascertain the degree of security which the opening of commerce with Afghanistan would afford to Russian merchants, not to effect a treaty or any political combination whatever. "Russia had no other object than to secure for the produce of her manufactures a fair competition in the markets of Central Asia." Count Nesselrode then intimates, that Simonich had been recalled, and that Colonel Dahamel, who had been destined for that post for the last six months, was then on his way to Teheran.

The clouds were thus blown away upon the European side, harmony was restored, and the plan of travel of the young Grand Duke Alexander, the heir apparent of Russia, was changed, so as to embrace England.

The Indian government was not inactive, but sent, in the spring of 1838, a fleet of five ships of war into the Persian Gulf, and, taking possession of the island of Karrack, landed British troops upon it. In this manner the command of the Persian Gulf was in the hands of the English forces, and they had troops ready at any moment to send up the Euphrates or to land upon the southwestern coast of Persia.*

* On the restoration of peace, Karrack was to have been abandoned; but we are ignorant of the fact, and we doubt much if it has been. Of the different routes, which would be taken by an army invading India, one

The treaty was concluded between the British government, Shah Shoudjah, and Runjeet Singh in June, 1838, and active preparations were made for war.

To the choice of Shoudjah it would appear, that both Mr. McNaghten, the future Envoy to his court, who was so recently murdered, and Colonel Wade, the British Resident at Loudiana, were favorable. The latter says, in one of the published letters, that the force of the Barukzi tribe, instead of being sixty thousand families, as Burnes reported, was not more than six thousand, and that they were far from being popular with the other chiefs. The great motive for taking Shoudjah would appear to be, to secure the adhesion of Runjeet Singh; and this was done by guarantying to him, both on the part of the English government and the future Afghan king, the full possession of all the territory which he had robbed from Afghanistan. To terms like this Dost Mahomed would not consent. On the 1st of October, 1838, as we have before said, Lord Auckland's Simla proclamation was issued. This was the declaration of war against Afghanistan.

The Governor-general declares, that Dost Mahomed persisted, as regards the Sickhs, in urging the *most unreasonable pretensions*, [that Peshawur, part of his own territory, should be restored ?] such as the Governor-general could not, consistently with justice and his regard for the friendship of Maha Raja, be the channel of submitting." The Governor-general says, that it was chiefly in consequence of his reliance upon *Persian* encouragement and assistance, that he made these pretensions. Speaking of the siege of Herat, the proclamation declares, that "it was a most unjustifiable and cruel *aggression*, perpetrated and continued notwithstanding the solemn and repeated remonstrances of the British envoy at the court of Persia." After declaring, that the movement upon Herat could only be considered as an act of hostility to Great Britain, and mentioning the treaty that had been concluded, the proclamation terminates thus ;

would probably be by the banks of the Persian Gulf. It will be remembered, that, when Alexander had made peace with Porus, he descended the Indus and fell back by this very route upon the Euphrates, supplied, however, in his march with provisions and water from his fleet, under Nearchus, which coasted along the Gulf, keeping always near to land. Should another Alexander or Nearchus arise, the possession of Karrack would not be useless. The relation of this voyage of Nearchus, written by himself, is still extant.

“His Majesty, Shah Shoudjah-ool-Moolk, will enter Afghanistan, surrounded by his own troops, and will be supported against foreign interference, and *factious opposition*, by the British army. The Governor-general confidently hopes, that the Shah will be speedily replaced on his throne by his own subjects and adherents; and, the *independence* and *integrity* of Afghanistan established, the British army will be withdrawn. The Governor-general has been led to these acts by the duty, which is imposed upon him, of providing for the security of the possessions of the British crown, but *he rejoices, that, in the discharge of this duty, he will be enabled to assist in restoring the union and prosperity of the Afghan people.*” *

It will be remarked, that this proclamation of the 1st of October was of an earlier date than Lord Palmerston's despatch, which has been cited. All preparations were made to have ready in the month of November twenty-seven thousand men, which was the force originally destined to be employed. We have before us copies of the different despatches and correspondence connected with this war, which have been laid before the British Parliament. No. 1 of this correspondence is a letter from Lord Auckland to the Secret Committee, dated March 13th, 1839. The force of twenty-seven thousand men, it appears by this despatch, was to have been composed of the British army of about thirteen thousand, which was concentrated in November at Ferozepore, on the banks of the Sutlege; of the Shah's forces under British officers composed of six thousand, who marched in the middle of November from Loudiana; of the Bombay division of five thousand five hundred, under the commander-in-chief of that Presidency, which was ordered into Sind from Bombay, and a further force of two thousand five hundred, which the British resident in Sind was authorized to call from Bombay, in case opposition should be made to their progress. The abandonment of the siege of Herat by the Persians in November, 1838, rendered a smaller number of troops sufficient, and two divisions were left at different points, so that the whole active force to be employed in the war was about twenty-one thousand five hundred men.

The forces accompanied by the Shah, arrived on the banks of the Indus on the 16th of January; Sir Willoughby

* This proclamation was published at the time in all the Indian and English Journals.

Cotton a week later ; and they took possession of the fort and island of Bukkur, which, says the Governor-general, was "given up to them amicably." A bridge was built across the Indus over the island, one of the channels being four hundred and ninety yards wide, and here the army crossed the river. "There is yet no ground," continues this despatch, "for believing that Dost Mahomed remains otherwise than unpopular with the mass of the people, in consequence of the Persian connexion, in which he leagued himself, or that he will have the means of organizing a formidable opposition in Caboul."

General orders had been previously issued by Lord Auckland on the 18th of December, 1838, extending to the forces about to cross the Indus all the privileges and extra pay given to those who served beyond the Burrampooter, during the war with Ava in 1824. About the same time the command of the expedition was conferred upon Lieutenant-General Sir John Keane, who, at the head of the Bombay division, had already, on the 27th of November, arrived off the mouth of the Indus and effected a safe debarkation. Keane's forces were marched up the Indus to Bukkur, and supplies and military stores were sent by the river. By the British treaty of 1832 with the armies of Sind, in whose territory this army was now marching, it was expressly stipulated, that no military stores should be carried on the Indus under any circumstances ; but that stipulation of the treaty seems to have had no more weight at this moment, than had the ninth clause of the treaty with Persia in the proceeding a few months before.

Before the forces of Keane left the mouth of the Indus, one of those acts of violence was committed, which too often blot the page of English history, and dim the lustre of the thousand brilliant deeds which are there recorded. If the reader will look upon a good map, he will see on the coast of the territory of Sind, about fifty miles northwest of the second mouth of the Indus, the town of Curachee. Here was a small fortress, belonging to a state with which Great Britain was at peace, and with which she had treaties of amity and commerce. The possession of this fortress, it was thought, would be convenient during the coming expedition, as communication might be kept up from there to Bukkur, some three hundred miles in the interior, at which point

the bridge had been built upon the Indus. Nothing can be stronger or clearer than the simple facts, as they are stated in a letter from the Bombay government, to the Secret Committee at London, February 25th, 1839.* On the 6th inst., they received a communication from Admiral Maitland, naval commander-in-chief, stating that he left the Indus on the 31st of January, with the ship *Wellesley*, having on board the fortieth regiment, and a detachment of European artillery. He arrived at Curachee on the 1st of February, and, during the night, was joined by the steam-ships *Berenice* and *Euphrates*, with the Royal Naval Infantry. The next morning a message was sent to the fort, stating the object for which the forces had come to Curachee, "and informing the commandant, that, as the possession of the fort at that place was necessary for the security of the vessels in the service of the Company, and to insure the supplies required by the army being forwarded, he was required to surrender it to the British forces then before the place. A quarter of an hour was allowed for him to come to his decision, and he was acquainted, that if he refused to surrender, means would be adopted for taking it by force." The officer declined to accede to the demand; the *Wellesley* was put broadside to, five companies were landed and posted in the rear of the fort, and a second summons was then sent. The officer still refused to surrender; the batteries were then opened, and, in less than an hour, the whole south wall of the fortress was in ruins. "In the mean time the men in the fort, *who only amounted to twenty*,† had left it and taken shelter under the cliffs of the opposite side, where they were made prisoners by our troops." The fortress having been taken, the town capitulated.

From Bukkur to Dadur is about one hundred and twenty miles, and near here commences the Bolan Pass, which, in a distance of seventy miles, cuts through the mountains, and comes out more than five thousand feet above the sea, on the great table-land of Central Asia.

On the 24th of March, after eight days of most difficult marching, the whole of the army was through this pass. Between there and Candahar scarce any difficulty seems to

* See *Parliamentary Papers, Affairs of Afghanistan*, No. 4.

† Lieutenant Woods, in his "Journey to the Oxus," pronounces this people to be timid and ignorant.

have been encountered, and, on the 30th of June, the Bombay government announce to the Secret Committee "the gratifying intelligence, that on the 26th of April last, his Majesty Shah Shoudjah, with Lieutenant-General Keane, and the Bengal division of the army of the Indus, entered Candahar without opposition, and that the Sirdars of Candahar, finding resistance hopeless, had fled towards Persia. Maha Raja Runjeet Singh had received the news with rejoicing, as had the whole of the Sickh nation, and Peshawur had been illuminated for three nights." Shah Shoudjah was to be crowned on the festival of the new moon, and this auspicious event took place on the 8th of May, 1839.

The troops rested in and about Candahar until the 27th of June, when the march commenced towards Ghuznee. This is distant about two hundred and twenty miles from Candahar, and eighty from Caboul, and, although but a ten days' march, it was not until the 21st of July, that Sir John Keane arrived before that city. During all this march, the army had been delayed by the difficulty of carrying provisions, from the great number of camels required, and by the host of camp-followers ; many of whom, some accounts say, a greater number than even the soldiers, depended upon the commissariat for food. As to armed resistance on this march, there was so far scarce any. The city of Ghuznee, which had been supposed to be entirely defenceless, was found to be surrounded by a ditch and wall. To force this with their few small field-pieces, was impossible, and, on the second night, one of the gates was blown in by placing powder against it ; the carrying of the bags, and all the labor having, the despatch says, been performed by officers. This was successful, and a desperate combat occurred on the 23d of July, in the streets of the town, in which the British lost two hundred men. The garrison, of three thousand five hundred men, fought, as all accounts concur in stating, with unexpected energy ; but they were at last overpowered, and a son of Dost Mahomed, who was there, was taken prisoner.

The chief himself, who was at this time coming from Caboul with his artillery to the assistance of Ghuznee, hearing of its downfall, fell back upon Caboul, and afterwards, finding it would be impossible, with his disproportionate force, to make head against the invading army, abandoned his city, and, accompanied by part of his forces, passed the mountains at the north towards Balkh.

On the 7th of August, the British army entered Caboul without opposition, and Shah Shoudjah was placed in power. And now came the recompense to the English officers. Notwithstanding the awful tragedy that has been enacted, one cannot but smile in reading the correspondence of this "puppet king." On the 19th of August he writes to his Royal sister, Queen Victoria, as follows.

"Be it known to your Majesty, that I, having set out from Shikarpore in company with the victorious British troops, have now, by the favor of God and the exceeding kindness of the British government, ascended the throne of my ancestors; Candahar, Ghuznee, and Caboul having successively fallen into my possession.

"I am unable to express my gratitude for this blessing, and I have been for some time considering, by what means I could reward the gentlemen and troops, who accompanied me, for all the troubles and dangers they have undergone for my sake. I have now fully resolved upon instituting an Order, to be designated the order of the Dooraunee Empire (Nishan-i-Door-i-Dooran), to be divided into three classes."

The first class he wishes to confer upon Lord Auckland, the Governor-general; Sir John Keane, commanding the expedition; W. H. McNaghten, the Envoy to his court; Major-General William Cotton; Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Burnes; and Lieutenant-Colonel C. M. Wade.

The second and third classes he destines for other officers, whom he names, and a medal for each soldier.

"I have the fullest confidence," he adds, "in the consideration for my wishes, which is felt by my Royal sister, Queen Victoria, and I feel assured, that she will be graciously pleased to permit the gentlemen and soldiers above named to wear the decoration which I shall confer upon them, so that a memorial of me may be preserved, and that the fame of the glorious exploit achieved in this quarter may resound throughout the whole world." *

During the ensuing winter, Dost Mahomed, accompanied by General Harlan, was in the country beyond the mountains, towards Kulur. The observations made by our coun-

* See *Parliamentary Papers*, Vol. XXXVII. p. 161. This letter was sent, accompanied by an English translation, from Sir W. McNaghten to Lord Auckland, and by the latter forwarded to England.

tryman at this time have added not a little to the small stock of knowledge possessed in Europe, as to the geography of Central Asia.* During the following summer, Dost Mahomed again descended towards Caboul, and kept up a series of skirmishes with the English forces. In many of these he was unsuccessful; and at length, on the 3d or 4th of November, 1840, he came alone to the walls of Caboul, and, watching the return of the British Envoy, Sir W. McNaghten, from his evening ride, rode up to him, and, alighting from his horse, and presenting his sword in token of submission, declared himself to be Dost Mahomed. The Envoy writes, that he gave him back his sword, at which he seemed touched, and, remounting, they rode towards his house. The chief had not been off his horse for twenty-four hours, yet he appeared, says the Envoy, not to have suffered from fatigue. He was treated honorably by Sir William McNaghten, and a pension was awarded him. He has been living since at liberty, but closely watched, in Calcutta and some other parts of British India. The manner of this surrender of the opposing chief, when all his hopes had fled, is not one of the least romantic points of this eventful war.

Part of the British forces had retired with Sir John Keane in October, in 1839; those who remained, were necessary to sustain the power of Shah Shoudjah, who soon excited discontent, by different acts of violence, as also by retaining in his pay as a body-guard a corps of Sickhs, the enemies, by blood and religion, of the Afghans. What his government during the past three years had been, will, however, doubtless soon be made to appear in the investigations, that must follow the recent calamities. As yet, the government at home has published nothing, and all the notices of his reign, as well as the accounts of the insurrection and massacre, must be derived from private correspondence, and from the Indian journals, which last are sometimes not a little contradictory in their announcements. The conduct of the English officers themselves has not been left unreproached, and

* In the admirable map of Central Asia, made at Berlin, by Lieutenant Zimmerman, aided by the celebrated Carl Kitter, the route of General Harlan among the mountains is marked out. Let us offer here our humble tribute of praise, to that indefatigable young officer Zimmerman for the valuable work he has produced. Two copies of this map and its volume of text exist in Paris; one at the Royal Library, and one at the Institute. It is doubtful if a single copy is to be found in the United States.

one account attributes the rising of the Afghans to the cruelties committed by order of a certain Lieutenant Lynch. Be that as it may ; on the 12th of October, a part of the British garrison of Caboul was detached under General Sale to go through the Khourd Caboul, a pass in the mountains towards Jellalabad. This division had scarcely entered the passes, and lost sight of Caboul, when it was attacked from all points, and obliged for twenty days to fight its way inch by inch. Stopping at the farther mouth of the pass, to recruit, it was not until the 10th of November, that they arrived at Jellalabad. Here General Sale immediately entrenched himself, and, procuring beef by forays, remained until the date of the last accounts from India. So well, however, had the conspiracy been formed, and so complete had been the secrecy, that not one of the thirty or forty political agents would seem to have had the least suspicion of the volcano, which was burning under them.

On the 29th of October, when General Sale was within fifty miles of Caboul, fighting and cut to pieces day after day, Sir William McNaghten wrote to the Bombay government, that all was *prosperous* and *tranquil*, and that he should set off in four days for the government of Bombay, to which he had been appointed. "At the very moment he wrote," says the "Bombay Times," "all the armies of India could not have carried him one hundred miles from his own house. On the 2d of November, the city of Caboul, with its sixty thousand inhabitants and all the country around, was in open insurrection. On the following morning, that on which Sir William McNaghten meant to start for Bombay, Sir Alexander Burnes, with seven other officers, was murdered within the city." Their treasury, it would appear, was plundered and the provisions were destroyed. Part of the troops were encamped without the walls, and part in the citadel, but completely separated from each other. During the attacks upon the two posts that followed, the troops in the citadel kept up a constant firing upon the town for eighteen days, thus, without producing any good effect, provoking, as one would suppose, the whole population to acts of cruelty and vengeance. During nearly two entire months, the garrison continued on the defensive. General Nott, who had ten thousand troops at Candahar, detached three regiments to the assistance of Caboul. But there were three hundred miles of snow-covered ground

between, and these troops were obliged to turn back. A hundred incidents are recounted of the small detached positions about, in which the garrisons have been entirely destroyed, or compelled to fight their way back to some of the strong posts.

Towards the end of November, Akbar Khan, the favorite son of Dost Mahomed, arrived at Caboul, and took the lead of the insurgents. The troops of Caboul, seeing no hope of succour, without provisions, and short in their ammunition, now became quarrelsome and insubordinate. On the 15th of December, it is said they had provisions only for three days. Their force was three native regiments, and one English regiment, and there were thirteen thousand mouths to be fed. Under these circumstances a capitulation was proposed, forced, it is said, upon the Envoy by the garrison. At the second interview with the insurgents, on the 23d of December, the Envoy was cruelly murdered, not, as has been stated, by Akbar Khan, but by a fanatic Ghilzie, one of that tribe, or rather sect, upon which the insults of English officers are said to have been committed. Akbar Khan seems, from all accounts, to have acted throughout most nobly, and his chivalric treatment of the wounded officers and the women, whose lives he has saved, should certainly be remembered to his praise. On the 29th of December, the terms were finally concluded, which were nothing less than the entire evacuation of all Afghanistan, the total abandonment of the "glorious conquest of Keane," and the surrender of all money and munitions of war! The troops were to take with them their muskets, side arms, and the ammunition in their pouches. This humiliating treaty was signed by Lieutenant Pottinger, who had succeeded McNaghten as political agent, and by General Elphinstone, the commander-in-chief; six English officers were left as hostages for the evacuation. Orders were then sent by General Elphinstone to Jellalabad, to Ghuznee, and to Candahar, for the troops to fall back upon British India. The commanders of neither place obeyed, though Ghuznee, which has only about one thousand men, it was thought, would soon be taken.

On the 6th of January, 1842, the Caboul forces commenced their retreat through the dismal pass, destined to be their grave. On the third day they were attacked by the mountaineers from all points, and a fearful slaughter ensued; one or two of the officers' wives were here

taken prisoners, and were rescued by Akbar Khan. This chief now declared his inability to stay the slaughter, and stated, that the only mode to secure the safety of the women, fourteen in number, was, that they should place themselves under his protection. Their husbands were allowed to accompany them, and this alone has saved their lives. Akbar Khan also took General Elphinstone and the principal officers with him. They are all now at Lughman, a mountain post, about fifty miles from Caboul. Letters from them in Bombay speak in the highest terms of the kind treatment they receive, and the delicate conduct towards them of their chivalric captor. The troops kept on, and awful scenes ensued. Without food, — mangled and cut to pieces, each one caring only for himself, all subordination had fled ; and the soldiers of the forty-fourth English regiment are reported to have knocked down their officers with the butts of their muskets. On the 13th of January, just seven days after the retreat commenced, one man, bloody and torn, mounted on a miserable pony, and pursued by horsemen, was seen riding furiously across the plains to Jellalabad. That was Dr. Brydon, the sole person to tell the tale of the passage of Khourd Caboul.

We will not pursue any further the accounts of these disasters. What course will the English government pursue ? The finances of India are in a most depressed state ; the deficit in their budget for 1840 was, according to Mr. Martin, £ 2,414,000 sterling ; for 1841 and 1842 it is expected to be the same. The expenses of this fruitless expedition to Afghanistan have been about seventeen millions sterling, some accounts say twenty millions. A new campaign must lead to much greater expense than the previous one, because now opposition will be encountered at every step. Again the means of transport are wanting. Through the Bolan Pass every thing must be carried on camels ; the provisions for the men, forage for the horses, and for the camels themselves. Between October, 1838, and December, 1839, says an Indian account, so little care was taken, “that thirty thousand camels died in the service of the army, and now it would be impossible to get together a sufficient number for an expedition of any magnitude. The supply has been exhausted.”

The Indian debt is more than thirty-two millions sterling, and a new loan, that has been opened, can only be disposed of at seventeen per cent. discount. The government at home, by the charter (of 1834) of the English East India Company,

guaranties a revenue of ten per cent. upon the stock, so that every depression in their finances is reflected back at once upon the finances at home. Other difficulties have arisen as to the character of the war. Sir Robert Peel declared very recently in the House of Commons, that he had opposed it from the commencement, and that the attempt to reëstablish Shah Shoudjah was, in his opinion, quite the same as if they had attempted to replace Charles the Tenth upon the throne of France.

But some decided action must take place. The cleverest writer as yet upon the British possessions in India* declares the government there to be a *government of opinion*. The loss of Afghanistan in itself is nothing; many had even proposed that it should be abandoned voluntarily; even the force destroyed is but a fraction of the immense Indian army; but the *prestige* is broken, and, this *prestige* of European superiority once lost, the whole fabric falls. The news of the disasters in Afghanistan have rung through all the Indian possessions of Great Britain, and people there start and wonder at finding their rulers fallible. What will be the course pursued to recover this influence? Will Dost Mahomed be allowed to return to Caboul, and a treaty be concluded with him, or will Shah Shoudjah, whose conduct in all this affair has been very suspicious, be retained in power, and the country ravaged by a foreign army? Will it be peace or war? We shall wait with interest to see.

ART. III. — *The Zincali; or an Account of the Gypsies of Spain, with an original Collection of their Songs and Poetry.* By GEORGE BORROW, late Agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Spain. Two Volumes in One. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1842. 12mo. pp. 323, 135, and 55.

MR. BORROW has had ample opportunity for collecting curious and valuable information respecting a singular race of people, well known by sight in almost every country in Europe, though their history, language, and the source of their

* Biornstierna, formerly Minister of War in Sweden. His work is in German, but an English translation has, we believe, been published.

peculiarities has seemed hitherto to be shrouded in impenetrable mystery. But he has hardly used his materials to the best advantage. His book is written in a lively style, and contains much interesting matter ; but presented in so rambling and discursive a way, that it is difficult to gain a connected view of the facts, or a clear idea of the opinions of the writer. Fiction is mingled with sober reality in a manner that throws some discredit on the narrative portion of the work. In one instance, at least, a fanciful story is introduced where a common reader would look only for historical facts, and would waste some thought in weighing the credibility of the tale, before he finds the avowal of its fictitious character. A dramatic air is given to some chapters by reporting at length certain conversations, that the author held with individual Gypsies, though it is obvious that no memory could retain all the words that were used, and that the dialogue must be in part imaginary. These faults seriously impair the credibility of the book, especially when there are so few collateral sources of information, by the aid of which we might examine and verify the author's statements.

Religious missions have often opened the way for important discoveries respecting the situation and history of nations, of whom formerly little was known. Persons engaged in these enterprises have usually had better opportunities than professed travellers for becoming acquainted with the character and manners of the people to whom they were sent. They have intercourse with all classes of the population, and interesting facts are often brought to light by their careful study of language and religious opinions. They have prosecuted their work under obstacles and discouragements, that would justify ordinary scientific inquirers in withdrawing from the undertaking altogether. The book now before us may be regarded as one of the contributions of religious missions to the stock of secular knowledge. Mr. Borrow was an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and from the knowledge which he incidentally shows of countries that are rarely visited by ordinary travellers, and from his acquaintance with languages that are out of the range of the general scholar, we infer that he has long been in the service. The present work is founded on researches made while he was distributing the Scriptures in Spain, an enter-

prise in which he persevered, in spite of the dangers and privations to which he was subjected by the unsettled state of the interior of that country, and in defiance of the government, which threatened and even imprisoned him for persisting in what they considered an heretical enterprise. Of the good accomplished by this generous and even heroic effort, he speaks modestly and with doubt, and avows frankly his entire want of success among the particular people, to whom this book relates. It is one of the faults of method, to which we have alluded, that he gives no direct and continuous information respecting the circumstances and results of his mission, and we are left to piece together the facts from a casual mention of them in different portions of the book. His subject, to be sure, concerned only the Gypsies; but he has said either too much or too little of his personal adventures.

The remarkable race, concerning whom more can be learned from this work than from any other publication with which we are acquainted, are sufficiently known by name to all readers of modern poetry and romance. Tribes of them may be found in all parts of Europe, presenting everywhere the same moral and physical peculiarities, and preserving their nationality and distinct existence as a race with a pertinacity which exceeds even that of the Jews. Their brown complexion, black and bushy hair, piercing eyes, and the strange jargon in which they communicate with each other, mark them out as distinctly from the mass of the population among whom they dwell, as do their wandering and predatory habits, and their clannish spirit. The mark of reprobation, which was set upon them on their first appearance in Europe, is still visible; and what is more remarkable, not all, nor even a large portion, of their vices can be reasonably attributed to the persecutions which they have suffered. Scorn and hatred, religious bigotry and political injustice, may have done their part in exasperating the evils which they were designed to exterminate; but history and present observation show, that they did not create these evils. By descent, custom, and inclination, the Gypsies are thieves and vagabonds. They are weeds, that flourish more, the more they are trampled upon; but, if suffered to grow up unchecked, they are still nothing but weeds. The only approach they have made to an honest profession is in the trades of the tinker, the horse-doctor, the jockey, and the fortune-teller; and even such doubtful em-

ployments as these last are seldom followed without a mixture of other and more flagrant practices. Attempts to reclaim have been far less frequent than efforts to disperse, banish, or extirpate them ; but little success has attended either endeavour. The hate of which they were the objects among all civilized and Christian nations, was returned by them tenfold, and their disposition to cling to each other verifies the old saying about the strength of the bonds, which unite a brotherhood of thieves.

It may appear strange, that the poet and the novelist have so frequently chosen the subjects of their art from this despised and despicable race. Cervantes, Scott, and Hugo, with many others, have introduced Gypsy characters into their fictions, and thus have contributed to the air of romance, which is thrown around this singular people. They have usually sketched the character with tolerable fidelity, for they could hardly fail to do so, when the outlines were so distinctly marked, and the originals were constantly before their eyes. On the stage, also, the Gypsy hag appears as sorceress and fortune-teller, and the Gypsy girl by her charms weaves the intrigue of the piece, or utters the wild notes, which the musician deems appropriate to her state, or bounds before us as a thing of light in the voluptuous *ballet*. Hence, the name and character are familiarly known even in this country, though the Gypsies themselves have not yet visited our shores. Why is it, that dramatists and writers of romance have so frequently drawn subjects from the camps of this vagabond race ? One reason may be found in the physical peculiarities of these wild beings. Mr. Borrow affirms, that they are eminently a handsome people in their youth, though privation, hardship, and the neglect of cleanliness usually render them hideous in old age. The girls are often so beautiful, that Victor Hugo's charming sketch of La Esmeralda hardly appears an exaggeration, even if considered as a specimen of the race. From the book before us we extract two descriptions, one of the female Gypsy of Seville, and the other of three men, of the English variety.

“She is of the middle stature, neither strongly nor slightly built, and yet her every movement denotes agility and vigor. As she stands erect before you, she appears like a falcon about to soar, and you are almost tempted to believe that the power of volitation is hers ; and, were you to stretch forth your hand to

seize her, she would spring above the house-tops like a bird. Her face is oval, and her features are regular but somewhat hard and coarse, for she was born amongst rocks in a thicket, and she has been wind-beaten and sun-scorched for many a year, even like her parents before her; there is many a speck upon her cheek, and perhaps a scar, but no dimples of love; and her brow is wrinkled over, though she is yet young. Her complexion is more than dark, for it is almost that of a mulatto; and her hair, which hangs in long locks on either side of her face, is black as coal, and coarse as the tail of a horse, from which it seems to have been gathered.

"There is no female eye in Seville can support the glances of hers, so fierce and penetrating, and yet so artful and sly, is the expression of their dark orbs; her mouth is fine, and almost delicate, and there is not a queen on the proudest throne between Madrid and Moscow who might not, and would not, envy the white and even rows of teeth which adorn it, which seem not of pearl, but of the purest elephant's bone of Multan. She comes not alone; a swarthy two-year old bantling clasps her neck with one arm, its naked body half extant from the coarse blanket which, drawn round her shoulders, is secured at her bosom by a skewer. Though tender of age, it looks wicked and sly, like a veritable imp of Roma. Huge rings of false gold dangle from wide slits in the lobes of her ears; her nether garments are rags, and her feet are cased in hempen sandals. Such is the wandering Gitána, such is the witch-wife of Multan, who has come to spae the fortune of the Sevillian countess and her daughters." — Vol. i. pp. 118, 119.

"I have seen Gypsies of various lands, Russian, Hungarian, and Turkish; and I have also seen the legitimate children of most countries of the world; but I never saw, upon the whole, three more remarkable individuals, as far as personal appearance was concerned, than the three English Gypsies who now presented themselves to my eyes on that spot. Two of them had dismounted, and were holding their horses by the reins. The tallest, and, at the first glance, the most interesting of the two, was almost a giant, for his height could not have been less than six feet three. It is impossible for the imagination to conceive any thing more perfectly beautiful than were the features of this man, and the most skilful sculptor of Greece might have taken them as his model for a hero and a god. The forehead was exceedingly lofty, — a rare thing in a Gypsy; — the nose less Roman than Grecian, — fine yet delicate; the eyes large, overhung with long, drooping lashes, giving them almost a melancholy expression; it was only when they were highly elevated

that the Gypsy glance peered out, if that can be called glance which is a strange stare, like nothing else in this world. His complexion, — a beautiful olive; and his teeth of a brilliancy uncommon even amongst these people, who have all fine teeth. He was dressed in a coarse wagoner's slop, which, however, was unable to conceal altogether the proportions of his noble and Herculean figure. He might be about twenty-eight. His companion and his captain, Gypsy Will, was, I think, fifty when he was hanged, ten years subsequently, (for I never afterwards lost sight of him,) in the front of the jail of Bury St. Edmonds. I have still present before me his bushy black hair, his black face, and his big black eyes, full and thoughtful, but fixed and staring. His dress consisted of a loose blue jockey coat, jockey boots and breeches; in his hand a huge jockey whip, and on his head (it struck me at the time for its singularity) a broad-brimmed, high-peaked Andalusian hat, or at least one very much resembling those generally worn in that province. In stature he was shorter than his more youthful companion, yet he must have measured six feet at least, and was stronger built, if possible. What brawn! — what bone! — what legs! — what thighs! The third Gypsy, who remained on horseback, looked more like a phantom than any thing human. His complexion was the color of pale dust, and of that same color was all that pertained to him, hat and clothes. His boots were dusty of course, for it was midsummer, and his very horse was of a dusty dun. His features were whimsically ugly, most of his teeth were gone, and, as to his age, he might be thirty or sixty. He was somewhat lame and halt, but an unequalled rider when once upon his steed, which he was naturally not very solicitous to quit. I subsequently discovered that he was considered the wizard of the gang." — Vol. I. pp. 21 – 23.

But the chief attraction of this people in the eyes of the romance-writer, consists in the mystery, which involves their origin, history, and peculiar habits. Hence the thousand wild and absurd tales concerning them, which are current among the vulgar in every part of Europe, and of which the Gypsies themselves have shrewdly taken advantage, in order to heighten their importance, and to impose more easily upon the ignorant and the credulous. Apart from these fables, there is enough that is dark and mysterious about them, to excite the attention of the curious and the learned. Whence came this tawny race, that appear in every country as sojourners, but not as fixed residents, — pitching their camps by the wayside, but not owning, and apparently not desiring,

a permanent home? What is the nature of that jargon, in which they converse among themselves, though they readily learn the language of the country where they may be for a time, and adopt it in their intercourse with the inhabitants? What is the bond, that holds them so closely attached to each other, while they look with distrust and dislike upon every stranger? What are their religious tenets, or are they entirely devoid of any idea of a deity, and any reverence for sacred things? These are curious questions, and it is not the least remarkable circumstance about the people to whom they relate, that they have lived so long among enlightened and inquisitive nations, and no satisfactory solution is yet obtained of either of these problems. Mr. Borrow's book is far from removing all the difficulties of the case, though it furnishes a very respectable contribution to the stock of previous knowledge.

The first mention of the Gypsies in history is in the early part of the fifteenth century, when about three thousand of them suddenly appeared in Hungary, though nothing is said of the country whence they came, or of the cause of the removal. Their numbers soon multiplied, either by natural increase or by the arrival of fresh bands of emigrants, and they spread into Wallachia, Transylvania, and other parts of Europe. According to a census taken in 1782, there were fifty thousand of them in Hungary; but they are said to have decreased since that period. Sigismond, who was emperor of the Romans, when the strangers first appeared in Hungary, seems to have treated them with considerable kindness. In later times, the Hungarian Gypsies have led a more regular life, than their brethren in other lands. They practise some regular trades, such as washing gold from the sands of the rivers, working in iron and copper, and the like. A few became carpenters and turners, and others found a more congenial employment as horse-dealers. Maria Theresa attempted to teach them agriculture, and thus to attach them to the soil, but without success.

They bear different appellations in different countries. The English term *Gypsies* is a corruption of *Egyptians*, for there is a constant tradition among them, that they came from Egypt into Europe. It may be true, that, in their migrations westward, they passed through that country, and even remained there for a time; so that they came directly

from Egypt to the Levant, and passed through Turkey into Hungary. But the banks of the Nile were not the birth-place of their nation; for neither in appearance, manners, nor language, do they bear the slightest resemblance either to the Copts or the Fellahs. The French call them *Bohemians*, probably because they came from Bohemia into France, as they had previously appeared in various parts of Germany. Others derive the term from *Boëm*, an old French word for sorcerer. Pasquier says, that they appeared at Paris in 1427, in the character of penitents or pilgrims, forming a troop of more than one hundred, under some chiefs, who styled themselves Counts. They represented themselves as Christians, driven out of Egypt by the Musselmans. They obtained permission to remain from the French king, and other troops soon followed, who gradually dispersed themselves over the country, obtaining a livelihood by jugglery, fortune-telling, and petty thefts. The Germans call them *Zigeuner*, or wanderers; they are named *Heiden*, or pagans, by the Dutch, and *Tartars* by the Danes and Swedes. In Italy they are called *Zingari*; in Turkey, *Tchingenes*; in Spain, *Gitanos*; and in Hungary, *Pharaoh Nepek*, or Pharaoh's people, — another allusion to their assumed Egyptian origin. Some of them may now be found in Egypt, but they are looked upon there as strangers.

Grellman, in his “*Versuch über die Zigeuner*,” published at Göttingen, in 1787, conjectures that there are between seven and eight hundred thousand of this people; an estimate which appears to be greatly exaggerated. Spain and Hungary, where they are most numerous, do not contain more than forty or fifty thousand each, and all the rest of Europe might perhaps furnish as many more. In England they have diminished in number, in consequence of new inclosures of land, and the laws against vagrants. In other countries, want and crime, the severity of the laws, and the occasional abandonment of the tribe by individuals, appear to be rapidly thinning their numbers.

Their peculiar language supplies the most obvious means of tracing out the parentage of the Gypsies. But it was found very difficult to obtain any correct and clear notions respecting their wild jargon. They always speak with fluency the language of the people among whom they live, and seem to reserve their own dialect as a means of communicating

secretly with each other, and to be jealous of imparting it to strangers. It supplied a convenient instrument for carrying on in concert their nefarious plans, and hence arose the opinion entertained by some inquirers, that it was a mere factitious jargon, like the "thieves' Latin" or "slang" of the English, the *argot* of the French, or the *rothwelsch* of the Germans, contrived in order to facilitate crime. Mr. Borrow, who is well qualified for the task, has examined this hypothesis, and effectually disproved it. He shows, that the thieves' dialect in all nations has some common elements, and attributes to the Italians the especial honor of inventing it, and supplying a good portion of the vocabulary to their brother thieves in other countries. Some Gypsy words have been adopted into the robber dialect, and the two jargons are often used for the same purpose; but this appears to be the extent of the connexion between them. Slang is eminently metaphorical in its character, most of the words used having some far-fetched analogy in meaning with their acceptation in the language proper; while the Gypsy tongue is formed upon native roots, and has far better claims to be considered as a distinct language. Mr. Borrow, to whom nothing in the way of philology seems to come amiss, has an interesting chapter upon the thieves' dialect, which well deserves the attention of the curious.

It was long since suspected, that the Gypsy tongue would be found to possess so great an analogy to the languages of India, as to prove the Eastern origin of the people. The author of this book adopts this hypothesis, and presents an amount of evidence, that appears to be conclusive. He gives a copious Gypsy vocabulary, in which the number of words evidently derived from the Sanscrit and Hindostanee is very remarkable. The similarity is most striking, when we confine our attention to that class of common words, which, as most frequently in use, are most likely to preserve their original character. Take the names of the numerals, for instance, which are quoted by our author from the "Mithridates" of Adelung, who gives only the Hungarian Gypsy terms. Mr. Borrow has added those used by the Spanish Gitanos.

	Gypsy.	Spanish Gitano.	Persian.	Sanscrit.
1	Jek	Yeque	Ek	Ega
2	Dui	Dui	Du	Dvaya

	Gypsy.	Spanish Gitano.	Persian.	Sanscrit.
3	Trin	Trin	Se	Treya
4	Schtar	Estar	Chehar	Tschatvar
5	Pansch	Pansche	Pansch	Pantscha
6	Tschov	Job. Zoi	Schesche	Schasda
7	Efta	Hefta	Heft	Sapta
8	Ochto	Otor	Hescht	Aschta
9	Enija	Esnia	Nu	Nava
10	Dösch	Deque	De	Dascha.

This table also shows, that the Gypsy language is essentially the same both in Hungary and Spain, and Mr. Borrow avers, that the same may be said of the dialects in use in Russia and England. A theory has been adopted by some Spanish writers, whose means of observation were evidently confined to the Gypsies in their own land, that this race is of Moorish origin, the descendants of those Moriscoes who long held sway in Spain. If this were so, their language must preserve many traces of the Arabic, which our author affirms is not the case. He adduces other convincing reasons against this hypothesis, which, indeed, a comparison of the Arabic names of the numerals with the table just given is quite sufficient to disprove. Many words of modern Greek origin are incorporated into the language, which seems to prove, that Gypsies, on their way to the west of Europe, spent some time in the southern part of Turkey. This confirms the hypothesis already mentioned, that they came from India by the way of Egypt and Turkey. We extract a portion of Mr. Borrow's remarks on the present state of the language among the Spanish Gitanos.

“Though the words or a part of the words of the original tongue still remain, preserved by memory amongst the Gitános, its grammatical peculiarities have disappeared, the entire language having been modified and subjected to the rules of Spanish grammar, with which it now coincides in Syntax, in the conjugation of verbs, and in the declension of its nouns. Were it possible or necessary to collect all the relics of this speech, they would probably amount to four or five thousand words; but to effect such an achievement, it would be necessary to hold close and long intercourse with almost every Gitáno in Spain, and to extract from them, by various means, the information which they might be individually capable of affording; for it is necessary to state here, that though such an amount of words may still exist amongst the Gitános in general, no single individual

of their sect is in possession of one third part thereof, and indeed we may add, those of no single city or province of Spain; nevertheless all are in possession, more or less of the language, so that, though of different provinces, they are enabled to understand each other tolerably well, when discoursing in this their characteristic speech. Those who travel most are of course best versed in it, as, independent of the words of their own village or town, they acquire others by intermingling with their race in various places. Perhaps there is no part of Spain where it is spoken better than in Madrid, which is easily accounted for by the fact, that Madrid, as the capital, has always been the point of union of the *Gitános*, from all those provinces of Spain where they are to be found. It is least of all preserved in Seville, notwithstanding that the *Gitáno* population is very considerable, consisting, however, almost entirely of natives of the place. As may well be supposed, it is in all places best preserved amongst the old people, especially the females, their children being comparatively ignorant of it, as perhaps they themselves are in comparison with their own parents, which naturally leads us to the conclusion that the *Gitáno* language of Spain is at the last stage of its existence, an idea which has been our main instigator to the present attempt to collect its scanty remains, and by the assistance of the press, rescue it in some degree from destruction. It will not be amiss to state here, that it is only by listening attentively to the speech of the *Gitános*, whilst discoursing amongst themselves, that an acquaintance with their dialect can be formed, and by seizing upon all unknown words as they fall in succession from their lips. Nothing can be more useless and hopeless than the attempt to obtain possession of their vocabulary, by inquiring of them how particular objects and ideas are styled in the same, for with the exception of the names of the most common things, they are totally incapable, as a Spanish writer has observed, of yielding the required information, owing to their great ignorance, the shortness of their memories, or rather the state of bewilderment to which their minds are brought by any question which tends to bring their reasoning faculties into action, though not unfrequently the very words which have been in vain required of them, will, a minute subsequently, proceed inadvertently from their mouths." — Vol. II. pp. 99–101.

The result of this inquiry into the language confirms the theory first adopted on other grounds; that the Gypsies migrated from India, possibly about the time of the great Mohammedan invasion by Timur Beg. They probably be-

longed to one of the lowest castes there, some of whom now bear a strong resemblance to them in features, manners, and character. Pottinger, in his "Travels," mentions that he saw some tribes, who resembled them, in Beloochistan. There is a people, near the mouths of the Indus, called *Tchinganes*, which is nearly the same word with the Turkish appellation of the Gypsies. The tenacity with which this people cling to their peculiar institutions and habits and to each other, betrays the fixedness of character, which has always marked the Orientals. Driven from their own land by a haughty conqueror, or by some great political convulsion, they have preserved in northern climes their Indian aspect, their hatred of all persons who were not of their own caste, and their wandering and indolent habits. Degradation and persecution have failed to affect them materially in Europe, because, as one of the lowest castes, they were trodden under foot in India.

Mr. Borrow seems to have acquired the language and the confidence of this singular race by instinct, or as a natural gift, for he says nothing of any course of study to which he subjected himself for the purpose. On his first entrance into Spain, we find him addressing them in their own tongue, *the Seven Jargons*, they call it, — and received by them, in consequence, as a brother of their own sect ; and this trust and friendship he acquired and retained during his whole stay with them, and in every part of the Peninsula. One is tempted to suspect, that he has Gypsy blood in his own veins, for, according to his account, he spoke their language rather better than they did themselves. He drew around him, while at Cordova, a kind of ecclesiastical council of the tribe, with whom he consulted upon matters of faith ; and by their joint labors, a translation of one of the Gospels was prepared, which was afterwards printed and circulated among them. A specimen of this translation appears in the volume before us, and the language appears to merit its appellation of the "Seven Jargons." Our author frankly avows, that he does not expect much from this, nor from any other effort for the spiritual good of the Gypsies. His opinion of their state in this respect may be briefly summed up thus ; — that their morals are very bad, and, as to religion, they never had any. The perfect openness, with which they conversed with him, as a brother of the tribe, enables him to speak decisively on

this point. They are noted everywhere for their contempt of religious forms ; and, though they sometimes conform outwardly to the religion of the country, they frankly assured our author, both in Russia and Spain, that it was only to please the people among whom they lived. Considering the peculiar tenacity, with which they cling to old forms and manners, if they brought with them from India the knowledge of any God, it is not credible that they should have forgotten him. No Indian idols, or religious observances of any kind, have ever been detected among them.

They are, in general, a hardy race, rendered so by long-continued privation and hardship ; and, though age soon gives them a distorted and hideous appearance, they are commonly long-lived. Considering the climate whence they came, their power of resisting cold is astonishing. In Russia, says Mr. Borrow, they are often found encamped in slight canvass tents, when the temperature is twenty-five or thirty degrees below the freezing point. But in winter, they usually seek the shelter of the forests, where they can obtain fuel for their fires, and game for food. Most of the Russian Gypsies lead a nomadic life, traversing the immense grassy plains of the country, which afford pasturage for their cattle ; and these, with the products of the chase, constitute their chief means of subsistence. They obtain money, also, in small sums, from the peasantry, by curing the diseases of cattle, telling fortunes, and not unfrequently by more dishonest practices. Our author is enthusiastic in praise of their beauty, both in form and face, while they are yet young. To these personal advantages, and to their vocal powers, which are very considerable, the Gypsies of Moscow, forming a very numerous class, are indebted for their social position, which is much above that of their brethren in any other part of the world. The *Rommany* choirs, as they are termed, are admitted by the Russians, who are excellent judges of music, to be unrivalled in song. The wonderful Catalani herself, when at Moscow, is said to have admitted her own inferiority to a Gypsy singer of that metropolis. Their proficiency in this art enables some of them to marry into families of distinguished rank. Mr. Borrow states, that “ a lovely and accomplished countess, of the noble and numerous family of Tolstoy, is by birth a *Zigana*, and was originally one of the principal attractions of a *Rommany* choir at Moscow.”

It is but seldom, however, that they marry out of their own tribe. They hate the *Busné*, or Gentiles, as they call all Christian people, too fervently for this ; and, though they are wanton in their manners, and will pander in various ways to the vices of the unprincipled persons whom they meet, they will not form illicit connexions themselves. Their fidelity to the conjugal relation is remarkable. The term *Rommany*, by which they designate themselves, signifies “the people of husbands,” and seems to refer to the only moral tenet, which they continue to respect even in their miserable and degraded condition. Of the honor of their unmarried females they are especially jealous, and sometimes even the forfeit of life has been exacted from the wretched transgressor. A few instances may be found, where this last virtue is discarded, but they are very rare ; and Mr. Borrow’s observations in England, Russia, and Spain, fully establish this honorable trait in the Gypsy character. He gives some curious particulars of their opinions in this respect, and of their mode of celebrating marriages, for which we must refer our readers to the book itself.

It seems strange, that this wild race should continue to exist in England, where strict laws against vagrancy and a watchful internal police are so hostile to their wandering and predatory life. But, though their numbers are greatly diminished, they are still to be found, especially in the eastern counties. They are regarded rather as a privileged people, English law having found from experience, that it is best to connive at practices, which its utmost severity cannot entirely put down. We quote a portion of our author’s account of the Gypsies in his own country.

“In England, the male Gypsies are all dealers in horses, and sometimes employ their idle time in mending the tin and copper utensils of the peasantry ; the females tell fortunes. They generally pitch their tents in the vicinity of a village or small town by the road side, under the shelter of the hedges and trees. The climate of England is well known to be favorable to beauty, and in no part of the world is the appearance of the Gypsies so prepossessing as in that country ; their complexion is dark, but not disagreeably so ; their faces are oval, their features regular, their foreheads rather low, and their hands and feet small. The men are taller than the English peasantry, and far more active. They all speak the English

language with fluency, and in their gait and demeanor are easy and graceful; in both points standing in striking contrast with the peasantry, who in speech are slow and uncouth, and in manner dogged and brutal.

“The dialect of the Rommany, which they speak, though mixed with English words, may be considered as tolerably pure, from the fact that it is intelligible to the Gypsy race in the heart of Russia. Whatever crimes they may commit, their vices are few, for the men are not drunkards, nor are the women harlots; there are no two characters which they hold in so much abhorrence, nor do any words when applied by them convey so much execration as these two.

“The crimes of which these people were originally accused were various, but the principal were theft, sorcery, and causing disease among the cattle; and there is every reason for supposing that in none of these points they were altogether guiltless.

“With respect to sorcery, a thing in itself impossible, not only the English Gypsies, but the whole race have ever professed it; therefore, whatever misery they may have suffered on that account, they may be considered as having called it down upon their own heads.

“Dabbling in sorcery is in some degree the province of the female Gypsy. She affects to tell the future, and to prepare philters by means of which love can be awakened in any individual towards any particular object; and such is the credulity of the human race, even in the most enlightened countries, that the profits arising from these practices are great. The following is a case in point; two females, neighbours and friends, were tried some years since, in England, for the murder of their husbands. It appeared that they were in love with the same individual, and had conjointly, at various times, paid sums of money to a Gypsy woman to work charms to captivate his affections. Whatever little effect the charms might produce, they were successful in their principal object, for the person in question carried on for some time a criminal intercourse with both. The matter came to the knowledge of the husbands, who, taking means to break off this connexion, were respectively poisoned by their wives. Till the moment of conviction these wretched females betrayed neither emotion nor fear, but then their consternation was indescribable; and they afterwards confessed that the Gypsy, who had visited them in prison, had promised to shield them from conviction by means of her art. It is therefore not surprising that, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when a belief in sorcery was supported by the laws of all Europe, these people were regarded as practisers of sor-

cery, and punished as such, when, even in the nineteenth, they still find people weak enough to place confidence in their claims to supernatural power." — Vol. I. pp. 16–18.

In a country, which has suffered so much from misgovernment and anarchy as Spain, it might be expected, that the Gypsies would find a congenial home. They made their first appearance in this land early in the fifteenth century, and soon spread like locusts through the several provinces, whence they could not be expelled either by the severity of penal enactments, or by the hatred of the inhabitants. When driven from the villages and towns, they found a refuge in the winding paths and tangled thickets of the *sierra*, whether the myrmidons of justice in vain pursued them. If unmolested, they confined themselves to petty thefts and illicit practices of no very flagrant character. But if hotly pursued, they collected together in bands among the mountains, became avowed bandits, and kept the district in fear by atrocious instances of robbery and murder. When a horde of this sort was surprised by a superior force, those who were not massacred on the spot were hanged or sent to the galleys for life, without even the semblance of a trial. Generally, however, they were tolerated as an unavoidable nuisance among the peasantry, to whom they even made themselves useful in certain respects; and their petty crimes were either connived at, or were punished in a dilatory and ineffectual manner. When they were thus endured by the people, instead of remaining in the poor and rugged districts of the north of Spain, they flocked into the fairer and wealthier provinces of Murcia, Valencia, and Andalusia, where they are found in greatest numbers at the present day.

Quiñones, a Spanish writer in the early part of the seventeenth century, speaks of the Gypsies as wandering hordes, divided into families and troops, each of which had its head or Count, who was usually chosen as the strongest and craftiest person among them. He settled their disputes, acted as their captain in marauding expeditions, and received a superior share of the booty. The office was not hereditary, and it was no sinecure, for the subjects deposed their Count without ceremony, when he appeared deficient in courage, activity, or success. Another writer speaks of a multitude of these wretches, as infesting the fields in 1584. Their perfect acquaintance with the language is noticed, all the

dialects of the Peninsula being familiarly known to them ; and their knowledge of the country was such, as to lead the writer to suppose, that they were spies sent by foreign enemies, to find out the weakness of the land. He also states, that the greatest crimes, according to the Gypsy code, were a quarrelsome disposition and revealing the secrets of the fraternity. They were forbidden to marry out of the tribe, or to eat, drink, or sleep in the house of a Busno. They were not to teach their language to any person, who did not, by birth or inauguration, belong to the sect. They were commanded to relieve their brethren in distress, to use a peculiar dress, and to cultivate the gift of speech to the utmost possible extent.

The history of Spanish legislation respecting the Gitanos is curious, as evincing the superior efficiency of mild and judicious enactments over harsh and cruel measures. The first law against them was issued by Ferdinand and Isabella, in 1499. They were commanded to become stationary in towns and villages, and to provide themselves with masters, or to leave the kingdom within sixty days. This law was confirmed by another edict in 1539, with the addition that, if any of their number, after the expiration of the sixty days, should be found wandering about, they should be sent to the galleys for six years. In 1619, all Gypsies were ordered to quit the kingdom in six months, and not to return under pain of death ; but those who wished to remain, might establish themselves in towns and villages, provided they would abandon their peculiar dress, name, and language. In 1633, a farther ordinance was passed, one article of which is as follows ; “ And, in order to extirpate in every way the name of Gitanos, we ordain that they be not called so, and that no one venture to call them so, and that such shall be esteemed a very heavy injury, and shall be punished as such, if proved, and that nought pertaining to the Gypsies, their name, dress, or actions, be represented, either in dances, or in any other performance, under the penalty of two years’ banishment, and a mulct of fifty thousand maravedis to whomsoever shall offend for the first time, and double punishment for the second.” Passing over a multitude of other laws of a similar character, we come to one published by Philip the Fifth, in 1726, by which this people were to be hunted down with fire and sword, and even the sanctity of the temp-

ples was to be invaded in their pursuit, and the Gitanos were to be dragged from the very altar, if they should flee thither for refuge. When we consider, that even a parricide at this period could find an inviolable refuge in a church, it is evident, that the persecution of the Gypsies could not well be carried further.

And what was the effect of these severe edicts, when left to be enforced by Spanish soldiers and magistrates? The number of the Gitanos, who lived in bands among the mountains, in the open practice of robbery and murder, was somewhat increased, while the great body of the race continued, as before, to wander about, infesting the towns and villages, frequenting the various fairs, and obtaining a subsistence by fortune-telling, jockeyism, and petty thefts. But a law enacted by Charles the Third, in 1783, put a more effectual check upon their vagrant habits and illicit practices. Mr. Borrow thinks it probable, that the wise and humane provisions of this law were dictated by the famous Count de Aranda, who saw the inefficiency of the former edicts, and resolved to try milder measures for reclaiming the outcasts. The law declared, that those who were called Gitanos, were not so by origin, and did not proceed from any infected root, and all persons were prohibited from giving them this opprobrious appellation. They were required to lay aside their peculiar dress and language, and to mingle with the body of the population. All offices and employments, of which they should render themselves capable, were thrown open to them, and any persons, who opposed their admission into the various trades and guilds, should be punished by fine. Those who refused to adopt the language and dress of the Spanish people, and those who continued to wander about the country, after the expiration of ninety days, might be apprehended and punished. Their children should be taken from them, and placed in proper establishments to be educated.

The Gitanos themselves assured Mr. Borrow, that the king, by this edict, had destroyed the law of the Gypsies. They were compelled to live in fixed residences among the Busné, and the ties were broken, which once made them brothers, ready to assist each other at all times and seasons. Occasionally, a few get together in the summer, and betake themselves to the hills, where they live by open robbery.

But most of them dwell in the towns, where certain streets are allotted to them for residence, the place being called a *Gitaneria*. The diminution of the race appears from the fact, that in several cities, there are quarters called by this name, though not one Gitano can now be found in them. A few of this tawny people contrive to acquire wealth, and then they will often shun any intercourse with their still degraded brethren. Many have learned to read and write, and only the disturbed and wretched condition of the whole country, during the recent civil wars, has prevented them from making greater progress in the arts of civilized life.

The most honorable trait in the Gypsy character is the fraternal feeling, which prompts them to confide in, protect, and assist each other. When one communicates his plans to another, there is no fear that he will be betrayed to the *Busné*; and if the execution of the scheme requires the coöperation of many, they act zealously and faithfully together, and, if successful, share the gain like brothers. To show the strength of this fellow-feeling, our author relates a circumstance, which took place at Cordova a short time before he visited that city. A very poor Gitano had murdered a Spaniard, and was soon apprehended, tried, and sentenced to death. Such is the administration of the law in Spain, that a considerable bribe offered to the notary public and other functionaries will usually save the life of the culprit. But in this instance, the deceased had powerful friends, who successfully resisted any commutation of the punishment. The Gypsies offered large sums, made up by general contribution, one rich person alone giving five thousand crowns for his share of the ransom. But their efforts were fruitless, and the criminal was executed in the *Plaza*. The day before his death, all the Gitanos quitted the city, shutting up their houses, and carrying with them their effects. They were not seen in Cordova again for some months, when they suddenly reappeared, though for a long period they did not become entirely reconciled to the city. Many of them, on no account, would enter the Plaza, which had witnessed the disgraceful death of their brother.

The occupations of the Gitanos at the present day are various, none of them being very respectable. Quite a colony of their number reside in caves, scooped in the sides of the ravines, which lead to the higher regions of the Alpujarras.

A common employment is working in iron, and these caves are often found tenanted by smiths and their families, who ply the hammer and bellows in the bowels of the earth. In Seville, one of the filthiest suburbs is inhabited almost entirely by Gypsies, who practise their arts there and in the streets of the city. Some are occupied in trimming the fetlocks of horses, or shearing the backs of mules. Others buy and sell animals in the *mercado*, and the women, generally attended with one or two tawny bantlings, go about the city, telling fortunes and pilfering small articles that fall in their way. Many are in league with the smugglers, and go from door to door, offering for sale prohibited goods. But the great care, which the Andalusians take of their horses, offers the most constant employment to the Gitanos. They are skilful grooms, and are very dexterous in clipping and trimming various parts of the horse, where the growth of hair is thought to be injurious to the perfect health and cleanliness of the animal. Various kinds of shears form almost their only tools. In trimming the foot of a horse, very small scissors are required, which can only be procured at Madrid. Our author sent two pairs of this kind to a Gypsy of his acquaintance at Cordova, which was the occasion of his receiving the following epistle from another brother of the tribe. We insert the letter as a specimen of Gypsy composition.

“ ‘ Cordova, 20th day January, 1837.

“ ‘ SEÑOR DON JORGE,

“ ‘ After saluting you and hoping that you are well, I proceed to tell you that the two pair of scissors arrived at this town of Cordova with him whom you sent them by ; but, unfortunately, they were given to another Gypsy, whom you neither knew nor spoke to nor saw in your life ; for it chanced that he who brought them was a friend of mine, and he told me that he had brought two pair of scissors which an Englishman had given him for the Gypsies ; whereupon I, understanding it was yourself, instantly said to him, “ Those scissors are for me ; ” he told me, however, that he had already given them to another, and he is a Gypsy who was not even in Cordova during the time you were. Nevertheless, Don Jorge, I am very grateful for your thus remembering me, although I did not receive your present, and in order that you may know who I am, my name is Antonio Salazar, a man pitted with the smallpox, and the very first who spoke to you in Cordova in the posada where you were ; and you

told me to come and see you next day at eleven, and I went, and we conversed together alone. Therefore I should wish you to do me the favor to send me scissors for trimming beasts, good scissors, mind you, — such would be a very great favor, and I should be ever grateful, for here in Cordova there are none, or if there be they are good for nothing. Señor Don Jorge, you remember I told you that I was an esquilador by trade, and only by that I got bread for my babes. Señor Don Jorge, if you do send me the scissors for trimming, pray write and direct to the alley De la Londiga, No. 28, to Antonio Salazar, in Cordova. This is what I have to tell you, and do you ever command your trusty servant, who kisses your hand and is eager to serve you.

“ ‘ANTONIO SALAZAR.’ ”

“ FIRST COUPLET.

“ ‘That I may clip and trim the beasts, a pair of cachas grant,
If not, I fear my luckless babes will perish all of want.

“ SECOND COUPLET.

“ ‘If thou a pair of cachas grant, that I my babes may feed,
I'll pray to the almighty God, that thee he ever speed.’ ”

Vol. I. pp. 227 – 229.

The couplets were appended to the letter, as a means of conciliating the favor of Mr. Borrow, who had shown his desire to collect all the stray verses, that were current among the Gitanos. His volume contains a translation of a hundred unconnected quatrains, which he deemed worthy of preservation, as indicating their feelings and talents. They have no poetical merit, and many of them have the air of being manufactured for the nonce, to satisfy the inquirer. But our readers may judge for themselves, from a few verses taken at random.

“ I slouch my beaver o'er my brow,
As down the street I rove,
For fear thy mother keen should know
That I her daughter love.”

“ The purslain weed thou must not sow,
If thou wouldst fruit obtain,
As poor would be the garden's show,
As would the gardener's gain.”

"I for a cup of water cried,
But they refused my prayer ;
Then straight into the road I hied,
And fell to robbing there."

"I asked for fire to warm my frame,
But they 'd have scorned my prayer,
If I, to pay them for the same,
Had stripped my body bare."

"Fly, Pepe Conde, seek the hill,
To flee 's thy only chance,
With bayonets fixed thy blood to spill,
See soldiers four advance."

"The Gypsy fiend of Manga mead,
Who never gave a straw,
He would destroy, for very greed,
The good Egyptian law."

"I walked the street, and there I spied
A goodly gallows-tree,
And in my ear methought it cried :
Gypsy, beware of me." — Vol. II. p. 17.

Our notice of this interesting book has already extended too far, or we should be glad to transfer to our pages some amusing anecdotes, which Mr. Borrow tells, in a very lively way, of his intercourse with the Gitanos. We can find room only for the following extract from an account of our author's stay with a Gypsy family at Tarifa.

"In the autumn of the year 1839, I landed at Tarifa, from the coast of Barbary. I arrived in a small felouk laden with hides for Cadiz, to which place I was myself going. We stopped at Tarifa in order to perform quarantine, which, however, turned out a mere farce, as we were all permitted to come on shore ; the master of the felouk having bribed the port captain with a few fowls. We formed a motley group. A rich Moor and his son, a child, with their Jewish servant Yusouf, and myself with my own man Hayim Ben Attar, a Jew. After passing through the gate, the Moors and their domestic were conducted by the master to the house of one of his acquaintance, where he intended they should lodge ; whilst a sailor was

despatched with myself and Hayim to the only inn which the place afforded. I stopped in the street to speak to a person whom I had known at Seville. Before we had concluded our discourse, Hayim, who had walked forward, returned, saying, that the quarters were good, and that we were in high luck, for that he knew the people of the inn were Jews. 'Jews,' said I, 'here in Tarifa, and keeping an inn, I should be glad to see them.' So I left my acquaintance and hastened to the house. We first entered a stable, of which the ground floor of the building consisted, and ascending a flight of stairs entered a very large room, and from thence passed into a kitchen, in which were several people. One was a stout, athletic, burly fellow of about fifty, dressed in a buff jerkin and dark cloth pantaloons. His hair was black as a coal, and exceedingly bushy, his face much marked from some disorder, and his skin as dark as that of a toad. A very tall woman stood by the dresser, much resembling him in feature, with the same hair and complexion, but with more intelligence in her eyes than the man, who looked heavy and dogged. A dark woman, whom I subsequently discovered to be lame, sat in a corner, and two or three swarthy girls, from fifteen to eighteen years of age, were flitting about the room. I also observed a wicked looking boy, who might have been called handsome, had not one of his eyes been injured. 'Jews!' said I, in Moorish, to Hayim, as I glanced at these people and about the room; 'these are not Jews, but children of the Dar-bushi-fal.'

"'List to the Corohai,' said the tall woman, in broken Gypsy slang; 'hear how they jabber, (hunelad como chamulian,) truly we will make them pay for the noise they raise in the house.' Then coming up to me, she demanded with a shout, fearing otherwise that I should not understand, whether I would not wish to see the room where I was to sleep. I nodded: whereupon she led me out upon a back terrace, and opening the door of a small room, of which there were three, asked me if it would suit. 'Perfectly,' said I, and returned with her to the kitchen.

"'O, what a handsome face! what a royal person!' exclaimed the whole family as I returned, in Spanish, but in the whining, canting tones peculiar to the Gypsies, when they are bent on victimising. 'A more ugly Busno it has never been our chance to see,' said the same voices in the next breath, speaking in the jargon of the tribe. 'Won't your Moorish Royalty please to eat something?' said the tall hag. 'We have nothing in the house; but I will run out and buy a fowl, which I hope may prove a royal peacock to nourish and strengthen you.' 'I hope it may turn to drow in your entrails,' she muttered to the rest in

Gypsy. She then ran down, and in a minute returned with an old hen, which, on my arrival, I had observed below in the stable. 'See this beautiful fowl,' said she, 'I have been running over all Tarifa to procure it for your kingship; trouble enough I have had to obtain it, and dear enough it has cost me. I will now cut its throat.' 'Before you kill it,' said I, 'I should wish to know what you paid for it, that there may be no dispute about it in the account.' 'Two dollars I paid for it, most valorous and handsome sir; two dollars it cost me, out of my own quisobi, — out of my own little purse.' I saw it was high time to put an end to these zalamerías, and therefore exclaimed in Gitáno, 'You mean two brujis (reals), O mother of all the witches, and that is twelve cuartos more than it is worth.' 'Ay Dios mio, whom have we here?' exclaimed the females. 'One,' I replied, 'who knows you well and all your ways. Speak! am I to have the hen for two reals? if not, I shall leave the house this moment.' 'O yes, to be sure, brother, and for nothing if you wish it,' said the tall woman, in natural and quite altered tones; 'but why did you enter the house speaking in Corohai like a Bengui? We thought you a Busno, but we now see that you are of our religion; pray sit down and tell us where you have been.'

"*Myself*. — 'Now, my good people, since I have answered your questions, it is but right that you should answer some of mine; pray who are you? and how happens it that you are keeping this inn?'

"*Gypsy Hag*. — 'Verily, brother, we can scarcely tell you who we are. All we know of ourselves is, that we keep this inn to our trouble and sorrow, and that our parents kept it before us; we were all born in this house, where I suppose we shall die.'

"*Myself*. — 'Who is the master of the house, and whose are these children?'

"*Gypsy Hag*. — 'The master of the house is the fool, my brother, who stands before you without saying a word; to him belong these children, and the cripple in the chair is his wife, and my cousin. He has also two sons who are grown up men; one is a chumajarri (shoemaker), and the other serves a tanner.'

"*Myself*. — 'Is it not contrary to the law of the Cales to follow such trades?'

"*Gypsy Hag*. — 'We know of no law, and little of the Cales themselves. Ours is the only Calo family in Tarifa, and we never left it in our lives, except occasionally to go on the smuggling lay to Gibraltar. True it is that the Cales when they visit Tarifa put up at our house, sometimes to our cost. There was one Rafael, son of the rich Fruto of Cordova, here last

summer, to buy up horses, and he departed a baria and a half in our debt; however, I do not grudge it him, for he is a handsome and clever chabó, — a fellow of many capacities. There was more than one Busnó had cause to rue his coming to Tarifa.'

"*Myself*. — 'Do you live on good terms with the Busné of Tarifa?'

"*Gypsy Hag*. — 'Brother, we live on the best terms with the Busné of Tarifa; especially with the errays. The first people in Tarifa come to this house, to have their baji told by the cripple in the chair and by myself. I know not how it is, but we are more considered by the grandees than the poor, who hate and loathe us. When my first and only infant died, for I have been married, the child of one of the principal people was put to me to nurse, but I hated it for its white blood, as you may well believe. It never thrive, for I did it a private mischief, and though it grew up and is now a youth, it is — mad.'

"*Myself*. — 'With whom will your brother's children marry? You say there are no Gypsies here.'

"*Gypsy Hag*. — 'Ay de mi hermano! It is that which grieves me. I would rather see them sold to the Moors than married to the Busné. When Rafael was here he wished to persuade the chumajarri to accompany him to Cordova, and promised to provide for him, and to find him a wife among the Calees of that town; but the faint heart would not, though I myself begged him to comply. As for the curtidor (tanner), he goes every night to the house of a Busnee; and once, when I reproached him with it, he threatened to marry her. I intend to take my knife, and to wait behind the door in the dark, and when she comes out to gash her over the eyes. I trow he will have little desire to wed with her then.'

"*Myself*. — 'Do many Busné from the country put up at this house?'

"*Gypsy Hag*. — 'Not so many as formerly, brother; the laborers from the Campo say that we are all thieves; and that it is impossible for any one but a Calo, to enter this house without having the shirt stripped from his back. They go to the houses of their acquaintance in the town, for they fear to enter these doors. I scarcely know why, for my brother is the veriest fool in Tarifa. Were it not for his face, I should say that he is no Chabó, for he cannot speak, and permits every chance to slip through his fingers. Many a good mule and borrico have gone out of the stable below, which he might have secured, had he but tongue enough to have cozened the owners. But he is a fool, as I said before; he cannot speak, and is no Chabó.' — Vol. I. pp. 248 — 254.

ART. IV.—*The Life of Peter Van Schaack, LL. D., embracing Selections from his Correspondence and Other Writings during the American Revolution and his Exile in England.* By his Son, HENRY C. VAN SCHAACK. 8vo. New York. 1842. pp. 490.

NUMBERS of persons in the United States, at this day, cherish a general idea, that, during the revolutionary war, the people of the colonies were nearly unanimous in resisting the policy of the mother country. And, if they believe that Tories and Cowboys were now and then to be seen, whose malignity expended itself in vexing as much as possible the friends of the good cause, they nevertheless suppose, not only that the number of such people was positively inconsiderable, but that it embraced all of the dissent to the opinion of the majority, that was entertained in America. Yet, should a curious inquirer cast but a glance upon the Catalogue of Graduates of Harvard University, or should an observing traveller, whilst wandering along the fine tract of country between Halifax and Annapolis, or Digby, in Nova Scotia, or crossing the Bay of Fundy to St. John's, and from thence to St. Andrew's, in the province of New Brunswick, ask of the inhabitants of this region from whence they came, he would find something to shake his confidence in the soundness of the popular opinion. Civil wars will anywhere be attended with peculiar evils, and among the mildest of these, perhaps, is the expatriation of a large number of persons, who constitute the minority of that community in which they take place.

A remarkable circumstance attending the process, in these States, was its thoroughness. Though not much more than half a century has elapsed since it happened, it is now next to impossible to obtain information, within their limits, respecting families known to have been in a flourishing condition but a short time before the Revolution. And many thousands are now found in the Provinces above mentioned, inheriting all the characteristics of New England people, who yet retain no recollection of or sympathy with the spot from which they were transplanted. How much bitterness of spirit there must have been to establish, in so short a time, so perfect a wall of separation between men

who had once been neighbours and friends, may easily be imagined. Even at this moment, the harshest censors of our public conduct as a nation, and the most willing hands to add fuel, from such materials as chance may supply, to the fire of contention between us and Great Britain, might probably be traced among the descendants of those, whose names, faces, conversation, and manners, would have proved them, without need of resort to a pedigree, kith and kin of the present inhabitants of New England. Neither have the prejudices of the latter, on their side, very materially changed. Not many citizens of the United States would now concede more merit to a being called an American *Tory*, than they would to a robber, or an incendiary. Such is the inveteracy of human passion, when men have been once fearfully excited against each other, during a period of deadly strife.

We are not sure that any precise computation has ever been made of the number of those who left their ancient homes and firesides in consequence of the Revolution. At any rate, it could not have been small. And the greater part of them could have been actuated by no discreditable motives in the course which they thought fit to pursue. Some were doubtless timid and wavering spirits, who could not bring themselves up to the point of open resistance to the great power across the water. Others were affectionate hearts, beating too nearly in sympathy with some connexions in the Old World, to relish the idea of a total separation. Others were held back from the movement by the dread of losing the estimation they had succeeded, after a life of honest exertion, in acquiring. If, in the conduct of these persons, at so great a crisis in public affairs, there is nothing to admire, still there is in it as little to censure. If they honestly believed, that the Revolution was nothing better than downright rebellion to constituted authority, by which name it is now most frequently designated in Nova Scotia, their action may have been wrong, but it can scarcely be condemned as criminal. Had the mother country proved victorious in the struggle, the world, which judges only by the event, would probably have been of their opinion. The emigration would then have been from the other side. Happy, indeed, would it have been for its members, if so mild a punishment had been allotted them. The possibility of such a result,

should teach us in all cases of political struggle to deal in a spirit of charity with the vanquished.

In truth, of the persons, who took part with the mother country in America, there were several distinct classes which ought not to be confounded together. There were the merely ambitious, who were willing to sell their country for a mess of pottage ; the greedy after office and patronage ; the hangers-on of all people in place, who cared nothing for the question at issue except as it affected their bread and butter. For such as these, who did their best to blow up in Great Britain the flame of discontent with the colonies merely for the sake of ingratiating themselves, we can make no allowance whatever. Of such men was Hutchinson, whose education had taught him better principles than he chose to practise upon. The jack-o'-lantern of official station misled him, as it has done many both before and after him without more justification, though with less dangerous consequences from their conduct. With such men, who play gamesters' tricks in politics, and hazard every thing for the mere chance of winning much, we can scarcely be expected to have much sympathy when they fail, or to concede to them any merit for their wicked daring, when they succeed. There was another class, and a wholly different one, composed of those who disapproved of the acts of Great Britain, but who did not think them of a character to justify extreme measures of resistance. They hoped that remonstrance would open a way to reconciliation, and they thought, that, whether it did or not, the hazard of loss, by attempting to set up a new system in the face of a powerful enemy, was greater than the prospect of advantage which might accrue. In fine, they were the conservatives of that day, timid and temporizing, perhaps, but perfectly honest, and by no means deserving of any censure like that which we have passed upon the other class. Under this description of persons, we must rank the subject of the work now before us, Peter Van Schaack.

The present volume is the first attempt, that we know of, to present to the public of the United States a justificatory memoir of one of the Tories of the Revolution. As such we are glad to see it, more particularly as it will furnish to us some opportunity of reviewing the opinions of the vanquished party of that day. And, although we can scarcely be expected to entertain any sympathy with them, yet we trust

that time enough has elapsed to enable us to do them justice. We think nobody can read this biography of Mr. Van Schaack, prepared by his son in an exceedingly modest and inoffensive form, without feeling respect for the man, even in his errors, as well as a great deal of pity for his misfortunes. For domestic affliction came to add its pangs to those occasioned by political affairs, and physical suffering was joined in his person to the unhappiness of exile. We can scarcely imagine a more melancholy situation, and we think it shows the possession of no small share of the true spirit of Christian philosophy, that the patient should, through all these trials, have acted so well up to the significant motto of his own selection, "*Superanda fortuna ferendo.*" Mr. Van Schaack's temper was neither soured nor broken down. On the contrary, he presents in his example an edifying instance of how much a man can bear in this world, if he is only guided by the right principles of philosophy and religion.

At the commencement of the Revolution, Mr. Van Schaack was a young lawyer, established in pretty extensive practice, in the city of New York; and he had been engaged by the colony in the reponsible duty of collecting and revising the statute laws of eighty years preceding. He felt, with his countrymen, the arbitrary character of the proceedings of the government at home, and became one of the first Committee of Correspondence appointed in New York, in 1774. When this committee was dissolved, another and larger one was organized to carry into execution the non-importation agreement, and of this also Mr. Van Schaack was a member. Thus far it appears that he was willing to go with the country; but, when the progress of events showed, that nothing short of a total separation from Great Britain would do, he was unwilling to keep pace with it. He removed from New York to Kinderhook in 1775, partly for change of scene, after the loss of several children in their infancy, and partly on account of the troubles; and at the latter place he seems to have been willing to rest in a state of neutrality between contending parties, so long as they would suffer it. He had examined his mind and his heart, and they forbade him to rush into what he thought unjustifiable opposition to legitimate authority. That the conclusion to which he came was not formed without long reflection and study, appears clear from a paper which we find in the present volume, written at his

place of residence in January, 1776, and in which are embodied the arguments, that weighed most heavily on his mind in favor of the course which he ultimately took. Although somewhat long, we will extract the principal part of it, as giving a tolerable clue to the character of the author.

“The only foundation of all legitimate governments is certainly a compact between the rulers and the people, containing mutual conditions, and equally obligatory on both the contracting parties. No question can therefore exist, at this enlightened day, about the lawfulness of resistance, in cases of gross and palpable infractions of the governing power. It is impossible, however, clearly to ascertain every case, which shall effect a dissolution of this contract; for these, though always tacitly implied, are never expressly declared, in any form of government.

“As a man is bound by the sacred ties of conscience to yield obedience to every act of the legislature so long as the government exists, so, on the other hand, he owes it to the cause of liberty to resist the invasion of those rights, which, being inherent and unalienable, could not be surrendered at the institution of the civil society of which he is a member. In times of civil commotion, therefore, an investigation of those rights, which will necessarily infer an inquiry into the nature of government, becomes the indispensable duty of every man.

“There are, perhaps, few questions relating to government of more difficulty, than that at present subsisting between Great Britain and the colonies. It originated about the *degree* of subordination we owed to the British Parliament; but, by a rapid progress, it seems now to be, whether we are members of the empire or not. In this view, the principles of Mr. Locke, and other advocates for the rights of mankind, are little to the purpose. His treatise throughout presupposes rulers and subjects of the *same state*, and, upon a supposition that we are members of the empire, his reasonings, if not inapplicable, will be found rather to militate against our claims; for he holds the necessity of a *supreme power*, and the necessary existence of *one legislature only* in every society, in the strongest terms.

“Here arises the doubt; if we are parts of the same state, we cannot complain of a *usurpation*, unless in a qualified sense; but we must found our resistance upon an *undue* and *oppressive* exercise of a power we recognise. In short, our reasonings must resolve into one or the other of the following three grounds, and our right of resistance must be founded upon either the first or third of them; for either, first, we owe no obedience to

any acts of Parliament ; or, secondly, we are bound by all acts to which British subjects in Great Britain would, if passed with respect to them, owe obedience ; or, thirdly, we are subordinate in a certain degree ; or, in other words, certain acts may be valid in Britain which are not so here.

“ Upon the first point I am exceedingly clear in my mind, for I consider the colonies as members of the British empire, and subordinate to the Parliament. But, with regard to the second and third, I am not so clear. The necessity of a supreme power in every state strikes me very forcibly ; at the same time I foresee the destructive consequences of a right in Parliament to bind us in all cases whatever. To obviate the ill effects of either extreme some middle way should be found out, by which the benefits to the empire should be secured arising from the doctrine of a supreme power, while the abuses of that power to the prejudice of the colonists should be guarded against ; and this, I hope, will be the happy effect of the present struggle.

“ The basis of such a compact must be, the securing to the Americans the essential rights of Britons, but so modified as shall best consist with the general benefit of the *whole*. If, upon such a compact, we cannot possess the specific privileges of the inhabitants of Great Britain, (as, for instance, a representation in Parliament we cannot,) this must not be an obstacle ; for there is certainly a point in which the general good of the whole, with the least possible disadvantage to every part, does centre, though it may be difficult to discern it, and every *individual* part must give way to the *general good*.

“ If the principles upon which such a union should be formed are difficult of discovery, will it not mitigate the severity of the acts we complain of ? If the line between authority and dependence has never been drawn, will it not render the offence less heinous if the Parliament has transgressed it ?

“ It may be said, that these principles terminate in passive obedience ; far from it. I perceive that several of the acts exceed these bounds, which of right ought to circumscribe the Parliament. But my difficulty arises from this, that, taking the whole of the acts complained of together, they do not, I think, manifest a system of slavery ; but may fairly be imputed to human frailty, and the difficulty of the subject. Most of them seem to have sprung out of particular occasions, and are unconnected with each other ; and some of them are precisely of the nature of other acts, made before the commencement of his present Majesty's reign, which is the era when the supposed design of subjugating the colonies began. If these acts have exceeded what is and ought to be declared to be the line of

right, and thus we have been sufferers in some respects by the undefined state of the subject, it will also, I think, appear from such a union, when established, if past transactions are to be measured by the standard hereafter to be fixed, that *we* have hitherto been deficient in other respects, and derived benefit from the same unsettled state.

“In short, I think those acts may have been passed without a preconcerted plan of enslaving us; and it appears to me, that the more favorable construction ought ever to be put on the conduct of our rulers. I cannot therefore think the government *dissolved*; and, as long as the society lasts, the power that every individual gave the society when he entered into it, can never revert to the individuals again, but will always remain in the community.

“If it be asked, how we come to be subject to the authority of the British Parliament, I answer, by the same compact which entitles us to the benefits of the British constitution, and its laws; and that we derive advantage even from some kind of subordination, whatever the degree of it should be, is evident, because without such a controlling common umpire, the colonies must become independent states, which would be introductive of anarchy and confusion among ourselves.

“Some kind of dependence being then, in my idea, necessary for our own happiness, I would choose to see a claim made of a constitution which shall concede this point; as, before that is done by us, and rejected by the mother country, I cannot see any principle of regard for my country, which will authorize me in taking up arms, as absolute *dependence* and *independence* are two extremes which I would avoid; for, should we succeed in the latter, we shall still be in a sea of uncertainty, and have to fight among ourselves for that constitution we aim at.

“There are many very weighty reasons besides the above, to restrain a man from taking up arms, but some of them are of too delicate a nature to be put upon paper; however, it may be proper to mention what does *not* restrain *me*. It is not from apprehension of the consequences should America be subdued, or the hopes of any favor from government, both which I disclaim; nor is it from any disparagement of the cause my countrymen are engaged in, or a desire of obstructing the present measures.

“I am fully convinced, that men of the greatest abilities, and the soundest integrity, have taken parts in this war with America, and their measures should have a fair trial. But this is too serious a matter, implicitly to yield to the authority of any character, however respectable. Every man must exercise his own

reason, and judge for himself ; ‘ for he that appeals to Heaven must be sure that he has right on his side,’ according to Mr. Locke. It is a question of morality and religion, in which a man cannot conscientiously take an active part, without being convinced in his own mind of the justice of the cause ; for obedience while government exists being clear on the one hand, the dissolution of the government must be equally so, to justify an appeal to arms ; and whatever disagreeable consequences may follow from dissenting from the general voice, yet, I cannot but remember, that I am to render an account of my conduct before a more awful tribunal, where no man can be justified, who stands accused by his own conscience of taking part in measures, which, through the distress and bloodshed of his fellow-creatures, may precipitate his country into ruin.” — pp. 54 – 58.

A paper like this, bears internal evidence of the honesty and conscientiousness of the writer. He had applied to the momentous question before him the best lights of his understanding, and the result was, that he could not sanction resistance by force. Mr. Van Schaack was not of the number of those who considered the British policy justifiable in itself ; but he was unwilling to believe, that the ministers systematically pursued it with hostile intent towards the colonies. And, moreover, he had little faith in the capacity of his countrymen to substitute a good plan of self-government, and to adhere to it. His mind was of the cautious, perhaps slightly timid kind, which foresees more danger than good in sudden change. For the scruples of such a man we must entertain respect, even where we see them to be excessive. His argument was fully answered in the Declaration of Independence, and his apprehensions were subsequently shown to be unfounded by the adoption of the Federal Constitution. But no person, who has observed how very narrow the escape of the country was from a state of anarchy and general confusion, can deny that he had great justification for entertaining them.

Mr. Van Schaack retired to the country apparently, with a desire to avoid taking an active part on either side in the great struggle. And this wish was doubtless heightened by the happening of personal misfortune. He irrecoverably lost the use of one eye, and was threatened with losing that of the other also ; an event which did ultimately take place, although not until a great while afterwards. His father died about this time, and the health of his wife began rapidly to

fail. Under such circumstances, it is not much to be wondered at, that he should have felt as if, what with the public, what with private troubles, there was not a gleam of light to relieve the prospect. Yet he was too important a man to be left entirely alone at such a crisis. His influence, even though tacitly operating, was too great among relations and friends, to be safely overlooked by his fellow-citizens. They called upon him to take an oath of allegiance to the new State of New York, and he refused ; in consequence of which he was ordered to quit the jurisdiction within ten days, and go directly to Boston. To that place he accordingly went. He appears to have considered this sentence as very harsh treatment, and to have remonstrated very earnestly and with some effect against it. But what could the insurgent party have done if they had acted upon the principle of encouraging neutrals ? The struggle proved severe enough, notwithstanding the great inequality of the parties to it in America, to strain every nerve of the majority. There were many people in the Middle States anxious to remain neutral, and some who did continue so through the war, as far as the folly of the British commanders in harassing them, would permit. It certainly was not expedient to hazard enlarging the number by permitting distinguished persons with such dispositions to pass without censure. Mr. Van Schaack doubtless suffered some hardship under the rule, and the severest was the refusal to grant the dying wish of his wife, to be transported to the city of New York, then within the British lines ; but such things are incident to war, and particularly to civil war, where treachery must always be apprehended in addition to its ordinary evils. In point of fact, he was not at all severely dealt with, for he was allowed in a few weeks to return home, and there to remain on his parole of neutrality. His petition to leave the country for the sake of procuring medical aid in England for his eyes was granted, and his property was not included in the list of confiscations on account of his adherence to the mother country. So that he did in reality suffer no inconvenience from his refusal to aid the cause of America, other than a banishment of a few years to the land whose government he had sustained. We will venture to say, that not many of the patriots got out of the war so lightly.

But the long residence of Mr. Van Schaack in England

was not without its use, even in correcting his political opinions. We have already observed the fact, that, in 1776, he differed from his patriot friends Jay and Benson, Morris and Sedgwick, rather in degree than in quality. He was more willing than they to give the British government credit for general goodness of intention, and therefore to pass lightly over what he agreed with them in considering arbitrary and unjustifiable acts. Opportunities of closer observation very soon induced him to modify his opinions. He found little sympathy with any party in America, among the British. He found the colonies regarded, as insolent dependents often are in the family of a haughty man,—as people who are to be whipped into good behaviour. And all this had a great effect in cooling his respect for British authority. The real truth is that John Bull, with all his excellent qualities both of head and heart, is not over civil or friendly in his external manners, either towards neighbours, or people whom he thinks a little beneath him. We believe all the refugees who went to England felt this so much, as to make them regret the course which they had pursued, and to determine,—those of them who had not committed themselves beyond hope of pardon,—to seize the earliest opportunity to return to America. In this number was the gentleman whose biography is before us. Of the other class, was Hutchinson, who pined for the breezes of the land of freedom without a ray of hope that he should ever be able to enjoy them. His punishment was not greater than he deserved; but Mr. Van Schaack was relieved from paying any similar penalty. He did return to enjoy, to the end of a long life, the fruits of institutions, which no man admired more than he, when he saw them established, dispelling all his anxious fears, and far better even than his hopes.

That Mr. Van Schaack never intended to expatriate himself is made evident, we think, by the fact that he left his children behind him. He was not unmindful of them in his absence, but addressed to his son, the author of this memoir, letters which show, not only how great his anxiety was for their welfare, but also the peculiarly kind and affectionate temper of the individual. As illustrative of his familiar manner, we will extract one of these.

“London, 12th June, 1784.

“MY DEAR HARRY,—

“I wrote you a few lines soon after the receipt of your agreeable favor of the 15th April, and my letter, which I intended should have gone by a private ship, was put into the mail of this month, addressed to Mr. Hoffman’s care. Your letter afforded me great pleasure, not only for its correctness, but for one or two passages in it, which show that you are a gentleman of delicate sentiments and genuine refinement. Your injunction of secrecy shall be inviolably observed. Whenever you do me the honor of placing a confidence in me, you will find that I understand the importance of the trust. You must continue to treat me with the unreserved frankness of true friendship, as I certainly shall you. I expect to derive great benefit from your opinions when I see you, as I shall consult you upon all occasions relative to myself as well as to you.

“I would take great pleasure in sending you books, if I knew what sort of reading you are most inclined to. In the great variety, it is difficult to make a choice. I am afraid you do not approve of my referring you to so many authors; but remember, I do not suppose you can read them all at once; it does not therefore follow, that my references may not, at one time or another, prove of some use to you; besides, I pointed out *select* passages only, which it would not take up more than a few minutes to peruse. Am I too vain in supposing that you do not destroy my letters? I *will* indulge this idea. It might not be amiss for you to make short notes, e. g. (*exempli gratia.*)

““Select passages of authors recommended by my father for my perusal, and which I will refer to whenever I can procure the books which contain them, that I may derive that benefit from them, which his parental love and anxious concern for my welfare had in view, and which I am confident will be the best return for all his care and trouble.

H. C. V. S.

““Pope,—Essay on Man,—Epistle 1, Exordium,—ib. v. 82, 99, &c.

Epistle B. 3, v. 147.

Epistle B. 4, v. 1–361.

Temple of Fame, v. 178–244, 276–

Shakspeare,—Measure for Measure, Act Scene

Merchant of Venice.

Hamlet *per totum.*’

“Something of the above sort might be improved into a *method*, that would be of advantage to you upon other occasions. If you thought my letters deserved it, I should think it a very

high honor done me if you had a little MS. book, with some such title as this; 'Observations of my Father, occasionally made in the course of his letters to me, upon the following subjects, from which I have already derived considerable benefit, and which I am determined still further to improve upon by reading, as well as by my own reflections, namely, upon Happiness, Philanthropy, Benevolence, Candor, Charity, Cheerfulness, Good-nature, Affability, Friendship, Choice of Companions, Habit of Attention, Presence of Mind, Self-possession.'

"I do assure you, my dear Harry, it is not my intention to overburthen your mind, or to deprive you of your recreations. Were I with you, I might divide the subjects I intend for your use in such a manner as would make them more easy; but at such a distance I cannot avoid crowding them together; but, as you do not receive a letter from me every day, and I hope you do not think it irksome to read them more than once, you must take up my observations separately and at your leisure. Do not think I shall expect too much of you; let me only find you a virtuous youth, free from bad habits, and I will be satisfied. I long to hear from you after being at Barrington, where I hope little Betsey is settled to your liking, and in a manner you approve. Your tenderness towards her and your brother rejoices my heart, and I was delighted with your expression, 'Fine children, I wish you would write them each a short letter.' These are your own words, and charming words to me they are,—*decies repetita placebunt!* Our little Betsey, my dear Harry, must have a double share of your attention. Let me quote two tender lines applicable to both you and me.

'The name th' indulgent father doubly loved,
For in the child the mother's worth improved.'

"I think I left Goldsmith's 'Roman History,' at Kinderhook; if so, I hope you have given it a reading. You will also find Stanyan's 'Grecian History,' which you should look into. These celebrated republics you should begin to form some acquaintance with. I shall probably send you Plutarch's Lives, which will make the great characters of antiquity known to you. Stanyan was given me at college, as a premium at a public examination; so was a set of the 'Belles-Lettres,' which I left for you.

"Have you ever dipped into Homer, and do you know any thing about Achilles, Nestor, Ulysses, Tydides, Ajax, &c., and Priam, Hector, Æneas, &c.? *Apropos*, I wish you would once more read the first Eclogue of Virgil, which is so suitable to the times. When you read the fourth, turn to Pope's 'Messiah.'" — pp. 227–231.

Mr. Van Schaack was evidently a man fitted for peaceful

times, and possessed of that quiet and solid character which shines brightly only at such seasons. His classical attainments appear to have been good, if not very extensive, and what he did know well, he was fond of communicating to the young around him. His familiar letters are full of kindness and of consideration for the youths to whom they were addressed. But these are not qualities with which to make much headway in turbulent times. They will never carry weight with them in seasons of danger, when the executing hand must follow immediately after the devising head. It was only when the peace opened the way for his return to the United States, that he again settled himself down at Kinderhook, married a second time, and exhibited to the world an edifying example of respectable and venerated old age, without complaint as to the past, cheerful even under the privation of sight, and ever willing to communicate to succeeding generations, the lessons of wisdom which he had been gathering from adversity and the past.

It is one marked peculiarity of the subject of this memoir, that his feelings did not turn into gall under affliction, and had not the effect of perverting his judgment of passing events, as was too often the case with the refugees in England. He soon saw that the contest must terminate favorably to the American side, and his foresight appears to have done him little service with his English friends. They had been accustomed to hear an opposite opinion confidently expressed by loyalists, and were the more willing to believe it sound from the general contempt they entertained for those who were styled the *rebels*. He thought more favorably of the capacity of the colonists for self-government, for he knew them better than they; and yet he also understood, perhaps even overrated, the nature of the evils which would flow from their independence. This is what he wrote in his Diary at the close of 1779;

“ “ America will perhaps never see such happy days as the past. They may be a great empire, and enjoy opulence; but that mediocrity between extreme poverty and luxurious riches made their condition substantially happy. There being but few offices, there was no scope for bribery, corruption, and the numerous train of evils which attend the venality in this country. Henceforth, having an empire of their own, the numerous train of offices will produce like effects as the same causes do here.

“ ‘ Whether the contest is at an end or not, is a question of fact, the affirmative of which is not to be assumed upon slight grounds, nor is the mind to be influenced by sinister motives of interest in regard to temporary ease, nor because government cannot protect every part of its dominions.

“ ‘ But, on the other hand, neither is the negative to be taken up when the mind, upon an impartial inquiry, is fully satisfied ; when a series of events and of attempts for years have only increased the probability of want of success, and the difficulty of the object ; when in various instances government has confessed this ; when the object of the war is changed ; when to persevere is infatuation ; when the view is only to weaken our country without hopes of regaining it ; when the arguments for allegiance now will equally operate fifty years hence. Duty to myself, to my posterity, to my native country, then call upon me, and my connexion with the parent country is dissolved.

“ ‘ I am to consider the happiness of *that* country, not the aggrandizement of *this*. Perpetuation of animosities, — Devastation, — End of the war ; the only means, &c.

“ ‘ It is supposed that the aversion of the Americans to the religion, government, and manners of the French, will make them unwilling to admit French troops among them. My opinion has been uniformly against this idea. The great object of America is independence. Her hatred, her religious hatred, is against Great Britain. This is her ruling passion, which swallows up all others as of inferior consideration. Whatever the motive of France was, the action was materially good in the eye of the Americans. The external profession of one religion or another could not stand in competition with benefits and injuries, and these depend upon opinion. The wounds of a friend strike deeper than those of an enemy. It must be a work of time to recall her affections.’ ”

“ Dec. 1779. The instance of the *Restoration*, is often adduced by those who expect the Americans will return to their allegiance. 1. This is a singular case, a prodigy in history, from which no *general* conclusion can be drawn, or any rational hope grounded, that it will be so in another. 2. The genius of the English led them to a preference of *monarchy*, whereas the Americans (especially New England) are disposed to a republic. 3. The government in England had been fluctuating between a variety of forms till it settled in the Protector, whose powers, in fact, were those of a king, without the name. The American constitutions are fixed, and totally different from their colony dependence. The transition at the Restoration was easy ; that of the Americans would be from one extreme to another.

4. The English effected the Restoration without any sacrifice of national dignity. The Americans would have to sacrifice all the pride of empire, which every whig there now feels as sensibly as a monarch his power. 5. Those who opposed royalty in England, were the most contemptible of the community.

“In one case, prejudice in favor of an old form, — in the other, never any settled constitution.” — pp. 244, 245.

These are evidently rough notes, drawn up somewhat after the fashion of a lawyer's heads for an argument, but they are deserving of consideration for the insight which they give into the mind of the writer. He was of that class of men, who are slow to make up a positive opinion, who consider both sides of every question, and hesitate so long before they decide, that they are driven to take the wrong one by losing the all-important moment for choosing the right. Thus it seems to have been at the breaking out of the Revolution. He would have been a Patriot, if he had had time enough to consider well the matter. His feelings, his principles, and his friends led him that way; but events crowded upon each other too fast for his process of conviction. He wanted further time when that time could not be granted to him. He thus was ranked among the Tories, because he would not declare himself a Whig; and, when the day came that his opinions were made up, and he really was in sympathy with his fellow citizens, it was too late for him to retrace his steps, or do any thing but await the result of the contest. No sooner was that result declared, than he signified his disposition in a letter to his brother in the following words;

“I have all along, and in all companies, freely declared my intention of returning to America, whatever might be the issue of the contest; and, though I believe I would be as averse as any man to purchase an advantage at the expense of my honor, yet I cannot agree with those whose high and towering spirits could not brook to live under the government of people they dislike, &c. I am much surprised if some of these people would not stoop lower than you or I would. Power has no such charms to me as to make me care much who possesses it. Revolutions have happened in all countries, and the weaker must submit to the stronger.

“For my part, I believe America will be as well governed as any part of the Old World is. Why not? Are the people of America more debauched and corrupt, or less sensible and well informed than the Europeans? Alas! I am not to be persuad-

ed to this. For my part, if I *can* return, which hitherto I do assure you I have not taken one preparatory step to bring about, I shall be as good a subject of the new government as I ever was of the old. This declaration I shall not scruple to make without lessening myself in my own opinion at all. If they have magnanimity enough to accept this as an atonement, I shall be happy; if not my heart is not broken by this or, I believe, any other disappointment." — pp. 321, 322.

His first movement after the treaty of peace was signed, was to write to his old friend, Mr. Jay; and it is a signal testimonial of his worth, that that gentleman, second only to Washington, in our estimate of the men of the Revolution, should at once have offered him every assistance, even to a share of his purse. Of pecuniary aid he stood in no need, and, as it turned out, he experienced little difficulty in his restoration to his property and right of citizenship at home. Yet he felt that he had committed himself so far as to render it inexpedient for him to enter public life, or mix very actively in the politics of the country; — a decision which was probably favorable to his own peace, as popular prejudices have always run high against all, who were even suspected of lukewarmness to the Revolution, and these would scarcely have been allowed to sleep in party times, let his merit and services have been what they might. He did however interest himself in favor of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and was a candidate in his county for a seat in the ratifying convention of New York; but, the majority being anti-federal, he was not elected. He returned, however, to the practice of his profession, in which he fully sustained his early reputation for integrity and candor, and finally closed his long career, at the age of eighty-five, at his home in Kinderhook.

On the whole, we have been much more interested in the present volume than we expected when we took it up. It has enabled us to judge of one class of our countrymen more discriminatingly than we have been wont to do, and to appreciate the conscientious scruples of some whom the American public sets down too generally as wilful traitors. We can readily understand the desire of the author to relieve the memory of his father from any such imputation, and are glad to be able to express our opinion that his attempt has been successful.

We cannot close this article, without noticing the exceedingly favorable opinions occasionally expressed by Mr. Van Schaack and his brothers, of the people of Massachusetts. We cite, as an example, a passage from a letter of Mr. Henry Van Schaack, written immediately after the close of the war.

“This Commonwealth has to boast, what perhaps no people on earth could ever say before, and which is, that they have been the prop of the confederacy in carrying on the war, and, after a struggle of seven years, they have established a good government, and never executed a single man for his political principles. When this fact is handed down to posterity, by the faithful pages of history, ages hence will rank the Massachusetts among the first people in the world.” — p. 355.

We do not insert this passage for the mere purpose of glorification, albeit we do think that no just estimate has ever been put upon the relative share of merit, which the people of Massachusetts had in the support of the revolutionary war. But we quote it to show, if that State manifested, sixty years ago, so laudable an example of attachment to the principles of liberty and good government combined, as to make it an object of admiration to its neighbours, how great is the duty incumbent upon its citizens, now and at all times, to continue to maintain the same reputation. There are always in the States of this Union, seeds of disorganization floating about in the air, needing only a congenial spot in which to catch, that they may germinate into dissension, and riot, and public distractions. Sometimes these find their way into a community through disorder in the money relations between individuals, sometimes they grow out of the agitation of political demagogues, sometimes they spring from the mere impatience of legal control, felt by headstrong, arrogant, and daring individuals. Examples are not wanting to illustrate these positions, if it were worth our while at this period to enter into such a discussion, which it is not. But they all go equally to prove, that the liberty of a self-regulated community is not the only element of its social prosperity, and that, if it seeks to make itself respected as well as happy, its members must, even in the midst of trial, manifest a profound regard for order also. Those States of the Union will be ultimately able to retain the largest amount of population and property, which shall succeed the best in bind-

ing together these foundations of the fabric of society. It cannot be denied, that in many cases they have been already deeply shaken. The consequence must necessarily be, that citizens will begin to scan more narrowly, than they have done, the principles at the bottom of the policy of the separate States, and to select for residence, those which appear likely to protect them best. It should be the great aim of the States, then, to vie with each other in holding forth to the public gaze, not the most striking novelties, which terrify even whilst they dazzle the imagination, but the most permanent and the best settled social system, founded at once upon the most comprehensive principles, and the most uniform practice of them. With this and this alone, can Massachusetts hope to stand under the competition of a more favored soil and a happier sky in other States, and to merit the panegyric which we find to have been made upon her at the commencement of her independent career.

ART. V.—*Ballads and other Poems*. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, Author of "Voices of the Night," "Hyperion," &c. Cambridge: John Owen. 12mo. pp. 132.

MR. LONGFELLOW'S poetry has become so generally known, and, wherever known, is so universally admired, as to need no aid from the journals of literature. It is probably read and remembered in places "beyond the solar road" over which the literary journals travel. It is, therefore, with no expectation of adding to its widespread renown, or of increasing the number of its admirers, that we call our readers' attention to this second volume from Professor Longfellow's pen. There are some interesting peculiarities about this volume, which deserve and require a passing comment from us. But before proceeding to the main topics, which we shall briefly touch upon in the present paper, we owe a word of acknowledgment to the publisher for the exquisite style in which he has sent forth both of Longfellow's volumes, and to the reading public, for the good taste they have manifested by the ready and ample encouragement they have extended to this attempt to embellish the typography of the

country. An unusual, not to say unexampled, number of editions have appeared, and the reception the poems have met with from the country is not a little creditable to its taste in poetry.

Mr. Longfellow's profound knowledge of German literature has given a very perceptible tincture to his poetical style. It bears the Romantic impress, as distinguished from the Classical, though at the same time it is marked by a classical severity of taste. Nothing can exceed the exquisite finish of some of his smaller pieces, while they also abound in that richness of expression and imagery, which the Romantic muse is supposed to claim as her more especial attribute. The melody of his versification is very remarkable; some of his stanzas sound with the richest and sweetest music of which language is capable. It is unnecessary to illustrate this remark by quotations; the memories of all readers of poetry involuntarily retain them. In the range of American poetry, it would not be easy to find any that is so readily remembered, that has sunk so deeply into the hearts of the people, and that so spontaneously rises to the speaker's tongue in the pulpit and the lecture-room.

The first piece in the present volume is a very successful attempt to represent in English the spirit of the northern legend. "The Skeleton in Armour" reads like an old Scandinavian poem. The short sharp lines, the peculiar imagery, the brief but striking descriptions, the vivid comparisons, remind one strongly of the Saga poetry of Iceland, Sweden, and Denmark. The poet skilfully avails himself of the circumstance that a skeleton was found buried, some years ago, near the famous Round Tower of Newport, together with some pieces of armour. The Danish antiquaries, as everybody knows or ought to know, will have it, that this structure was raised by the northern adventurers, who are supposed to have discovered this continent centuries before the birth of Columbus. Whatever we may think of their opinion as a matter of sober historical inquiry, we must admit that there is ground enough for a poet to stand upon, while constructing a romantic poem like this now before us. There is both ingenuity in the narrative, and sufficient probability in the story for all poetical purposes. The adventures related by the disturbed skeleton, though rather extraordinary, compared with the experiences of common men,

are not a whit more surprising than those of his brethren and contemporaries the Vikings, the robbers of the sea, with which the legendary poetry of the North of Europe is fled. We give a very striking passage, in which the Skeleton describes the effect a pair of bright eyes had upon him in the days of his youth. An old Scandinavian bard could not have hit upon a more beautiful or natural simile.

“Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
*And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.*” — p. 35.

The next piece, “The Wreck of the Hesperus,” is a very fine imitation of the ancient English ballad. It has been copied into many of the newspapers, and is probably familiar to our readers. But we cannot refrain from citing a few lines on account of their remarkable descriptive beauty.

“Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.
“Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable’s length.”

And a little further on ;

“And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman’s Woe.
“And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.
“The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

“She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

“Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she strove and sank,
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared.”

— pp. 43 – 47.

The “Luck of Edenhall,” is a skilful translation from the German of Uhland. This is followed by the “Elected Knight,” from the Danish, a piece not a little obscure and mystical. It has no great poetical merit, and is only interesting from its oddity and antiquity. Among the translations, “The Two Locks of Hair,” from the German of Pfizer, is one of the most exquisite things that we have ever met with. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of transcribing it entire.

“A youth, light-hearted and content,
I wander through the world ;
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent
And straight again is furled.

“Yet oft I dream, that once a wife
Close in my heart was locked,
And in the sweet repose of life
A blessed child I rocked.

“I wake ! Away that dream, — away !
Too long did it remain !
So long, that both by night and day
It ever comes again.

“The end lies ever in my thought ;
To a grave so cold and deep
The mother beautiful was brought ;
Then dropt the child asleep.

“But now the dream is wholly o’er,
I bathe mine eyes and see ;
And wander through the world once more,
A youth so light and free.

“Two locks, — and they are wondrous fair, —
Left me that vision mild ;
The brown is from the mother’s hair,
The blond is from the child.

“And when I see that lock of gold,
Pale grows the evening-red ;
And when the dark lock I behold,
I wish that I were dead.” — pp. 106 – 108.

Among the original poems, that to the River Charles is very beautiful. The following lines cannot fail to strike by their melodious simplicity.

“Thou hast taught me, Silent River !
Many a lesson, deep and long ;
Thou hast been a generous giver ;
I can give thee but a song.

“Oft in sadness and in illness
I have watched thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me, like a tide.

“And in better hours and brighter,
When I saw thy waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter,
And leap onward with thy stream.

“Not for this alone I love thee,
Nor because thy waves of blue
From celestial seas above thee
Take their own celestial hue.

“Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,
And thy waters disappear,
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
And have made thy margin dear.

“More than this ; — thy name reminds me
Of three friends, all true and tried ;
And that name, like magic, binds me
Closer, closer to thy side.

“Friends my soul with joy remembers !
How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
On the hearth-stone of my heart !

“’T is for this, thou Silent River !
That my spirit leans to thee ;
Thou hast been a generous giver,
Take this idle song from me.” — pp. 116, 117.

"Blind Bartimeus" sounds like an old chant, echoing through the "long-drawn aisle and fretted vault," of a cathedral. Nothing can exceed the beauty with which the simple words of the New Testament are applied.

We close our extracts from this portion of the volume, with the concluding piece, which though it may be considered in some respects faulty, as an allegorical representation of the poet's career and destiny in this mortal life, has beauties of thought and sentiment, which will make it always a favorite with the lovers of poetry.

"EXCELSIOR.

"The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device
Excelsior !

"His brow was sad ; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior !

"In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior !

" 'Try not the Pass !' the old man said ;
'Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide !'
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior !

" 'O stay,' the maiden said, 'and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast !'
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior !

" 'Beware the pine-tree's withered branch !
Beware the awful avalanche !'
This was the peasant's last Good-night ;
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior !

“ At break of day, as heavenward
 The pious monks of Saint Bernard
 Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
 A voice cried through the startled air
 Excelsior !

“ A traveller, by the faithful hound,
 Half-buried in the snow was found,
 Still grasping in his hand of ice
 That banner with the strange device
 Excelsior !

“ There in the twilight cold and gray,
 Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
 And from the sky, serene and far,
 A voice fell, like a falling star,
 Excelsior ! ” — pp. 129 – 132.

The figure in the last stanza, “ A voice fell, like a falling star,” has been objected to by some as incorrect, inasmuch as a sound cannot properly be said to resemble a sight. But any person who has ascended Mount Washington on a clear summer day, and heard from below the ringing, *flashing* shout of the first who has reached the summit, as it falls, “ like a falling star,” through the “ startled air,” must feel, if he does not see, the delicate propriety of the image. The same resemblance struck the most sensitive observers of nature, and the most fanciful of the creative tribe, the Greek poets. One example will instantly be thought of by every reader of the masterpieces of the Attic drama, — the lines in a choral song of the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, —

“ Ἐλαμψε γὰρ τοῦ νιφόεντος
 Ἀγτίως φανεῖσα
 Φάμα Παρνασσῶ, ” &c.

“ For from the snowy Parnassus
 A voice flashed forth
 Lately appearing, ” &c.

Œd. Tyr. 473 – 475. Brunck.

Many like expressions will readily occur to the classical reader.

The longest, and in some respects the most remarkable poem in the volume, is the translation of “ The Children of the Lord’s Supper,” from the Swedish of Bishop Tegnér. The character of this distinguished writer, — the most distinguished by far, that has ever appeared in the North of

Europe,—is not unknown to the readers of this Journal. In a former number,* an account was given of his famous epic called “Frithiofs Saga,” or the *Legend of Frithiof*, one of the heroes celebrated in the songs and ballads of the Scandinavian minstrels. Passages were translated to show the peculiarities of his poetical genius. The poet-bishop was formerly professor of Greek in one of the Swedish Universities; and seems to have drawn from the classical pursuits of his former profession, a great love for the metrical systems of the Greek and Roman poets. He has made various attempts to introduce them into poetical compositions in his own language. This same thing, our readers are aware, has been done to a great extent by the principal poets of Germany, and with considerable success. Voss, Wieland, Goethe, and Schiller, have successively tried their hands at the antique measures, particularly the hexameter and pentameter, which they have almost naturalized in the German language. It is true, many still maintain that the attempt is an idle one; and Menzel calls the labors of Voss in this way, the Sisyphean toil of rolling the rough Rune stone of the German language up the Grecian Parnassus; and there is not a little truth in the objections urged by these critics to such forced innovations upon the natural genius of the modern languages. Less success has attended the attempts that have been made, from time to time, to mould the English language into these antique forms, for reasons which will be obvious to those accustomed to compare the metrical capabilities of different languages. But the difficulties that are next to insuperable to an English writer, are shared, though not so largely, by all the languages of modern Europe. The introduction of ancient metres has therefore been looked upon with less favor in England and America than elsewhere. But before we enlarge upon this topic, a few preliminary remarks seem to be required.

We must remember, in the first place, that a great part of the music of the ancient hexameter is utterly lost to the modern ear. In its original form it was designed, not to be read, but to be chanted; and quantity was one of the most important elements, indeed the very basis, of its struc-

See *North American Review*, Vol. XLV. pp. 149 et seq.

ture. In those early Grecian ages, when the hexameter was invented, whether by the Delphian priestess Phemonoë, or some other person, more fortunate in genius than in fame, men seem to have been more susceptible to musical impressions even than they were at the height of Athenian civilization; and the bard who sung of religious truths, moral precepts, the eternal laws of nature, or the deeds of war, was, next to the king and priest, the most honored among his nation. Between the invention of the hexameter and the birth of Homer, innumerable must have been the essays to improve and complete the brilliant conception; and when he, the mightiest of poets, appeared in early Greece, he found an instrument ready to his hands, through which his immortal genius might be fitly presented to his own and all future ages. No succeeding poet ever used the hexameter with the splendid effect that he did. None but Ulysses could bend Ulysses's bow. The difference between the hexameters of the Homeric age, and all others, is most remarkable. To the eye they seem the same. The poetry of Homer consecrated the language he used, to epic verse, for all succeeding time. Every peculiarity of his style was industriously copied; every dialectic turn of expression preserved with an almost superstitious veneration; every division and pause in the verse, "set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote"; and yet no two things in or out of nature, can be more unlike in essence and spirit, than the hexameter of Homer, and the hexameter of Apollonius Rhodius. The life and variety, the wonderfully expressive power, the ever-changing character of the metre in the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," are a perpetual charm, even with all the barbarisms of modern pronunciation. How must those glorious strains have fallen upon the ear, and sunk into the heart of the listening and breathless audience, in camp, or monarch's hall, or along the crowded street, when every felicitous expression and allusion, every rich combination of sound, was felt by every hearer with the rapidity of intuition!

There never was invented a form of language so capable of expressing all the varieties of thought, and of sustaining an unflagging interest through a long epic narrative, as the hexameter. With the admirable changes of movement, brought about by the different positions of the cæsura and

by the interchanging of dactyles and spondees, it was saved from the wearisome monotony which nearly every species of modern verse, if long continued, necessarily falls into. No one ever dreamed, that the “*Iliad*” or “*Odyssey*,” would be improved by varying the measure from the hexameter to the pentameter, or the iambic, or trochaic, beautiful as are many forms of these metres, in the tragic and comic poets ; but in the modern languages the difficulty has been felt to be so great, that many of the principal poets have sought to give variety and interest to their narrative poems by passing rapidly from measure to measure, not always, it must be admitted, with the best success. Bishop Tegnér, in “*Fri-thiofs Saga*,” and Southey, in his long, very long poems, to say nothing of Byron and Scott, are cases in point. The reader, whose epic tastes have been formed in the classical school, is puzzled and confounded by these varieties. The unity of impression, which a poem should make, is disturbed, if not destroyed by them. The separate Books, or Cantos, are in fact separate poems. Reading them is like hearing a series of tunes played upon an instrument. We have no sooner set our minds in unison with the poet’s strain, than his hand is changed, and we have to make an effort, not always an agreeable one, to vary our own mood of feeling accordingly. In a wild lyric, we expect to be tossed about on a sea of sound ; but in an epic poem we naturally look to be borne smoothly along upon the swelling and sonorous and majestic stream.

Thus it happened, that the ancient Homeric hexameter was removed from the monotony of the modern heroic couplet, the almost equal monotony of the Spenserian stanza, and the violent breaks of the poems of Tegnér and Southey. We ought also to add, that the principle of quantity gave a musical character to ancient versification, which we can hardly appreciate. We sometimes talk of long and short syllables in modern languages ; and our grammarians and metrists make out their systems of trochees, anapæsts, dactyles, and iambics. True, long and short syllables are not wholly unknown to modern languages ; but they have little or nothing to do with the structure of modern verse. We make a dactyle, not out of a long and two short syllables, but out of an accented, and two unaccented syllables ; and most, if not all of our long syllables are

made such, either by accent or emphasis. Position in modern tongues is nothing ; and, to modern ears, position in the ancient languages is next to inappreciable. In reading ancient verse we wholly follow modern accentuation. We pay no regard to the different lengths of syllables. The union of accent and quantity, the strict observance of position by the ancients, are subjects difficult to investigate, and perhaps impossible fully to understand. The musical principles of the ancients, which, if known, would probably clear up the mystery, are lost. We can call up an idea, an image, a comparison ; we dig up manuscripts from Her- culaneum and Pompeii ; the conceptions of the poet, the arguments of the orator, the demonstrations of the geometri- cian, live on for ever ; but who can recall a vanished sound ? who can unearth a buried tune ? Who can restore the lost notes of a choral song ? *Nescit vox missa reverti*, is true in more senses than one. The very terms of ancient musical science are still unexplained. It is still a question, whether "high" means "high" or "low."

It is plain, therefore, that though we have something that partially resembles the ancient hexameter, in beat or rhythm, we have not the ancient hexameter itself ; nor can any modern tongue fitly represent this epic metre. Modern hexa- meters may be very good in their way, but they are not the thing we sometimes take them to be. They are sometimes musical, doubtless, but their music is not the music of the ᾠσμηδός or the αἰδός ; and, wanting as they are in the true character of the hexameter, they are still more or less at war with the genius of modern languages, for reasons which we shall explain by and by ; most of them are forced and awk- ward, and painfully remind us of the "difficulty overcome," which the old critics so strangely believed to be the source of our pleasure in poetical compositions.

The progress from the ancient musical and quantitative construction of verse, to the modern system of accentuation, is not a little singular. This course is more easily traced in the Greek than in the Latin, because there is an unbroken series of Greek poets from Homer down to the Klephtic songs. The modern Greek language retains very much more of the ancient, than any modern language does of the Latin ; and the cause of this phenomenon is to be found in the fact, that the Greeks, under all the vicissitudes of fortune, have

never lost their national existence, nor the peculiar spirit which has stamped them from the most ancient times. But even they have lost the musical quantity of their language; and many centuries ago, even before the ancient Greek ceased to be spoken and written by the nation, they began to construct verse upon the principle of accent, paying no heed to the laws of quantity. And all modern Greek poetry is composed upon this principle and no other.

The quantity of Greek verse was kept up as an artificial thing long after it had died out from the actual pronunciation of the language. In some compositions of the Middle Ages, both quantity and accent are observed. This happens now and then in a single line of ancient poetry in the classical ages; but more from accident than design. By way of illustrating ancient and modern principles of versification, we shall give brief specimens, selected from the writers of different ages, confining ourselves chiefly to the hexameter, but sometimes adding a few lines of the other species.

We begin of course with Homer. With what surprising beauty the most familiar scene of daily life, cooking a dinner and setting it before hungry men, is described in the lines which we chance upon, in opening the "Iliad."

Πάτροκλος δὲ φίλῳ ἐπεπείθεθ' ἐταίρῳ
 Ἀντὰρ ὅγε κρεῖον μέγα κάββαλεν ἐν πυρὸς ἀνγῇ,
 Ἐν δ' ἄρα πῶτον ἔθηκ' ὄϊος καὶ πίονος αιγός,
 Ἐν δὲ σὺδς σιάλοιο ῥάχιν τεθαλυῖαν ἀλοιφῇ.
 Τῷ δ' ἔχεν Ἀντομέδων, τάμεν δ' ἄρα διος Ἀχιλλεύς.
 Καὶ τὰ μὲν εὖ μίστυλλε, καὶ ἀμφ' ὀβελοῖσιν ἔπειρεν.
 Πῦρ δὲ Μενoitιάδης δαῖτεν μέγα, ἰσόθεος φώς.
 Ἀντὰρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ πῦρ ἐκάη, καὶ φλόξ ἐμαράνθη,
 Ἀνθρακὴν στορέσας, ὀβελούς ἐφύπερθε τάνυσσεν.
 Πάσσε δ' ἄλός θείοιο, κρατεντιάων ἐπαείρας.
 Ἀντὰρ ἐπεὶ ῥ' ὥπτησε, καὶ εἰν ἑλεοῖσιν ἔχενεν,
 Πάτροκλος μὲν οὔτον ἐλὼν ἐπένειμε τραπέζῃ
 Καλοῖς ἐν κανέοισιν· ἀτὰρ κρέα νεῖμεν Ἀχιλλεύς.

Il. ix. 205-217.

These lines contain almost every variety of the hexameter. The cæsure is found in every possible place. They are a good illustration of the poet's skill in embellishing the commonest thing with the simple but inimitable graces of his genius. Such hexameters would season a much worse dinner than roast pig. Even Charles Lamb's enthusiasm for

that excellent dish would have been satisfied with this description.

One thing more is to be remarked with regard to the Homeric hexameter; that the quantity of many syllables is made out by the contrivances of editors and copyists, such as doubling the consonant so as to make a naturally short syllable long by position. This occurs so frequently, that we are forced to the conclusion, that the singers of the Homeric age enjoyed great liberty, and that the *chanted* quantity of many syllables, that were afterwards settled to be short, was long or short according to the exigency of the verse. Syllables of this kind might be musically prolonged by the singer's dwelling upon them double the time that they require in the natural pronunciation; very much as one of two syllables, which are naturally of the same length, may be run through several more notes than the other, in a modern song. This flexibility of the early poetical language of Greece, we should naturally expect would become more and more limited as the musical character of poetical recitation diminished, and a tone more nearly approaching that of common conversation came into general use, in the Iambic dialogues of the tragedy and the comedy. And such was the fact. To a reader of the Homeric poems in the dramatic age of Attic literature, and later, for still stronger reasons, the defects of quantity would appear to be many and startling; but these defects would be addressed to the eye rather than to the ear, and hence the apparatus of doubled consonants, digammas, and so on, with which the simplicity of the Homeric text has been overloaded. With modern modes of pronunciation, these defects almost entirely disappear. A Greek or Latin hexameter, composed without the smallest reference to quantity, would sound about as well to our ears, provided our accent fell rightly, that is, on the arsis of each foot, as the most classically correct compositions, that have been crowned with the prizes at Eton or Cambridge.

For the purpose of comparison, let us now take a line or two from a later age. Opening the "*Œdipus Tyrannus*," we find in the first chorus, the following hexameters, which, besides having some Doric peculiarities, are readily perceived to differ in tone and spirit from the Homeric character.

ὦ Διὸς ἡδυεπὴς φάτι, τίς ποτε τῶς πολυχρούσου. —
Ἠνύσαι' ἐκιοπίαν φλόγα πῆματος, ἔλθετε καὶ νῦν.

As the chorusses were chanted, the poet could use the old epic freedom in lengthening a short syllable. For example, the arsis of the second foot in the following line,

Παῖαν δὲ λάμπει, στονόεσσά τε γῆρὺς ὄμαυλος.

Opening Aristophanes, the greatest master of all the metrical resources of the Greek language among his contemporaries, the following specimens of the hexameter strike us. They have more freedom of movement, and less apparent artifice of construction, than those of Sophocles.

Ἀρθῶμεν φανεραὶ δροσερὰν φύσιν ἐνάγητον.

The cæsuras are more HomERICALLY arranged, than is common in the hexameters of the Attic ages. The following is another good example of lively movement ;

Τηγῶν ὀρέων κορυφὰς ἐπὶ δειδροκόμους ἵνα, &c.

The "Battle of the Frogs and Mice," undoubtedly the production of some Athenian wit, is a most ingenious imitation of the Homeric hexameter ; and yet the resemblance in all that makes the old hexameter so vital a thing, is so very slight, that it is perfectly astonishing how the poem has ever been attributed to Homer, were this the only reason against it. The internal evidence, drawn from the tone of thought, is a different ground for its rejection, and conclusive of itself. We give a few lines merely to serve as a specimen. They are a part of the description of what happened, when Crumb-snatch, the princely mouse, having yielded to the persuasions of Puffjaw, a royal frog, and seated himself on his back for a voyage across the pond, a water-snake appeared above the surface, and frightened the frog, who forthwith plunged to the depths below, and left his friend from the shore to his fate.

*Ῥόδρος δ' ἐξαπίνης ἀνεφαίνετο, δεινὸν ὄραμα
Ἀμφοτέροις, ὀρθὸν δ' ὑπὲρ ὕδατος εἶχε τροχῆλον.
Τοῦτον ἰδὼν κατέδυν Φυσίγναθος, οὔτι νοήσας
Οἶον ἐταῖρον ἐμελλεν ἀπολλύμενον καταλείπειν.
Ἀὖ δὲ βάθος λίμνης, καὶ ἀλεύατο κῆρα μέλαιναν,
Κεῖνος δ', ὥς ἀφέσθη, πέσεν ὕπιος ἐνθὺς ἐς ὕδωρ,
Χεῖρας δ' ἔσφιγγεν, καὶ ἀπολλύμενος κατέτριζεν.
Πολλάκι μὲν κατέδυνεν ἐφ' ὕδατι, πολλάκι δ' αὖτε
Λακτιζῶν ἀνέδυνε· μόρον δ' οὐκ ἦν ὑπαλύξαι,
Λευόμεναι δὲ τρίχες πλεῖστον βάρος ἔλκον ἐπ' αὐτῶ.
Ῥοτάτα δ' ὀλλύμενος τοίους ἐφθέγγετο μύθους. — l. 83 - 92.*

For our next specimen of the hexameter, we leap over an interval of some seven or eight hundred years, and pass from a drowning rat to an object, if possible, more pitiable still, a drowning lover. Musæus was a poet and grammarian of note, who lived about the beginning of the fifth century. His poem on the loves of Hero and Leander is still extant, and is interesting both in a literary and a moral point of view ; both as a monument of the Greek language in that age, and of the state of the tender passion, or, in other words, of the changed relations between the sexes. Leander's famous swim across the Hellespont, like Sappho's Leucadian leap, is a notorious commonplace of amorous descant ; but the particulars, we believe, are nowhere so minutely recorded as in the hexameters of Musæus. We have only space for a few lines, which describe the unfortunate young man's finding what the newspapers call a "watery grave." We doubt whether Menelaus would have run into such a peril for Helen, or Achilles for Briseis, though both were ready to ravage, kill, and dare the perils of fire ; but the peril by water is quite another affair, and is more closely connected with modern sentimentality. It takes a man of more than a lover's sense, it would appear, to keep out of both.

Νῦξ ἦν, εὔτε μάλιστα βαρυνπνείοντες αἴηται
 Χειμερίης προῆσιν ἀκοντίζοντες αἴηται,
 Ἀθρόον ἐμπέπτουσιν ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνι θαλάσσης.
 Δῆ τότε καὶ Λεάνδρος, ἐθήμενος ἐλπίδι νύμφης,
 Δυσκελάντων πεφόρητο θαλασσαιῶν ἐπὶ νώτων,
 Ἦδη κύματι κύμα κυλίνδετο, σύγχυτο δ' ὕδωρ,
 Αἰθέρι μίσγετο πόντος· ἀνέγρετο πάντοθεν ἡχή
 Μαρναμένων ἀνέμων· Ζεφύρῳ δ' ἀντέπνεεν Εὐρος,
 Καὶ Νότος ἐς Βορέην μεγάλας ἀφέηκεν ἀπειλάς·
 Καὶ κτύπος ἦν ἄλυστος ἐρισμαράγοιο θαλάσσης,
 Αἰνοπαθῆς δὲ Λεάνδρος ἀκηλήτοις ἐνὶ δίναις
 Πολλάκι μὲν λιτάνευσε θαλασσαιήν Ἀφροδίτην,
 Πολλάκι δ' αὐτὸν ἄνακτα Ποσειδάωνα θαλάσσης,
 Αἰτιδίδος οὐ Βορέην ἀμνήμονα κάλλιπε νύμφης·
 Ἀλλὰ οἱ οὕτως ἄρηγεν, Ἔρως δ' οὐκ ἤρκεσε Μοίρας,
 Πάντοθι δ' ἀγρομένοιο δυσαντῆϊ κύματος ὀρμῇ
 Τυπτόμενος πεφόρητο, ποδῶν δὲ οἱ ὤκλασεν ὀρμή,
 Καὶ σθένος ἦν ἀδόνητον ἀκοιμήτων παλαμάων.
 Πολλὴ δ' αὐτόματος χύσις ὕδατος ἔρξζε λαιμῷ,
 Καὶ ποτὶν ἀχρηῖστον ἀμαιμακέτου πῖεν ἄλμης·
 Καὶ δὴ λύχρον ἄπιστον ἀπέσβεσε πικρὸς αἴτης,
 Καὶ ψυχὴν καὶ ἔρωτα πολυτλήτοιο Λεάνδρου.

It will not be uninteresting to compare with the original, Francis Passow's very exact metrical German translation.

“Nacht war's, wan sich zumeist dumpfbrausende Wetterorkane,
 Schauriges Wintergestürm herschleudernde Wetterorkane,
 Zu dem Gestade des Meeres in tummelden Schaaren heranziehn.
 Aber Leandros, im hoffenden Wahn der gewohnten Vermählung,
 Trieb daher auf dem Rücken der lautaufbrüllenden Meerfluth.
 Schon an die Wog' anthürmet die Woge sich, Brandungen
 schäumen,
 Aether vermengt mit dem Grund sich, es wacht ringsher das
 Getös auf
 Wildankämpfender Stürm', auf Zephyros brauset nun Euros,
 Und es entbeut auch Notos dem Boreas furchtbare Drohung,
 Und es ertost ohn' Ende die wildherdonnernde Salzfluth.
 Aber aus strudelnden Wirbeln erhob der duldende Jüngling
 Oft sein brünstiges Flehen zur Göttinn der Fluth Aphrodite,
 Oftmals auch zu ihm selber, dem Meerobwalter Poseidon,
 Liess auch den Boreas nicht ungemahnet der Attischen Jungfrau.
 Aber es half ihm keiner, den nicht wehrt Eros den Moiren.
 Rings nun gepeitscht von der schwellenden Fluth, unbezwingli-
 chem Andrang
 Trieb er daher. Schon löste der Füss' austrebende Kraft sich,
 Und es erschlafften die Sehnen der nie ausruhenden Arme.
 Ihm in den Mund von selber ergoss sich ein reichlicher Meer-
 schwall
 Und unerquicklichen Trunk des brandenden Salzes verschlucht'
 er.
 Jetzt auch löschte die trügende Lamp' ein feindlicher Windstoss,
 Löschte Leben und Liebe dem jammervollem Leandros.”

Passow's lines are, as we said, a very accurate translation of Musæus, but what strange looking polysyllables the German language takes the liberty of compounding. There never was such a storm of consonants before or since, as that in which the Teutonic Leander goes to the bottom. As to the Greek, though it is not destitute of gleams of poetic genius, one might easily mistake it for a modern prize poem, so many marks does it bear of the grammarian's arduous struggle up the hill-side of Parnassus. We should not wonder if he too used a *Gradus*.

The next specimen we shall give is from the works of an Ægyptian Greek, Nonnus, a native of Panopolis, who lived about the beginning of the fifth century, in the reign of

Honorius. He was the author of a learned poem called *Διονυσιακά*, and a metrical paraphrase of the Gospel of St. John. From the latter we give only a few lines, the translation of a passage out of the first chapter.

Οὐ μὴν κείνος ἦν ροεὸν φάος, ἀλλ' ἵνα μόνον
 Πᾶσιν ἀναπτύξειε θεηγόρον ἀνθερεῶνα,
 Καὶ φάος προκείμενος ἀκηρύκτοιο φανείη,
 Ξυνήν μαρτυρίην ἐνέπων θεοδέγμονι λαῷ.
 Καὶ γὰρ εὖ μετὰ πατρός, ἐτήτυμον ἀρχέγονον φῶς
 Μονογενὲς λόγος ἦεν, ὃς ἀνέρα πάντα καθαιρεῖ
 Πνευματικαῖς ἀκτῖσι καταυγάζων φύσιν ἀνδρῶν
 Ἐρχομένων ἐπὶ γαῖαν· ἦν δ' ἐν ἀπειθεῖ κόσμῳ
 Ἀπροϊδής, καὶ κόσμος ἀπίροτος ἔσκε δι' αὐτοῦ.

This metrical labor of the worthy Ægyptian is interesting only as a monument of the language in that age. The author was a person of some merit as a man of erudition, but at the same time rather dull and tasteless.

Another Ægyptian poet lived about this period, Tryphiodorus. According to some, however, he belonged to the fourth century, while others place him about the beginning of the sixth. One of his works still remains; *Ἰλίου ἄλωσις*, "The Downfall of Troy." Among other things, he perpetrated that whimsical ingenuity, known by the name of *Ὀδύσσεια λειπογράμματος*, that is, an *Odyssey*, from the first Book of which the letter *A* was excluded, from the second the letter *B*, and so on to the end of the alphabet. Heyne speaks slightly of this poet, and classes Coluthus in the same category; he acknowledges, however, that "in utroque tamen facile melioris venæ vestigia passim deprehendas," — but adds immediately, "tanto gratiora illa, et jucundiora, quo aridius et sterilius solum est, in quo flores illi enascuntur." But another learned Grecian, Laurentius Rhodemannus, calls him "poetam suavissimum." Northmore, the editor of Tryphiodorus, judiciously remarks, upon these contradictory opinions; "Sed veritas forsitan est, ut sæpe alias, utrinque reducta, et medio tutissimus ibit lector." At any rate, the poem is a very interesting one, both on account of its own merits, and as it displays no little skill in reproducing the Homeric forms. The verse flows smoothly, and sometimes has considerable descriptive power. We give a few lines from the account of what the heroes did, when they had safely got out of the wooden horse;

Ἀτρεΐδης δ' ἐτέρωθεν ὑποτιήξαντα διώξας
 Δηίφοβον κατέμαρψε, μέσσην κατὰ γαστέρα τύψας,
 Ἥπαρ ὀλισθηρῇσι συνεξέχεεν χολάδεσσιν.
 Τῷ δ' ἔπειτο τρομέουσα δορυκτῆτη παράκοιτις,
 Ἄλλοτε μὲν χαίρουσα κακῶν ἐπὶ τέρμασι μόχθων,
 Ἄλλοτε δ' αἰδομένη, τότε δ' ὀψέ περ ὥς ἐν ὀνείρῳ
 Λαθριδίον στενάχουσα φίλης μιμνήσκετο πάτρης.

And again ;

Τέκνα δὲ καὶ γενεὴν Ἀντήρορος ἀντιθείοιο
 Ἀτρεΐδης ἐφύλαξε, φιλοξείνοιο γέροντος
 Μελιχίης προτέρης μεμνημένος, ἥδ' ἐτραπέζης
 Κοινῆς, ἣ μιν ἔδεκτο γυνὴ πρηνεῖα Θεανώ.
 Δειλὴ Λαοδίκη, σὲ δὲ πατρίδος ἐγγύθι γαίης
 Γαῖα περιπτύσσασα κεληνότι δέξατο κόλπῳ.
 Οὐδὲ σε Θησείδης Ἀκάμας, οὐδ' ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν
 Ἦγαγε ληϊδίην· ἔθανες δ' αἶμα πατρίδι γαίῃ.

These lines are a favorable specimen of the metrical skill of our poet. He certainly had a correct ear for the rhythm of the hexameter, and understood the proper effect of the cæsure. Even one familiar with the unapproachable graces of Homer, may read with some pleasure the poem of Tryphiodorus.

Quintus Smyrnæus, sometimes called Quintus Calaber, wrote a poem in imitation of the Homeric style. He probably lived not far from the age of Tryphiodorus. He narrates, in the epic manner, the events that took place between the death of Hector, with which the Iliad closes, and the destruction of the city, and the shipwreck of the Greeks upon the Capharean rocks. His language is formed more closely upon the Homeric model, and the rhythmical movement more exactly represents the sweep of the old epic verse, than those of any poem we have yet mentioned ; so much so that some critics have carried him back to an earlier period than we have here assigned him. But without sufficient reason ; for he has that elaborate grammatical character, by which the poetry of what may be called the revival of Greek literature under the later Roman emperors, was universally distinguished, and there are passages in the poem, which, by their allusions, direct and indirect, imply a state of things in the Roman world, that coincides with the historical representations of that period. We cannot however regard his poem as a specimen of the Greek language commonly used at the

time, any more than Carlyle's English is a specimen of the English commonly used at the present time. Not only is the imitation of Homer very apparent, but whole sentences and hemistichs are taken bodily from him. Still there are many traces of the peculiarities that marked the poet's own age ; many traits common to him and the contemporary writers, in single words, phrases, and constructions. We take some of the opening lines of the poem as an example.

Εὖθ' ὑπὸ Πηλείωνι δάμῃ θεοεικέλος Ἐκτωρ
 Καὶ ἱ πυρὴ κατέδαψε καὶ ὅστέα γαῖα κέκευθε ·
 Δὴ τότε Τρῶες ἔμεινον ἀνὰ Πριάμου πτολίεθρον,
 Δειδιότες μένος ἧῦ θρασύφρονος Αἰακίδαο.
 Ἦν' ἐνὶ ξυλόχοισι βόες βλοσυροῖο λέοντος
 Ἐλθέμεν οὐκ ἐθέλουσιν ἐναντίαι, ἀλλὰ φέβονται
 Ἰληδὸν, πτώσσουσai ἀνὰ ῥωπήια πυκνά,
 Ὡς οἱ ἀνὰ πτολίεθρον ὑπέτρεσαν ὄβριμον ἄνδρα,
 Μνησάμενοι προτέρων · ὁπόσων ἀπέταμνε κάρηνα,
 Θύων Ἰδαίοιο περὶ προχοῇσι Σκαμάνδρου,
 Ἦδ' ὅσσους φεύγοντας ὑπαὶ μέγα τεῖχος ὄλεσσαν,
 Ἐκτορά θ' ὡς ἐδάμασσε, καὶ ἄμφ' εἵρυσσε πόλιν,
 Ἄλλους θ' ὡς ἐδάϊξε δι' ἀκαμάτοιο θαλάσσης,
 Ὅπότε δὴ ταπρῶτα φέρε Τρῶεσσιν ὄλεθρον,
 Τῶν οἶγε μνησθέντες, ἀνὰ πτολίεθρον ἔμεινον, &c.

A large body of Greek poetry, under the general title of "Epigrams," was produced about this time, and during several succeeding centuries. It is generally in hexameter and pentameter verse ; sometimes in the Ionic, sometimes in the Doric, and sometimes in the Attic dialect. These Epigrams are a very peculiar class of poems, and differ materially from the modern compositions that pass under that name. Many of them are marked by an exquisite simplicity of expression, and great beauty and tenderness of sentiment. On most of them the influence of the Homeric phraseology is very apparent. In the structure of the verse, we perceive the absence of the nice Homeric sense of the proper arrangement of the cæsuras, which fall often upon monosyllables. There is no technical objection to this, but the effect is disagreeable ; and it is a want of attention to this fact, that makes so many modern hexameters awkward and harsh. The well-trained ear readily feels the defect, though the reader may not be able to point it out, unless his attention has been especially called to the subject. The most skilful

writers of hexameters in the modern languages, Bishop Tegnér, Klopstock, Goethe, and Schiller, constantly offend in this way. But very few examples of this defect can be found in Homer, though every sort of merely technical defect does frequently occur.

Among the epigram-writers the name of Agathias stands rather prominent. He was an historian as well as a poet, of the sixth century, and wrote a continuation of Procopius, included in Niebuhr's edition of the Historians. We give one of his epigrams, to show the style of metrical composition in his age. It is a very pretty thing, and will remind the reader of the lines, "Drink to me only with thine eyes," only they are not quite so much upon the total abstinence principle; for the worthy epigrammatist, though professing no great love of wine, is yet willing to drink it, if his mistress has but left "a kiss within the cup."

*Εἰμὶ μὲν οὐ φιλόοινος· ὅταν δ' ἐθέλῃς με μεθύσσαι,
Πρῶτα σὺ γενομένη πρόσφερε, καὶ δέχομαι.
Εἰ γὰρ ἐπιψάψεις τοῖς χεῖλεσιν, οὐκέτι νήφειν
Εὐμαρές, οὐδὲ φυγεῖν τὸν γλυκὺν οἶνοχόον·
Πορθμεύει γὰρ ἔμοιγε κύλιξ παρὰ σοῦ τὸ φίλημα,
Καὶ μοι ἀπαγγέλλει τὴν χάριν, ἣν ἔλαβεν.*

We remember an epigram of two lines only, which has come down from this period, but without its owner's name. It is an ingenious compliment paid by a lover to his mistress.

*Τέσσαρες αἱ Χάριτες, Παφίαι δύο, καὶ δέκα Μοῦσαι·
Δερκυλὶς ἐν πάσαις Μοῦσαι, Χάρις, Παφίη.*

Its brevity is a temptation to translate;

Four are the Graces, the Venuses two, and ten are the Muses;
Dercylis is in them all, Venus, a Muse, and a Grace.

We have a good many amatory epigrams by Paul the Silentiary, who flourished in this century. He tries very hard to play at love-making in hexameters and pentameters, but his flames are about as cold as the Northern Light; and, as there is nothing peculiar in his versification, we shall not give him a place in our series of epigrammatists. But his father, Cyrus by name, a man of illustrious rank in the imperial court, wrote several epigrams, from which we select one, for the benefit of those excellent associations, the

Temperance Societies. It is upon a statue of the poet Pindar.

*Πίνδαρον ἐμερόευντα παρ' ὕδασι Κῦρος ἐγείρει,
Οὐνεκα φορμίζων εἶπεν ἄριστον ὕδωρ.*

He erected the statue, it would seem from these lines, to the Theban Poet, because he said that water was the best thing in the world. It is no new thing under the sun to eulogize the virtues of cold water.

But Paul wrote a very curious and valuable poem in hexameters, a description of the church of St. Sophia, erected by Justinian, a great part of which (the poem, we mean) still remains. The poetical merit of the piece is not very great. We give but a few lines.

*Ἀλλὰ τίς ἂν μέλπειεν ὅπως ὑψαύχενι κόσμῳ
Νηὸν ἀνεζώγρησε ; τίς ἄρκιός ἐστι χαράξαι
Μῆτιν ἄριστῶδινα πολυσκήπτρου βασιλῆος ;
Κεῖνα μὲν, ὧ σκηπτοῦχε, μεμηλότα τέκτονι τέχνῃ
Λείψομεν, εὐκαμάτων δὲ τεῶν ἐπὶ τέρατα μόθων
Ἴσομαι, ἀρτιτέλεστον ἰδὼν σέβας, ὧ ἐπὶ πάσης
Θεῖος ἔρωσ ἀκτῖνας ἀνεπτοίησεν ὀπωπῆς.*

We must turn for a moment to Latin hexameters, and see how it fared with them. The Romans, in their best ages, never produced heroic verse comparable to the Homeric ; but the principles on which it was constructed were the same as the Greek. For many centuries after Augustus, the epic measure was preserved in a high degree of purity ; but, by degrees, barbarisms of language crept in, the quantity of old words was altered, and the jingle of rhyme, especially in the Leonine verses, so called, changed the severe and stately character of the Roman hexameter. The verses of the grammarian Priscian, especially in his Panegyric upon the Emperor Anastasius, have much merit, both in a poetical and metrical point of view. We have no room for specimens, and therefore take a long stride over three or four centuries. A curious volume was published at Göttingen in 1838, by J. Grimm and A. Schmeller, containing a very interesting collection of Latin poems, of the tenth and eleventh centuries. They were written at a time when the modern chivalrous and Christian spirit had nearly driven out the pagan and classical ; and the simplicity of their character, blended with a certain earnestness, marks the vigorous move-

ments of the popular mind towards a new popular literature. The two principal poems in the volume are called "Waltharius," and "Ruodlieb"; the versification of the former shows the more careful hand; that of the latter abounds in the rhymes of the Leonine species, and shows in other ways the irresistible tendency towards the romantic forms, as well as a completely romantic spirit. The story of "Waltharius" touches in many points upon the "Nibelungen-lied," and the exploits of the hero are of the same marvellous and superhuman description, as those of Siegfried, Günther, and Hagen, in that splendid old German epic. But our only purpose at present in alluding to these curious poems being to illustrate the history of the hexameter, we reluctantly abstain from giving a more particular account of their most interesting contents, and satisfy ourselves with quoting a few lines from each. Hear what the romantic heroine says to her lover.

"Tandem virgo, viri genibus curvata, profatur;
 'Ad quæcumque voces me, domne, sequar studiosæ,
 Nec quicquam placitis malim præponere, jussis.'"

And Walther's reply to Hiltgund;—they had been given as hostages to the Huns.

"Ille dehinc, 'Piget exilii me denique nostri,
 Et patriæ fines reminiscor sæpe relictos;
 Idcircoque fugam cupio celerare latentem;
 Quod jam præ multis potuissem forte diebus,
 Si non Hiltgundem solam remanere dolerem.'"

Ruodlieb, the hero of the next poem, a young warrior, has engaged in the service of a foreign prince. After several years' absence from home, during which he has performed miracles of valor, and made his name famous from land to land, he is recalled by letters from his mother. Previously to his departure, the old king, his master, takes him aside, and gives him good advice,—twelve golden rules of conduct, drawn from his own experience of human life and nature. We give a few lines, as a curious specimen of versification, premising only, that the king's repugnance to making a friend out of a man with a red head, is not sustained by our own observation. Some of the most honest and respectable of our acquaintance are distinguished for the fiery redness of their heads.

"Non tibi sit rufus unquam specialis amicus.
 Si fit is iratus, non est fidei memoratus;

Nam vehemens dira sibi stat durabilis ira,
 Tam bonus haut fuerit, aliqua fraus quin in eo sit,
 Quam vitare nequis, quin ex hac commaculeris ;
 Nam tangendo picem vix expurgaris ad unguem."

The fifth rule is of extensive application to all persons afflicted with a tendency to *bore*.

"Non tibi tam carus sit contribulis tuus ullus,
 Quatenus hunc sæpe soleas visendo gravare ;
 Plusque solet rarum quam continuum fore carum,
 Nam cito vilescit homini quodcunque frequens fit."

About the treatment of a wife the sage remarks,

"Quam dum quæsieris, decet omnimodis ut honores,
 Tractes clementer, illi tamen esto magister,
 Litigium cum te nequod præsumat habere,
 Nam vitium nullum majus valet esse virorum,
 Quam si subjecti sint queis debent dominari," &c.

But the eighth rule is the best, and the last line of it is an admirable moral reflection admirably expressed.

"Nulla repentina tibi tam gravis ingruat ira,
 Quin pernoctare vindictam perpetiare,
 Maxime cum dubia res est, non ut tibi dicta,
 Forsan cras gaudes, animi quod fræna tenebas."

The reader will observe, that nearly every line rhymes the *cæsura* with the final syllable.

We return to our friends, the Greek poets of the East. It is obvious, that the ancient structure of the hexameter was on the eve of breaking up ; that the modern principle of accent and rhyme was superseding it, both in Greek and Latin. Yet it was still continued ; and we give as a specimen from the Epigrams, one belonging to the tenth century, by Cometa. It was inscribed upon a votive picture, representing Antoninus, a paralytic patient, set on his legs again by a certain doctor Philippus.

Νωθρός ἐγὼ τελέθεσκον ἀπ' ἰζύος ἐς πόδας ἄκρους,
 Τῆς πρὶν ἐνεργείης δηρὸν ἀτεμβόμενος,
 Ζωῆς καὶ θανάτοιο μεταίχμιον Ἄιδι γείτων,
 Μοῦνον ἀναπνέων, τὰλλα δὲ πάντα νέκυς,
 Ἀλλὰ σοφός με Φίλιππος, ὃν ἐν γραφίδεσσι δοκεύεις,
 Ζώγρησεν, κρηρῆν νοῦσον ἀκισσάμενος.
 Αὐθις δ' Ἀντωνῖνος, ἅπερ πάρος, ἐν χθονὶ βαίνω,
 Καὶ ποσὶ πεζεύω, καὶ ὅλος αἰσθάνομαι.

As early as the middle of the twelfth century Constantine Manasses wrote his *Σύνοψις χρονική* in *versus politici*, that is, in Iambic tetrameter catalectic, but with no regard to quantity. As in modern Greek verses, the movement is regulated by accent alone. This curious metrical "Synopsis" embraces the history of the world from the creation down to nearly the end of the eleventh century. We give a few lines, requesting the reader to pronounce them by the accent alone. They allude to the forbidden fruit, and describe Satan's feelings on the subject.

Ἦν ταῦτα, καὶ πεφόβητο τὸν λόγον οἱ γενάρχαι
 Τὴν ἀπειλὴν ὑπέτρομον, ὑπέφροισον τὸ ἔημα,
 Καὶ τὸ φυτόν ὡς ἔχθιστον, ἀπὸ ψυχῆς ἐσιγύουν.
 Ἄλλ' ὁ Σατὰν ἐβιάσκειν, ἔβρουχε τοὺς ὀδόντας
 Ὡς ἀφροιστὴς ἐθύμαινεν, ὡς ἀγριόδοος κάρπος,
 Βλέπειν οὐκ ἔφερεν αὐτοὺς βιοῦντας ὡς ἀγγέλους,
 Καὶ τοίνυν ὄργανον αὐτοῦ τῆς κακομηχανίας
 Τὸν ὄφιν τὸν δολόμετιν καὶ σκολιὸν εὗρίσκει.

We have thus followed down the course of versification in the ancient languages to the time when quantity gave way to accent, and the dactylic hexameter, in Greek at least, was superseded by other measures, chiefly the Iambic. Verses were composed upon the old plan long after this, it is true; but they were pretty much like the Latin and Greek exercises of modern scholars. Some wrote accented hexameters in Greek, paying no more heed to quantity than we do in writing English or German hexameters. We have a poem, of about the beginning of the eleventh century, on the conquest of Crete, by Romanus and Nicephorus, in five books or *Ἀκροάσεις*, written by Theodosius "the Deacon," in good Iambic trimeters, and not destitute of poetical merit. We have another work, a prodigiously long one, in *very* lame Iambics, the "Chronicon" of the Emperors and Patriarchs of Constantinople, written early in the fourteenth century. Other authors might be mentioned, who wrote both in ancient Greek and in Romaic, as Ptochoprodromus, but it is not necessary. We only remark, that ancient Greek was much used in writing, long after the modern or Romaic form was the spoken language of the people; — that for some time, the two ran along parallel to each other, and authors availed themselves of either at their pleasure. Finally, the Romaic wholly sup-

planted its parent, and adopted the peculiarities of other modern languages, the rhyming and accentual construction, so that the Greek of the present day is as little capable of quantity as any of its contemporary languages.

We have already intimated, that attempts to introduce the hexameter into English poetry have been less successful than in the case of some other languages. One reason of this difference is, that the English is less susceptible of inversions, and runs more naturally into accented iambs or anapæsts, than into spondees and dactyles. Even in Homer, once at least we find an iambus beginning a line, making what the Greek critics call an *acephalous* verse ; as,

Ἐπειδὴ τόνδ' ἄνδρα θεοὶ δαμάσασθαι ἔδωκαν.

Il. xxii. 379.

This difficulty was felt to be so great, by Southey, that, in his "Vision of Judgement," a poem whose metrical are its smallest absurdities, was obliged to construct what he calls "an English metre in imitation of the ancient hexameter." But whatever else may be said of his verses, they are in no other sense hexameters, than that they may be divided into six feet, the last but one being an accented dactyle, and all the others being either, iambs, spondees, dactyles, or trochees. They are *acephalous* in more senses than one. They may be an imitation of the ancient hexameter, but the resemblance is so remote that few would suspect it.

We are indebted to Southey's amusing Preface and Notes for several specimens of modern hexameters. The following are by Sir Philip Sydney.

"Neither he bears reverence to a prince nor pity to a beggar,
That to my advancement their wisdoms have me abased."

And again ;

"First shall fertile grounds not yield increase of a good seed,
First the rivers shall cease to repay their floods to the ocean,
First may a trusty greyhound transform himself to a tyger,
First shall virtue be vice, and beauty be counted a blemish ;
Ere that I leave, with song of praise, her praise to solemnize,
Her praise, whence to the world all praise hath his only beginning ;
But yet well I do find each man most wise in his own case."

But the most amusing hexameters are those in Stanihurst's "Virgil." We give the two passages cited by Southey from the "Censura Literaria."

“Neere joyntelye brayeth with rufflerye* rumboled Ætna :
 Soomtyme owt it bolcketh † from bulck clouds grimly bedimmed
 Like fyerd pitche skorching, or flash flame sulphurus heating :
 Flownce to the stars towring the fire like a pellet is hurled,
 Ragd rocks, up raking, and guts of mouten yrented
 From roote up he jogleth : stoans hudge slag ‡ molten he rowseth,
 With route snort grumbling in bottom flash furie kindling.
 Men say that Enceladus, with bolt haulf blasted, here harbrought,
 Ding’d § with this squising || and massive burthen of Ætna,
 Which pres on him nailed, from broached chimnys stil heateth ;
 As oft as the giant his broid ¶ syds croompeled altreth,
 So oft Sicil al shivereth, therewith flaks smoakye be sparckled.”

“T” ward Sicil is seated, to the welkin loftily peaking,
 A soyl, ycleapt Liparen, from whence with frounce fury flinging,
 Stoans and burlye bulets, like tampounds, maynelye betowring.
 Under is a kennel, wheare chymneys fyrye be scorching
 Of Cyclopan tosters, with rent rocks chamferye sharded,
 Lowd rub a dub tabering with frapping rip rap of Ætna.
 In the den are drumming gads of steele, parchfulye sparckling,
 And flam’s fierclye glowing, from fornace flashye be whisking.
 Vulcan his hoate fordgharth, named eke thee Vulcian Island.
 Doun from the hev’nye palace travayled the fyrye God hither.
 In this cave the rakehels yr’ne bars, bigge bulcked ar hamring,
 Brontes and Steropes, with baerlym swartie Pyracmon.
 These thre nere upbotching, not shapte, but partlye wel onward,
 A clapping fier-bolt (such as oft with rounce robel hobble,
 Jove to the ground clattreth) but yeet not finished holye.
 Three showrs wringlye wrythen glimring, and forciblye sowcing,
 Thre watyre clouds shymring to the craft they rampired hissing,
 Three wheru’s fierd glystring, with south winds ruffled huffling.
 Now doe they rayse gastly lightnings, now grislye reboundings
 Of ruffe raffe roaring, mens harts with terror agrysing,
 With peale meale ramping, with thwick thwack sturdilye thun-
 dering.”

Southey gives some singular specimens of French and Spanish hexameters ; but we have room only for a few lines of the latter. They are from an eclogue by Don Esteban de Villegas.

“Licidas y Coridon, Coridon el amante de Filis,
 Pastor el uno de cabras, el otro de blancas ovejas,

“* *Ruffling* seems to be turbulent noise. A *ruffler* was formerly a boisterous bully.

“† To *bolck* or *boke*, is *ructare*. ‡ *Slag* is the dross of iron.

“§ Dashed down. || Squeezing. ¶ *i. e.* Broiled sides crumpled.”

Ambos á dos tiernos, mozos ambos, Arcades ambos,
Viendo que los rayos del Sol fatigaban al orbe ;" &c.

The rhythmical movement and the cæsural structure in these lines are excellent.

One hundred and five years ago an anonymous English writer put forth a tract on the introduction of ancient metres into English poetry. He framed a metrical system, chiefly on the ancient rules of quantity, and proceeded to illustrate his principles by translating Virgil's first and fourth Eclogues into English hexameters. To these he added an original pastoral, on the story of Jacob and Rachel. The author thinks he has succeeded a great deal better than Sir Philip Sydney, among other reasons, because "the language has been infinitely improved since Sir Philip's time, and consequently the argument drawn from its then insufficiency to delight in this kind of verse carries not an equal weight with respect to the language as it stands at present." A little further on he says, "But it will be said, no author of reputation has attempted it since Sir Philip, because none has ever had any hopes of bringing it to bear. Therefore it would be the height of folly and presumption for any modern pen to venture upon an undertaking, which all the great geniuses of the nation, for above three hundred years, have, from an absolute despair of success, prudently declined."

"But where," he proceeds to ask, "is the crime of endeavouring to be more harmonious than our forefathers endeavoured to be?" Sure enough, where is it? The opening lines of "Jacob and Rachel," perhaps, will tell.

"In Syrian pastures, on a flowery bank, by a fountain,
Sat Jacob and Rachel ; the flocks of Laban attending ;
The sun now sinking dyed rosy the welkin around him ;
While peaceful evening, by refreshing breezes attended,
Stole gradual onward ; birds warbling harmony o'er them ;
Young lambs and kidlings frolicking through the verdure about
them,
When Jacob his beautiful charmer thus kindly accosted.

"JACOB.

"To gracious Providence what praises ought I to render,
That to my loved Rachel first brought me! brought me acquainted
With so much goodness, sapience, and beauty united," &c.

The eclogue closes as follows ; — but we doubt the strict truth of Rachel's first line, and fancy she had begun to grow tired of Jacob's hexameters.

“ RACHEL.

“ Pleased to thy sweet accents I could eternally listen,
Nor tuneful plainings, which under screen of a poplar
Nightingales warble, through the lonely stillness of evening ;
Nor gladdening melodies, that ascending larks to the morning,
Sing through the high æther, to my ear sound half so delightful.
But twilight advances, and all grows dusky around us ;
'Tis time to re-collect our lambkins into their hurdles.”

This curious pamphlet seems to have escaped Mr. Southey's attention.

We have room for only a few more specimens of the modern hexameters. We take some from the famous German pastoral of Voss's “ Louise ” ; a pastoral, describing, with amusing minuteness, the every day events in the life of a German country parson. The following lines are from the first idyl, being part of the description of a sort of picnic.

“ Jezt wo der Wind in die Glut einsausete, stellt' er den Dreifuss
Und den verschlossenen Kessel darauf, mit der Quelle des Waldes,
Wehend umleckt' ihn die Loh', und es braust aussiedend der Kessel.
Aber dass Mütterchen goss in die braunliche Kanne den Kaffe
Aus der papiernen Tute, gemengt mit klärendem Hirschhorn,
Strömte die Quelle darauf, und stellt' auf Kohlen die Kanne,
Hingekniet, bis steigend die farbige Blase geplatzt war.
Schleunig anjezt rief jene, das Haupt um die Achsel gewendet ;
“ Setze die Tassen zurecht, mein Töchterchen ; gleich ist der Kaffe
Gar. Die Gesellschaft nimmt ja mit unserem taglichem Steinzeug
Gern im Grünen vorlieb, und ungetrichtertem Kaffe.
Vater verbot umständ' ; und dem Weibe geziemt der Gehorsam.
“ Also Mama ; doch Luise, die rasch mit dem Knaben sich umschwang,
Hörte den Ruf, und enthüllt' aus dem Deckelkorbe die Tassen,
Auch die Flasche mit Rahm, und die blecherne Dose voll Zucker
Ordnennd umher auf dem Rasen ; und jezt, da sie alles durchwühlet,
Neigte das blühende Mädchen sich hold, und lachelte schalkhaft ;
Nehmen Sie mirs nicht übel, Mama hat die Löffel vergessen.”

We subjoin Mr. Taylor's translation. We cannot award to it the praise of closeness or accuracy ; and he has given the whole a ludicrous turn, which the original has not.

"Just where the wind blew into the fire was stationed the trivet,
On it the well-closed kettle, replenished with crystalline water ;
Soon as the flame had surrounded the kettle, the steam from
the lid burst.

Out of a paper envelope the good old lady her coffee
Into the brown jug showered, and added some shavings of harts-
horn,

Then with the boiling water she filled up the pot to the summit,
Kneeling she wavered it over the fire, and watched for its clear-
ing ;

'Hasten my daughter,' she said, 'to arrange all the cups in their
places,

Coffee is soonly enough, and our friends will excuse it unfil-
tered.'

Quickly Luise uplifted the lid of the basket, and took out
Cups of an earthen ware, and a pewter basin of sugar,
But when all had been emptied, the butter, the rolls, and the
cold ham,

Strawberries, radishes, milk, and the cowslip wine for the pas-
tor,

Archly Luise observed, 'Mamma has forgotten the teaspoons !' "

We meant to have given specimens of German hexameters from Klopstock and Goethe ; but we fear we have already wearied our readers with the whole matter. We only remark, that the chief defect in the hexameter pieces is a neglect of the *cæsura*. Take Goethe's *Hermann and Dorothea*, for instance ; in a large majority of the lines the *cæsura* falls on a monosyllable, which, as we before observed, though open to no technical objection, seriously injures the melody of the movement.

We return for a moment to the poem which has given occasion to this very desultory paper, — Mr. Longfellow's translation of Tegnér's "*Children of the Lord's Supper.*" It has the extraordinary merit of being exact to the very letter, and at least as easy and flowing as the original. As to the minute points of versification, it is even superior to the Swedish. In one respect, the Swedish language enjoys an advantage over the English, indeed, over all other languages, for hexameter verse ; namely, that the definite article is affixed to the noun, so that it is much easier to find a spondee

or dactyle to begin the line, than it is in English. Both these remarks will be illustrated in the opening of the poem. We give the original, and subjoin the translation.

“Pingst, hänryckningens dag, var inne. Den landtliga Kyrkan
Stod hvitmenad i morgonens sken. På spiran af tornet,
Prydd med en tupp af metall, vårsolens vänliga lågor
Glänste som tungor af eld dem Apostlarne skådade fordom.
Klar var himlen och blå, och Maj med rosor i hatten
Stod i sin helgdagskrud på landet, och vinden och bäcken
Susade glädje och frid, Gudsfrid! med rosiga läppar
Hviskade blommornas folk, och muntert på gungande grenar
Fåglarna sjöngo sin sång, en jublande hymn till den Högste.”

Of these nine lines, all but two, namely, the third and sixth, make the principal cæsura on a monosyllable. Mr. Longfellow thus gives them line for line in English.

“Pentecost, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of the
village
Stood gleaming white in the morning's sheen. On the spire of
the belfry,
Tipped with a vane of metal, the friendly flames of the Spring-
sun
Glanced like the tongues of fire, beheld by Apostles aforetime.
Clear was the heaven and blue, and May with her cap crowned
with roses,
Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the wind and the
brooklet
Murmured gladness and peace, God's peace! With lips rosy-
tinted
Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry on balancing
branches
Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to the Highest.”

Compare the last line of the original

“Fåglarna sjöngo sin sång, en jublande hymn till den Högste,”
having its cæsura on the monosyllable *Sång*, with the translation
“Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to the Highest,”
having its cæsura on the last syllable of the dissyllable *carol*,
and the superiority of the latter in rhythmical movement is
obvious. But in the original, *Fåglarna*, means *the birds*,
which in English is an iambus. It was therefore necessary
to sacrifice the article to the measure. We do not hesitate
to say, that this translation contains some of the best hex-
ameters in the English language.

The general conclusion at which we arrive is, that the proper hexameter does not exist in the modern languages. Quantity, though it may be found in them, is not fixed ; — it is a fluctuating, a variable quantity, depending not on necessary and uniform prolongation of sound, but on accent, emphasis, emotion. We may construct lines out of accented trochees and dactyles, — with here and there, but at very long intervals, a spondee, — which will sound musically ; and we may call them hexameters, if we choose, but they are not the thing ; and what is more, it is impossible to continue them to any great extent, without some wheel or spring in the elaborate machinery getting out of order, and throwing the unlucky poet off of the track. In the words of Mr. Longfellow's Preface, "the motions of the English Muse [in the hexameter] are not unlike those of a prisoner dancing to the music of his chains ; and, perhaps, as Dr. Johnson said of the dancing dog, 'the wonder is not that she should do it so well, but that she should do it at all.' "

ART. VI. — *A Narrative of Voyages and Commercial Enterprises.* By RICHARD J. CLEVELAND. In Two Volumes. Cambridge : John Owen. 12mo. pp. 249 and 240.

THE usual phrases of commendation, when readers feel themselves "carried along with the writer," and when the scenes have been "made real and personal to themselves," show that it is an excellent thing in narrative for the reader to be identified as much as possible with the writer. In no way, we believe, can this be more completely done, than when the adventurer tells his own story. The great master upon the strings of the heart well understood this, and, from his Desdemona down, we are taught, that, if one wishes to interest others in himself or his fortunes, he should tell his own story and that will woo them. In novels, romances, and other works of fiction intended to be received as such, approaching as they do the drama, it is better, indeed, that the writer should be hidden and not speak as in his own person. There the reader is to be interested in several

persons alike, and various scenes and plots are to be brought out, in all of which the hero cannot participate. But in narratives of fact of a personal nature, and in fictions of the same kind intended to be received as fact, the use of the first person in the narrator has been found most successful. Of the latter class, Swift's "Gulliver," and Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" and "History of the Plague in London," may be the best examples; while of the former the pleasant recollections of every reader can supply him with many instances, to which we trust he will add, if he has not done so already, the book now before us.

Evidence of the superiority of the first person in narrative may also be obtained from the coldness and formality, the want of particularity where it would assist, and the abundance of detail where it is in the way, found in the attempts of many writers, in other respects skilful, at describing scenes and events none of which they saw, and no part of which they were. The paragon of biographies, every reader will allow, owes a great part of its interest to the prevalence of the diary form, by means of continuous extracts from the journals of both the writer and his subject; and perhaps the want of this form may partly account for the little interest taken in the biographies of men as distinguished as Johnson, written by historians far more clever than Boswell. Even in Southey's "Life of Nelson," perfect specimen of the narrative style as it is, who would not give up a good deal of the literary excellence of the Laureate, for a little more of the personal narrative by the hero himself? And the despatches, letters, and fragmentary journals of Wellington show us the man, and in many respects the times, the men of the times, and the true character of the events, far better than the labored histories and commentaries of the most exact compilers would do.

When we are reading the personal narrative of the man himself, written,—not as an historian, from his recollection, long after the events have occurred,—but fresh and fairly at the time of their happening, our human sympathies are more called forth; we feel "drawn by the cords of a man"; there is no master of ceremonies or interpreter between us and our friend; but we see him face to face.

Let the narrator of his own experience set down, honestly and simply, the very things that most impressed him at the

time, whether they afterwards seem to him great or little, and in the same manner in which they then impressed him, using his common sense and whatever he may have of poetic instinct in the selection, without any reference to what is called the "dignity of history," or to what may have been said by the Greeks and Romans, by Blair or Alison. Then, if his experience is at all worth the attention of his readers, he will hardly fail of success, and of the best kind of success, the personal sympathy and good-will of those who are thus brought into acquaintance with him. If the adventurer has any thing of the poetic nature, or a feeling heart, all the things he has seen and heard that appeal to either of these qualities, will inevitably have impressed him at the time he met with them, and he will give them out again somewhat as they were felt by him, and thus they will find an answering chord in every imaginative or feeling reader. We doubt if the poetic in personal narratives of fact should be carried further than this; and, whenever more has been attempted, there has usually been a failure. The poetical effect should come rather from the thing presented, than from the eloquence of the writer. He may not comment much upon the fact, nor apply many epithets; yet such a book speaks, although it is "rather the voice of nature speaking through it, than any distinct voice of its own." Let the reader make his own exclamations, — would be a good caution to not a few descriptive writers. The narrator is the guide, who, with a sure instinct, selects the noblest and fairest scenes, conducts us to the best points of sight, directs our particular attention sparingly here and there, throws in at times an interesting legend or fact, which fastens to each place some human sympathy, and leaves nature otherwise to her own work, which when *genuine* is always somewhat silent. If we find him turning aside to practise stage tricks, and to recite the scraps of descriptive poetry he has learned, we not only feel his presence annoying, but lose our confidence in his capacity and fidelity as a guide.

Let it not be thought that there is little credit due to the writer in such cases. There is much every way. For it is owing, in the first instance, to his capacity for feeling what is sublime or beautiful, picturesque or touching, that the things he presents become so to his reader. For a man of an ordinary mind, with the best education and intentions,

might have travelled the same round, and neither seen the same things nor felt the same emotions. Critics are often at fault here, and seem surprised that, without the usual vocabulary and ornaments of picturesque connoisseurship, but with all plainness of speech, the events and scenes should be so very poetic and interesting. As our great orator says of eloquence, "It is in the men, and in the occasion. It cannot be taught in the schools. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil after it, but they cannot reach it. Words and sentences may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it."

Lamartine set out from France upon a poetic tour to the East, intending to write an account of the countries he visited, in which all their capabilities of supplying materials for picturesque, descriptive, or romantic interest, whether in scenery, dress, customs, historical incident, tradition, or song, were to be exhausted; yet we doubt whether there is a Saxon mind, or a reader of the older classics, to whom the tourist does not seem to have been out on a foraging expedition, for the benefit of the playwrights and scene-painters of the modern classic, legitimate drama, or the getters-up of annuals, albums, and "elegant extracts." Our countryman, Stephens, went over much of the same ground; and in his work the landscapes and interesting spots of those countries, — the manners, dress, tones of voice, attitudes, forms and faces of the people, — their ancient ruins, their superstitious worship, stand out before us distinct and quick with life; while the reader of the French narrative leaves it with a vague and rather painful impression of having been led through much picturesque description, and many details of what he is willing to believe were beautiful scenes, but with few distinct, characterizing impressions. Stephens knew, that, without an eye for nature and the various exhibitions of men, he could not make his book poetical by drawing upon his scholarship for figures, images, epithets, and similes; and that, with those qualities, human, brute, and inanimate nature would act through him directly and vividly upon his readers; a truth which, some would say, the brilliant Frenchman never knew.

Many of our descriptive writers remind us of what Julius Hare says of a certain school of English poets, now passed away. "Every thing they had to mention was described

and reflected upon. First one thing was described and reflected upon; then another thing was described and reflected, and then something else was treated in the same manner. The power of infusing life and exhibiting nature is wanting. No word was supposed to be capable of standing alone; all must have a crutch to lean upon; every object must be attended by an epithet or two, or by a phrase, picked out, much as a school-boy picks his out of a *Gradus*, from some repository of such phraseology."

Who can tell in what consists the character and charm of a description? The note of a solitary bird, the resting or flitting of a shadow, a single instinctive life-giving epithet, a happy word calling up other associations, may be the master and finishing touch, which gives the hue to the entire picture; the keystone by which the whole becomes fitly framed together.

The most discursive and philosophic thought, and the most gorgeous imagination, may not be best fitted for narrative, and for description of things of sense and actual human life, whether in prose or verse. In short, we believe that the style and cast of mind of Homer and Chaucer are better in that respect, than those of Milton and Wordsworth.

The lovers of the direct, manly, and simple narrative of personal adventures will be glad to see an addition made to the number of such works, in the "*Voyages and Commercial Enterprises*" of Mr. Cleveland. As the object of a review is not only to comment upon a book which the reader is supposed to be acquainted with, but also to afford information to, and endeavour to interest in the book, those who have not seen it, we will give a short outline of the course of the work, with a few connecting extracts, and some remarks upon them as they occur. The Preface is exceedingly prepossessing. The author's reasons for hoping his narrative may interest the reader are thus modestly given.

"More than forty-five years have elapsed since the first of the voyages here narrated was undertaken; and more than twenty since the completion of the last. It is apparent that they possess but in a small degree the power to interest, that would have been excited, had they been published at the period of their performance; yet this delay in their publication may, on some considerations, enhance their value. It may be interesting to the young merchant to trace some of the great revolutions in

the commerce of the world, which have occurred within the above-named periods; and those of advanced age may be induced to recur to by-gone days, with pleasing, even if accompanied with melancholy associations."—pp. iii., iv.

After detailing some striking instances of the changes the course of commerce has undergone within the last forty years, he speaks of himself as follows;

"Those who may honor me with a perusal of my narrative will perceive, that I have navigated to all parts of the world, from the sixtieth degree of south latitude, to the sixtieth degree of north; and sometimes in vessels whose diminutive size and small number of men caused exposure to wet and cold, greatly surpassing what is usually experienced in ships of ordinary capacity; that I have been exposed to the influence of the most unhealthy places; at Batavia, where I have seen whole crews prostrate with the fever, and death making havoc among them; at San Blas, where the natives can stay only a portion of the year; at the Havana, within whose walls I have resided five years consecutively; that I have suffered captivity, robbery, imprisonment, ruin, and the racking anxiety consequent thereon. And yet, through the whole, and to the present sixty-eighth year of my age, I have never taken a drop of spirituous liquor of any kind; never a glass of wine, of porter, ale, or beer, or any beverage stronger than tea and coffee; and, moreover, I have never used tobacco in any way whatever; and this, not only without injury, but, on the contrary, to the preservation of my health. Headache is known to me by name only; and excepting those fevers, which were produced by great anxiety and excitement, my life has been free from sickness."—p. viii.

The author is a gentleman of great respectability, who early in life, at a period in our national history when commercial enterprise called off the flower of our young men, entered into the merchant service and engaged in long and arduous voyages. He had received a mercantile education, and at the age of eighteen made his first voyage in his new calling. At one and twenty, he was in the command of a vessel. There is a fact which may be observed upon here, and which we have seen no attempt made to account for or illustrate.

The mercantile marine of the United States is upon a very different footing from that of Great Britain and most other European countries. The enormous navy of England, embracing as it does the revenue service and the greater

part of the marine mail-carriage, together with her large chartered companies, whose service is *quasi* military, take up the young men of the more genteel classes, so that there is little motive for them to engage in the general merchant service ; and the long term of apprenticeship there would go far to prevent them, were they inclined to enter it. In the United States, on the contrary, the navy is small in proportion to the maritime interests and habits of the people ; the army calls off but few ; there are no large institutions like the East India Company ; while the merchant service has no apprentice system or restriction upon promotions, includes the whole India trade, and, indeed, every variety of unrestricted adventure, and offers speedy promotion and profitable employment to young men of influential connexions. Accordingly, it is not uncommon, especially in the New England States, for young men of the best families, and in some instances after receiving a college education, to enter the mercantile marine ; where, after a couple of years or so on ship-board, sometimes before the mast, but oftener in the steerage, passed usually in India or Pacific voyages, and after a voyage in each of the lower grades of office, they assume the command of a ship, which their friends may be able to procure for them ; and, as they often unite the duties of supercargo, or factor, or part owner, to that of master, sometimes acquire handsome fortunes. With us, too, mercantile pursuits are not, as in England, looked down upon as plebeian, so that interest in commerce, and acquaintance with it, are much more general among all classes. Our merchant vessels, too, perhaps in part from the same cause, are much more elegant than the English, and are the pride and ornament of our seaports.

It is true, there is a prejudice with many against the class of commanders of whom we have spoken ; yet we believe that it is owing mostly to the fact, that some of them have stepped into command without a proper service before the mast, after a voyage or two as passengers and lookers-on, — literally coming in at the cabin windows. It is a common saying, and a true one, that it requires three years to make a sailor. The duties of a common seaman, especially the manual skill requisite in working upon rigging, with its varieties of knotting, splicing, seizing, turning-in, and setting-up, demand time and long practice in the acquisition, as do

the crafts of the carpenter, and shoemaker; yet, at the risk of displeasing some of the marlinspike captains, we would say, that, although no knowledge in his profession is amiss, this manual skill at the marlinspike, the tiller, and on the yard, gained only by so many years of practice, requiring too, it is said, that the boy should be on the ratlins at fourteen, thus cutting him off from school and society at the forming-time of his character, — that these are not essential to the master of a vessel. The duties of the master are very different from those of the common seaman. The latter is literally a mere hand on board the vessel, and need know nothing of navigation, and little of the science of working the ship. Indeed, his duties are so purely mechanical, that we would put it to any one acquainted with the service, whether an old sea-dog, who has always been before the mast, is not very nearly disqualified from being an energetic, punctual, and conciliating superintendent and commander. The most essential duty of the master is the navigation, or, as that term is understood on ship-board, the keeping of the position and directing the course of the vessel by mathematical and astronomical observations. This is a matter of science, and one in which long practice with instruments, and much examination and comparison of results, are requisite. Upon this knowledge the safety of the vessel depends, and neither skill in other duties, nor force, nor numbers can supply its place.

Next to the navigating comes the science of working or manœuvring the vessel. In this we do not hesitate to say, that an intelligent, firm young man, who, at the age of eighteen or twenty, after some years spent in receiving an education on shore, enters for the first time the nautical service, makes a long voyage before the mast, keeps his watch, and carries on duty a year or so in each of the inferior grades of office, by the help of his books and a close practical observation and diligent attention while master, and the acquired habit of commanding others and relying upon himself, will work a ship better at thirty, than one at the same age would do, who was set adrift at twelve, and has stayed in the fore-castle splicing ropes and hauling out earrings until he was six and twenty. Where can ships be worked better than by the first lieutenants of men-of-war, English or American? Yet these officers can rarely hold a marlinspike,

or haul out an earring, nor do they care to have skill in those things. They know how the work should be done, have an eye to what is shipshape, and can superintend those who do the manual labor.

There are other reasons why good early education, and the habits of good society, are advantageous to the master. The faculty of commanding others with dignity and kindness, and of insuring willing obedience, is almost as important in an officer as any scientific attainment; and, although it is a common saying, that a man should be a sailor first, that he may know how to treat a sailor, yet we believe, that experience will hardly support the maxim. On the contrary, where a man is elevated to a despotic command over men with whom, in point of education, manners, language, and associations, he is nearly on a par, and over whom he has no superiority but that of office, many evils may follow. His authority must be preserved, a certain kind of dignity and ceremony kept up, and deference exacted; yet this deference will be apt to come unnaturally and by force. Seamen instinctively show it to any person whose general appearance, manners, bearing, and conversation mark him to be of an education and class in society superior to their own, and an amusing contrast is often observable between the respect which they unconsciously and without forethought show to a passenger of this description, and that which is jealously extorted from them by an uneducated and low-bred master. The dignities and ceremonies of command sit ungracefully upon such an officer; and, indeed, authority, especially if accompanied with some degree of etiquette, is rarely committed to men brought up in the exercise of the humblest offices without producing the worst effects upon both the governor and the governed; so much so, that we believe the almost unanimous voice of men over whom such authority is to be exercised would be in favor of having it in the hands of persons educated to stations of dignity, and not committed to one of their own number. The author of "*Mariner's Sketches*," who passed many years before the mast without rising to command, says his experience has always been, that seamen receive better treatment, and that obedience and deference are more naturally and willingly shown, where the power was exercised by men accustomed from boyhood to dealing with persons inferior to themselves in those ranks, which the course of society always evolves out of the

necessities and accidents of life. Mr. Cleveland bears testimony to the same effect in several instances ; as in his description of the contrast seen in the manners and conduct of two British naval commanders, Guise and Foster, on the Chilian station, the former of whom, he says, "had been reared and educated in polished society, and the other among the low and vulgar ;" And again, in his account, which we shall extract more fully hereafter, of his passage down the coast of Peru in the British frigate *Andromache*, Captain Sheriffe. Chamier, in his "Life of a Sailor," expresses his preference for those midshipmen, who have remained at the naval college until the age of fifteen or seventeen, acquiring the education, manners, and feelings of gentlemen, over those who had been turned into the cockpit or steerage at twelve. He speaks of them as not only more creditable to their country for their scientific acquirements, and in their intercourse with foreigners, but as generally more to be depended upon in the discharge of duty, more readily stimulated or controlled by appeals to their self-respect, and more easily securing the obedience and respect of the crew. And it is beyond dispute, that, in the army of the United States, we may attribute to the effects of the collegiate education of the officers at West Point, not only a better state of feeling among the officers themselves, and a higher standard of deportment toward one another, but also the fact, that the severe martial discipline of the service is now enforced in a manner remarkably mild and dignified, without the violence and coarseness formerly so common, and with that gentlemanly and courteous demeanor, and that spirit of self-respect, which takes obedience for granted without assumption, and to which it is almost always willingly and deferentially rendered.

Now we see no reason why the same results should not follow in the merchant service. Indeed, an earnest of them is already to be found in the comparison of this service in England with our own. A recent English writer, speaking upon that subject, says, that there is with the republicans more etiquette, and a nicer observance of the distinctions of rank, than in the British service. The American masters and officers are more particular in their dress and deportment, and associate less with the seamen. If a difficulty arises and a man is to be punished, the forms of law are more carefully observed ; the seaman is put in irons or otherwise confined, and,

if corporal chastisement is thought necessary, all hands are called aft, the offence is explained, and he is flogged publicly, and with somewhat of the forms and ceremonies of a judicial proceeding. With the English, on the contrary, the supremacy of the after part of the ship is maintained, in case of collision, by what they call *fair play*, that is, by clenched fists, ropes' ends, handspikes, and heavers. A word and a blow enforce the law, and a challenge to personal combat is the last resort. There may be as much tyranny and disregard of law in the American service as in the English ; but it takes a different form, and one far less likely to lower the dignity and proper authority of office, and to end in riot and danger to life and property.

It is often asked whether the use of so much force and personal violence is necessary on shipboard, and why masters cannot govern their crews by moral influences, and the general coercive fear of the law ? The best answer to this is, that crews might be governed more in that way, if the masters were qualified for doing it. But an elevation of intellectual and moral character, and a superiority of manners and deportment, are necessary to give efficiency to such mere abstractions as moral influences and the general authority of the law, in the government of rough and uneducated men ; and, where these qualities are wanting, brute force must and will take their place. Not only so, but this force must be, to a certain extent, sustained by the law, which considers that the authority is to be supported at all events, even though somewhat rudely exercised. Now, we would ask, in what way can a change so desirable be brought about more surely, in coöperation with that religious influence which is doing so much for both masters and seamen, than by a class of commanders, possessing a good early education, and the manners and feelings of well-bred gentlemen ; qualities which may be sometimes, but not often, found among those whose tender years have been passed in a fore-castle.

In defending the practice of young men of good education (meaning by that term not merely the education of the school, but also that of the family and of society,) entering the merchant service at a less early age than has generally been thought necessary, we must be careful to guard against a misapprehension of our views. We do not advocate the coming in through the cabin windows. On the contrary, we know that

the service is not to be trifled with, and that two or three years before the mast, and as many more in the lower offices, are necessary to that practical acquaintance and familiarity with ship's duty, — the various kinds of work, the properties and capabilities of the vessel, and of her spars and rigging, — without which the commander is little more than a master of ceremonies on board his ship. Neither do we mean, that in this arduous service preference should be given to men otherwise favored by birth or fortune ; but that those young men, whether rich or poor, obscure or prominent by parentage, who are able to avail themselves of the advantages of an education, and of intercourse with good society during the few early years, say between fourteen and eighteen, when their minds and habits are forming, will, if possessing a fitness by nature for the pursuit, form a class of commanders by whom the discipline of the service will be more easily and steadily enforced, the credit and honor of the country and her commerce be elevated, and the interests of the owners and insurers be made no less safe against the perils of the sea and of uncertain navigation, and better represented before the merchants, consuls, and government tribunals of our own and other countries, than by those whose minds and manners, during their most susceptible years, have been formed amidst the ignorance, vice, vulgarity, and false notions of the fore-castle, and of the associates of seamen in foreign ports.

Not to detain our readers longer from the work before us, Mr. Cleveland's first voyage, as commander, was made in the year 1795, in the bark *Enterprise*, of Salem, belonging to a merchant much distinguished in the history of our early commerce, Elias Hasket Derby. He says,

“ In those almost primitive days of our commerce, a coppered vessel was scarcely known in the United States ; and, on the long East India voyages, the barnacles and grass, which accumulated on the wooden sheathing, retarded the ship's sailing so much, that a third more time, at least, was required for the passages, than is needed since the practice of sheathing with copper has been adopted. A year, therefore, was generally consumed in a voyage to the Isle of France or Bourbon ; and mine was accomplished within that term. The success attending it was very satisfactory to my employer, of which he gave evidence in despatching me again, in the same vessel, on a voyage to Europe, and thence to Mocha, for a cargo of coffee.” — Vol. i. pp. 3, 4.

While at Havre, making preparations for this second voyage, Mr. Cleveland received word from his employer, that the enterprise must be given up. Being thus at liberty to mark out a course for himself, he determined to undertake by means of his own funds, (which, however, were very small,) and the assistance of his friends, a voyage to the Isle of France and India. Finding a little cutter of thirty-eight tons' burden, which had been taken for debt, and could be bought low, he purchased it, and, prevailing upon two friends to invest a thousand dollars apiece in the venture, he added to that amount his own capital of fifteen hundred dollars, and laid out the whole in a cargo suited to the market of the Isle of France. The whole cost of the vessel and cargo, when fitted for sea, was four thousand eight hundred dollars. He remarks, "It is not probable, that the annals of commerce can furnish another example of an Indiaman and cargo being fitted out on so humble a scale."

The reader will soon discover, that a love of enterprise amounting to restlessness, and an almost desperate spirit of adventure, are the moving powers of the author's life. Added to these, he seems to possess, for we know him only through his book, great independence of mind, a quick sense of honor, indomitable resolution and perseverance, and chivalric courage. Except by attributing to him all these qualities, the events related in the narrative cannot be accounted for.

The hazards of the voyage to India in this mere boat were so great, that the adventurer received many warnings, and much dissuasive advice from his friends, which he disregarded. He found, however, a greater obstacle in the unwillingness of seamen to engage in so perilous an undertaking; and it was not until after difficulty and delay, that he succeeded in shipping three men, who, with the mate and himself, comprised the whole crew.

Being ready for sea, so great was his impatience, that he set sail in the midst of a stiff north wind blowing directly into the bay, with a heavy sea, and very inauspicious appearance of the sky. His voyage, and the manner of his departure, excited no little attention at Havre, and a crowd assembled on the pier-head, and cheered the vessel as she passed. While driving his little cutter through a heavy head sea, under a burying press of sail, for the purpose of weath-

ering Cape Barfleur, he carried away his bowsprit, split his foresail, and fell to leeward. To return to Havre, or to go on a lee shore, was the only alternative. While attempting the former, he was again driven to leeward by the fierceness of the gale, the loss of his chief spar, and the heavy seas, setting him toward the shore. Nearing the breakers, he picked out a smooth beach which fortunately presented itself, and ran for it and let go his anchors. The cables soon parted, and, borne swiftly in on the top of a huge breaker, and enveloped in foam, the poor little vessel struck violently upon the ground, and, working deeper and further in the sand, was left by the receding tide.

Here was a most mortifying and discouraging issue. But, when once fairly on shore, all subsequent events were favorable to the unfortunate vessel. The tide ebbed, the storm abated, and the French people from the neighbourhood rendered every assistance, and showed themselves exceedingly humane and honest in pilfering no part of the wrecked property, and in refusing any more than a moderate compensation for their services. The vessel was got off, carried round to Havre, and repaired; the cargo, which was but little injured, was reshipped; a new crew was procured, for the former crew were satisfied with one day's experience of the voyage; and once more, with the pier-head thronged, and three cheers from the crowd, our adventurer set sail upon his daring enterprise. In passing down the channel, he was boarded by an officer from Sir R. Strachan's frigate, who, after causing as little detention as possible, complimented him by expressing his admiration of so bold an undertaking.

The author's description of his extraordinary crew is very amusing. He might well doubt if he should ever look upon their like again.

"A sufficient time had now elapsed, since leaving Havre, (it being the third day,) to give me a very tolerable knowledge of my crew; whose characters, peculiarities, and accomplishments were such, that a sketch of them may not be without interest to the reader. My mate, Reuben Barnes, was a young man of nineteen or twenty, a native of Nantucket, who, having been engaged in the whale fishery, had profited by that excellent school to acquire, not only the knowledge of the seaman's profession, but also enough of the mechanic arts to fish a spar with dexterity, to caulk a seam, or to make a bucket or a barrel.

The intelligence, activity, watchfulness, and adroitness of this young man relieved me from much anxiety and care ; and in his conduct while with me, he evinced all the steadiness and fidelity, which the recommendation he brought, as well as the place of his birth, had led me to expect.

"Decidedly the most important personage of my foremost hands was the black man George, who had dared to embark on our second voyage, after having shared in the disasters of the first. In his appearance, capacity, and dialect, George was the veriest negro that can be imagined. For honesty, fidelity, and courage, he may have been equalled, but can never have been surpassed. He stood about six feet and three inches, was rather slender, very awkward, and of a much more sable hue than common, but with an expression of countenance mild and pleasing. With simplicity of character approximating to folly, he united a degree of self-conceit, which led him to believe, that he could do whatever could be done by another, and, in some cases, to suppose he could make great improvements ; an instance of which occurred before we had been out a week. In his previous voyages George had been cook, and had therefore nothing to do with the compass ; but now, having to take his regular turn at steering, he was greatly puzzled with its unsteadiness. He could steer in the night with tolerable accuracy, by giving him a star by which to steer ; but the compass appeared to him to be calculated only to embarrass. With a view of remedying this difficulty, George had taken off the cover to the till of his chest, on which having marked the points of the compass, and pierced a hole in the centre for the pivot, he brought it aft, and with great appearance of complacency, and expectation of applause, placed it on deck before the helmsman, with the proper point directed forward to correspond with the course, and then exclaimed, 'Dair, massa, dat compass be teady ; George teer by him, well as anybody.'"

* * * * *

"At the time he engaged with me, he had been a sailor about two years, and had been so invariably cheated out of his wages, that he had no other means of clothing himself than the advance I paid him. Such treatment had been productive of a tinge of misanthropy ; and it was not until after long acquaintance, that he gave me his entire confidence. As this acquaintance continued for many years, (even as long as he lived,) and as he was a sharer of my various adventures, I shall have frequent occasion to mention his name in connexion with my own, while narrating them.

"My other man had been a Prussian grenadier. He had

served in the army of the Duke of Brunswick, at the time of his invading Holland to restore the authority of the Stadtholder, and in other campaigns ; but, having a dislike to the profession, he had deserted, and had been, about eighteen months, a sailor in English vessels. During this time he had not acquired such a knowledge of steering, that we could leave him at the helm without watching him ; and, however brave he may have been in the ranks, he was the veriest coward imaginable, when called to the performance of duties aloft. In addition to this incapacity, he possessed a most ungovernable temper ; and, being a powerful man, we had considerable difficulty in keeping him, at all times, in a state of subordination ; a difficulty which was, in some degree, augmented by his very imperfect knowledge of our language, and the consequent embarrassment he found in making himself understood.

“ The last, as well as least, of our numbers was a little French boy of fourteen years, who possessed all the vivacity peculiar to his countrymen, and who, having been some time on board the *Carmagnole* and other privateers, had acquired many of the tricks of a finished man-of-war’s man. Some months’ residence in an English prison had given him the command of a few English words ; but they were not of a selection that indicated much care in the teacher.

“ It was not uncommon for George, the Prussian grenadier, and the French boy, to get into a warm debate on the relative merits of their respective countries ; for they were all men of great vivacity and patriotism ; and sometimes (probably from not understanding each other) they would become so angry, as to render it necessary for the mate to interfere to restore tranquillity. At such moments I used to think, that, if Hogarth could have been an observer, his genius would have done justice to the group. It may fairly be presumed, however, that such a ship’s company, for an India voyage, was never before seen, and, moreover, that ‘ we ne’er shall look upon its like again.’

“ For several days after passing the Isle of Ushant, the wind was light from northwest and west-northwest, accompanied with a heavy swell from that quarter ; and though our progress was, in consequence, slow, it was proportionally comfortable. Before we had reached the latitude of Cape Finisterre, the light wind, before which we had been sailing with all our canvass spread, died away, and left us some hours becalmed. During this time one of our pigs had got overboard, and was swimming away from the vessel. George, being an excellent swimmer, did not hesitate to go after him ; but, when he had caught him, at the distance from us of about twenty fathoms, a light puff of wind,

termed by seamen a cat's-paw, took the sails aback, and suddenly increased our distance from George, who, perceiving it, and becoming alarmed, let go the pig, and swam for the vessel, crying out lustily, as he approached, 'I dead, I dead.' As he had not been long in the water, nor used such exertion as to cause extraordinary exhaustion, I was apprehensive that he might be attacked by a shark. We threw towards him a spar, and set immediately about clearing away the boat; but before we could be ready to launch it, George had seized the spar, and, by its aid, had succeeded in getting along-side. When taken on board he did not hesitate to express his belief, that our going from him was intentional, and that, had the breeze continued, we should have left him for the purpose of saving his wages. Nor was it until after long experience, and repeatedly receiving his wages when due, that he would acknowledge that he had judged me erroneously." — Vol. i. pp. 17 – 21.

The next incident is described as follows ;

"On a very fine morning, as the sun rose, and when we were about fifty leagues west of Cadiz, we perceived a small sail in the northwest. At ten o'clock she was equally plain to be seen; and by noon we were satisfied she was in chase of, and was gaining on us. We kept steadily on our course, hoping that an increase of wind would give us an advantage, or that some other object might divert their attention. But our hopes were fallacious. The wind rather decreased; and, when this was the case, we observed she appeared to approach us faster. By two o'clock we perceived she had latteen sails, and hence had no doubt of her being a privateer. Soon after she began to fire at us, but the balls fell much short. As the wind continued very light, it was soon apparent, that we could not escape, as we perceived that her progress was accelerated by means of a multitude of sweeps. To run any longer would only have been incurring the risk of irritating the captain of the buccaneer; we therefore rounded to, and prepared to be plundered.

"As they came up with us, about five o'clock, they gave such a shout of '*Bonne prise ! bonne prise !*' as would be expected from banditti subject to no control; but I felt considerable relief in the persuasion, that, as their flag indicated, they were French, and not Spanish. After the shouting had ceased, I was ordered, in very coarse terms, to hoist out my boat and come on board with my papers. I replied that I had not men sufficient to put out the boat. The order was reiterated, accompanied with a threat of firing into us. I then sent my men below, and waited the result, which was, that they got out their own boat. The

officer, who came on board, I suppose to have been the captain himself, from the circumstance of his being a very intelligent man, and from my presence not being required on board the privateer. A cursory examination of our papers convinced him of our neutral character; and the exhibition of a passport with a seal and signature of one high in authority in the French government, while it astonished, seemed also to satisfy him, that the less trouble and detention he gave us the better; as he immediately ordered his ruffians to desist from clearing away for opening the hatches, which they had already begun, and to go on board their boat, where, after wishing me a good voyage, and regretting the detention he had caused, he joined them; and they returned to their privateer and sailed in pursuit of other adventures.

“The result of this *rencontre* was better than I had anticipated; aware, as I was, of the general insubordination on board of vessels of this description. I had feared, that even if the chief had been disposed to prevent his men from plundering, it would not have been in his power; and I was much relieved by finding myself mistaken.” — Vol. I. pp. 22 – 24.

The loss of a cask of water by leakage obliged Mr. Cleveland to put in at the Cape of Good Hope, where he arrived in just three months from the day of leaving Havre. So eager were the officers at Cape Town for European news, and particularly as to the political state of France, that they hurried Mr. Cleveland on shore in his sea clothes, and detained him an hour or more answering questions put to him by the Admiral, Sir Hugh C. Christian, and Lord Macartney, the Governor.

“The arrival of such a vessel from Europe naturally excited the curiosity of the inhabitants of the Cape; and the next morning being calm, we had numerous visitors on board, who could not disguise their astonishment at the size of the vessel, the boyish appearance of the master and mate, the queer and unique characters of the two men and boy who constituted the crew, and the length of the passage we had accomplished.” — Vol. I. p. 26.

At Cape Town Mr. Cleveland sold his vessel and cargo, which cost forty-five hundred dollars at Havre, for eleven thousand; and got them fairly off his hands, after a difficulty with the collector, which threatened him with great loss. In this case, as, we observe, his practice seems always to have been, he took the manly and sensible course of appealing

directly to the highest authority. He laid the matter before Lord Macartney in a letter, which he delivered to him in person, and which resulted in an immediate and satisfactory adjustment of the affair.

The second day after Mr. Cleveland left his cutter she was put under the charge of a lieutenant and a competent number of men, and sent with despatches to India; but was never heard of afterwards. The author justly remarks,

“It is probable, the officer in charge, having been accustomed only to large and square-rigged vessels, was not aware of the delicacy of management, which one so small and differently rigged, required; and to this her loss may be attributed.” — Vol. I. p. 31.

After a pleasant and lively description of Cape Town and its inhabitants, with whom he spent four months, he carries us with him on his voyage to Batavia, in the fast-sailing clipper *Betsey*, of Baltimore; on board which vessel he had embarked with his faithful man George and his eleven thousand Spanish dollars. On this passage they out-sailed a cruiser, who endeavoured to bring them to, and arrived at Batavia in so short a time, that it required the evidence of some letters brought in the vessel to satisfy the Governor of the fact. Batavia, with its white, plastered houses, bilious and emaciated foreigners, stagnant canals, tawdry and expensive hotels, hung with blue and gold, and green and gold; bands of slaves playing at meal times, sharks and alligators in the bay, and good pine-apples and bad beef and mutton in the market, is next described. After ten days in Batavia, he sailed with his baggage, specie, and George, in the ship *Swift*, of New York, for Canton; the pleasant passage to which place he thus describes.

“Having removed my baggage and specie from the *Betsey* to the *Swift*, we sailed next morning, the 12th of September, for Canton, in company with two of the Danish East India Company's ships, the commanders of which agreed to keep company with us through the straits of Barca, for mutual security against any attack of the Malay pirates. Our ships sailed so nearly alike, that no day passed when we were not within speaking distance; and, when the weather was fine, and the sea smooth, which was often the case, we exchanged visits. The commodore had a band on board; and in the bright moonlight even-

ings, when the breeze was only sufficient to keep the sails from flapping against the masts, and the ripple of the ship's passage through the water scarcely heard, the music of this band was so delightful, that it even now brings back the most pleasing associations, whenever memory retraces the incidents of this passage." — Vol. i. pp. 42, 43.

After numerous unsuccessful attempts to get in Calcutta a passage to the United States for himself and his property, he at last entered upon an adventure to the Northwest Coast of America by the novel and perilous course of beating up the coast of China against the height of the northeast monsoon and current; an exploit well remembered and not a little triumphed in by the Americans who were in China at the time.

Having purchased a small cutter of about fifty tons' burden, he fitted her out for the Northwest Coast with a cargo procured by his eleven thousand dollars, and seven thousand loaned to him by two friends. It is a sufficient comment upon the judiciousness of this adventure in a commercial point of view, to state, in advance of the story, that the furs procured for this cargo sold at Canton, seven months afterwards, for sixty thousand dollars. All this had been effected by his two thousand at home, with the aid of the twenty-five hundred lent to him there, and the seven thousand procured from his friends at Canton.

It is but recently that we heard an American gentleman, who was in Canton in the winter of 1798–9, speak of Mr. Cleveland and his adventure. It was somewhat in this manner. "I remember Cleveland well. We lived at the same factory. He was a small, slender man, with a dark complexion; quiet and unobtrusive in his manners, rather taciturn, and drank nothing stronger than cold water. Yet he was as quick as steel and flint. He used to walk his chamber in the factory, to and fro, in his dressing gown and slippers, with his mind constantly at work upon plans and contrivances for commercial adventure. There was a good deal of knight-errantry in these exploits of his. The passage up the coast against the height of the monsoon was looked upon as madness by the foreign residents, who had been used to the old style of merchantmen coming and going in fleets with the regularity of the monsoons themselves, and no business doing in the intervals. Such a breach upon

routine, and such an inverting of the established modes of doing business was not to be encouraged. We all felt proud of him when he came back successful."

Mr. Cleveland's object in beating up the coast at that time, was to reach the Northwest Coast before the arrival of certain vessels, which he had heard were fitting out from Boston. He gives the following characteristic reason for being emboldened in his undertaking. "I was also more encouraged to make the trial, as I could not learn that it had ever been attempted at the same season of the year; consequently, that my advisers were not warranted in declaring so confidently that it was impracticable."

We commend to the attention of our readers, the following extracts from the narrative of a passage up the coast of China.

"To procure a competent number of men was a task of such difficulty, that, when any one offered his services, I was not very particular in inquiring whence he came, or how well he was qualified; it was sufficient for my purpose if he was a white man, and presented an appearance of health and strength; for it was indispensable to our safety with the Indians, that our crew should be composed of Europeans or Americans. Most of my men were deserters from Indiamen; and these were generally the worst of a bad crew. With such as I could procure, however, I at length completed my complement, sixteen men before the mast, fourteen of whom were English and Irish, and two Americans. In the cabin we were five in number, including George, who acted as steward, and the linguist; making together twenty-one. The vessel was remarkably strong and well built; well coppered; mounted ten brass four-pound cannon; with a proper number of muskets, pistols, pikes, &c.

* * * * *

"The course which appeared to me to offer the best prospect of success, though attended with more danger than either of the others, was to beat up along the shore of the coast of China. For I was persuaded that the small size of my vessel would enable me to keep so near the shore, as sometimes to have a favorable current; to be protected, occasionally, by a projecting point, from the roughness of the sea; and to come to anchor when it appeared that we were losing ground.

* * * * *

"I sailed from Anson's Bay on the 10th of January, 1799, in the morning. Having a strong breeze, we passed Macao

Roads at four P. M., at a long distance from the shipping, fearing we might be brought to, and our men taken out. During the night, we passed between the Lama Islands and very near to one of them ; which I ventured to do, from the local knowledge possessed by the chief mate. The inconvenience arising from the want of a chart of the coast and Islands, was immediately experienced. The small and imperfect one I possessed was not of the least use, and hence our utmost vigilance was constantly required. In the morning and forenoon of the 11th, we made several tacks off and on ; but the current was so strong against us, that notwithstanding we had a fresh breeze and smooth sea, we gained nothing to windward ; and, as we had not been able to complete our watering and wooding at Anson's Bay, we went in and anchored near a small fishing town for this purpose.

"Here, we were soon visited by as great a number of the inhabitants as boats could be found to convey. Both old and young, of either sex, came off to see the Fanquis, as they called us. Among them, was one who spoke the Portuguese language ; and who, for a moderate compensation, procured for us the supply we required. In the mean time, the numbers had greatly increased, and evinced a strong desire to come on board. As it would have been very imprudent to permit this, I found myself obliged to station men in different parts of the vessel, with boarding pikes, to keep them off.

"In the afternoon, the current appearing to have diminished, we weighed anchor, and perceived, towards evening, that we had gained considerably ; but as there were appearances of bad weather, and we were abreast a deep bay which promised a shelter, we ran in and came to anchor ; and thus escaped the fatigue and danger of a stormy night at sea. The next day, (13th,) having but a light breeze, we used our sweeps ; by the aid of which, and keeping close in shore, we advanced a little. In beating through a narrow strait, formed by a point of the coast and a rocky island, against which the sea broke with great fury, and at the critical moment, when passing not more than fifteen yards to windward, the peak halyards slipped from the pin to which they were belayed, and the peak of the mainsail ran down. As all hands were on deck, it was instantly hoisted again ; but such was the force of the swell, the wind being light, that before we had got by we were thrown so near the rock as to reach it with an oar. After this escape we stood out to sea, with the wind from east-northeast, blowing in the night very strong, which caused a considerable increase of sea. This obliged us to carry a press of sail, and presently our jib

split; we then reefed the mainsail, set a second-sized jib, and a little after midnight tacked in shore.

"At daylight of the 14th, we were not a little elated to find ourselves considerably to windward of the place we left the last evening, notwithstanding a rough sea. We continued all day successfully plying to windward, and in the evening, it being calm, we anchored in fifteen fathoms.

* * * *

"We stood off shore until two o'clock on the morning of the 18th, and then tacked towards the land; in expectation, that, as we had carried as much sail all night as the vessel would bear, we should gain very considerably to windward; but, at daylight, had the disappointment to find ourselves at least three leagues to leeward of the land we left the preceding evening. To lose so much, in so short a time, was very discouraging; for, with our greatest exertions, we could hardly hope to regain it in twenty-four hours. This also convinced me, that we could do nothing by keeping far from the shore. In the evening, as well as throughout the succeeding night, a breeze from the land favored us very much; and, by keeping close in, we gained even more than our preceding day's loss.

* * * *

"Keeping our lead constantly going, we had very irregular soundings, from five to two and a half fathoms; when, suddenly, as we were sailing at the rate of about three knots, we ran upon a sunken ledge. As the vessel hung only forward, we lowered the sails and hoisted out the boat, with a view to carry out an anchor astern; but unfortunately, in putting the anchor into the boat, the bill of it struck with such force against one of the planks in the bottom as to render her useless until she was repaired. This was a discouraging circumstance, as the vessel lay very uneasy; but there was no other resource than to hoist the boat again on deck, and stop the leak in the most expeditious way possible. While we were thus engaged, the tide rose so much, that the vessel slid off the rock, unaided by any efforts of ours; and apparently without having received any injury. Our latitude was $22^{\circ} 35'$ north.

* * * *

"We now were encouraged by the discovery, that we had regular tides setting north and south; and as soon as it began to set in our favor, on the 20th, we weighed anchor and began beating. But, having a short, irregular sea to contend with, we made but little progress during the day; and so entirely did the coast appear to be strewed with rocks and shoals, that it could not be approached in the night, without the most imminent

danger of losing our vessel ; hence the necessity of finding an anchorage for the night, before the day closed. We succeeded in doing this, by running in where there was a number of junks at anchor ; and near a considerable settlement, before which appeared to be a fort.

* * * * *

“ It appeared as if these people had never before seen a European, or American. They followed him [the mate] in crowds to the fort, and back again to the landing-place. All labor, for the time, was abandoned ; and even the actors, who were then engaged on a public stage, suspended their *sing-song*, while the ‘ fanqui ’ was passing.

* * * * *

“ Approaching the coast, and when within about three leagues of it, we suddenly perceived a breaker ; but, as the vessel was going at a rapid rate, we were in the midst of the foam almost at the moment of this discovery. The vessel struck once, in the hollow of the sea, and was enveloped in the succeeding billow, but passed over without receiving any injury ; her deck, at the same time, was covered with sand.

“ It had now become essential that we should find a harbour ; as we could do no more than drift to leeward by remaining out. But to seek one, in a gale of wind, without a chart, and on a coast to which we were all strangers, was attended with great hazard. When we had run about four leagues to leeward, the man at mast-head perceived a deep, sandy bay, the access to which appeared to be free from danger ; and the sea was now so high, that any shoal which could take us up, would show itself. We therefore ran boldly in, and doubling round a projecting point of sand, came to anchor near a fleet of junks ; which we found were bound north, and had, like ourselves, put in to evade the storm. The gale continued throughout this and the following day, accompanied with frequent and heavy squalls of rain ; and the weather as cold as it is commonly in Boston, in the month of December. After our recent fatigue and anxiety, the relaxation and comfort, afforded by lying two days and a night in so smooth a harbour, while the storm was howling, and the sea roaring without, were almost beyond the power of description.

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“ We perceived, during this day, that when working up in smooth water, sometimes caused by a projecting point, our vessel was decidedly superior to the junks in sailing ; but that when we got out where the sea was rough, they had as much the advantage of us ; indeed, I was astonished to perceive how fast such

square, uncouth, ill-shaped craft, with bamboo sails, would work to windward in a sea, which almost buried my cutter.

* * * * *

"Some very neat houses, surrounded with trees and shrubbery, and having the appearance of country-seats of opulent men, were beautifully situated on the side of a hill opposite to the spot where we had anchored; and the whole island, of apparently not more than two miles in circumference, presented a highly cultivated and pleasing appearance. During the day, we had passed several considerable settlements, one of which had a wall round it; and the country, generally, exhibited an appearance of great cultivation." — Vol. 1. pp. 49–60.

The extracts above made, will give the reader some notion of the manner in which this bold adventure was performed. He will recollect, too, that Mr. Cleveland had no chart of the coast, and that the attempt had never, to his knowledge, been made before. During this passage he quelled, in a manner showing dauntless courage and great firmness, a mutiny, which threatened to destroy the vessel and the enterprise together. Six of the crew, who would not submit to his terms, were left on shore among the Chinese, at a place where, perhaps, a European had never been seen before, and were by them sent down to Canton.

The author thus simply announces the completion of his effort.

"With various winds and weather, we diligently pursued our course to the northward, till we got out of the influence of the monsoon; and on the 11th of February, had the satisfaction of seeing the north end of Formosa, bearing south, distant ten leagues. Thus, after thirty-one days of great toil, exposure, and anxiety, we had accomplished that part of our passage, which had been represented as an impossibility; and which, with a fair wind, might have been performed in three days." — Vol. 1. p. 67.

A boisterous passage of forty-seven days, brings our adventurer to the Northwest Coast, the approach to which, with the few first days upon it, are thus picturesquely set forth.

"Early in the morning of the 30th of March, we saw the usual indications of land, drift-wood, kelp, and gulls; and at ten o'clock perceived the snow-capped hills of the American coast, twelve leagues distant. We immediately set all hands to work in bending our cables and getting up a bulwark, which we had been preparing of hides sewed together. These were attached

to stanchions of about six feet, and completely screened us from being seen by the natives, whom it was important to our safety to keep in ignorance of our numbers. Towards evening we anchored in a snug harbour at Norfolk Sound, in latitude $57^{\circ} 10'$ north. Here the smoothness of the water, the feeling of safety, and the silent tranquillity which reigned all round us, formed a striking contrast to the scenes with which we had been familiar since leaving Canton; and would have afforded positive enjoyment, had I possessed a crew on whose fidelity I could depend.

"The following day was very clear and pleasant. At the first dawn of the morning we discharged a cannon to apprise any natives who might be near, of our arrival. We then loaded the cannon and a number of muskets and pistols, which were placed where they could be most readily laid hold of. The only accessible part of the vessel was the stern, and this was exclusively used (while it was necessary to keep up the bulwark) as the gangway. As it was over the stern that we meant to trade, I had mounted there two four-pound cannon; and on the taffarel a pair of blunderbusses on swivels, which were also loaded. Soon after the discharge of our cannon, several Indians came to us; and before dark some hundreds had arrived, who encamped on the beach near which the vessel was anchored. As we observed them to be loaded with skins, we supposed that we were the first who had arrived this season.

"With a view to our own security, as well as convenience, I directed my interpreter to explain to the chiefs, and through them to the tribe, that after dark no canoe would be allowed to come near the vessel; and that, if I perceived any one approaching, I should fire at it; that only three or four canoes must come at a time to trade, and that they must always appear under the stern, avoiding the sides of the vessel. With my own men I neglected no precaution to make escape impossible, but at the imminent risk of life. While at anchor they were divided into three watches. One of these I took charge of; and stationing them in such parts of the vessel that no movement could be made undiscovered, obliged them to strike the gong every half hour throughout the night, and to call out, from each end of the vessel and amidships, 'All's well.' This practice so amused the Indians, that they imitated it by striking a tin kettle, and repeating the words as near as they were able." — Vol. i. pp. 69–71.

Any one, who has seen or dealt with the Indians on the Northwest Coast, will take no little pleasure in the following picture our author gives of them.

"But a more hideous set of beings, in the form of men and women, I had never before seen. The fantastic manner in which many of the faces of the men were painted, was probably intended to give them a ferocious appearance; and some groups looked really as if they had escaped from the dominions of Satan himself. One had a perpendicular line dividing the two sides of the face; one side of which was painted red, the other, black; with the hair daubed with grease and red ochre, and filled with the white down of birds. Another had the face divided with a horizontal line in the middle, and painted black and white. The visage of a third was painted in checkers, &c. Most of them had little mirrors; before the acquisition of which, they must have been dependent on each other for those correct touches of the pencil, which are so much in vogue, and which daily require more time than the toilet of a Parisian belle.

"The women made, if possible, a still more frightful appearance. The ornament of wood which they wear to extend an incision made beneath the under lip, so distorts the face as to take from it almost the resemblance to the human; yet the privilege of wearing this ornament is not extended to the female slaves, who are prisoners taken in war. Hence, it would seem, that distinctive badges have their origin in the most rude state of society. It is difficult, however, for the imagination to conceive of more disgusting and filthy beings than these patrician dames." — Vol. I. pp. 71, 72.

The various countries of Europe have been be-toured, and be-journalled hard and dry, and even Mont Blanc has become a sort of Macadamized Parnassus; but we believe our readers will have no reason to find fault with us, for giving them a few extracts from the narrative of Mr. Cleveland's sojourn upon this distant and mostly undescribed coast.

"Unexpectedly, one of these very great chiefs arrived the next day in a canoe quite as long as my vessel, and ornamented with a rudely carved figure of a warrior on the prow, the head of which was decorated with real hair, filled with a mixture of grease and red ochre, and the white down of birds. The chief was a dignified, good-looking man of about forty-five. He was accompanied by twenty-two athletic young men, who appeared to handle their paddles with a gracefulness and dexterity, as much excelling the management of the ordinary canoes, as the oarsmen of a man-of-war's barge surpass those of a merchantman. This chief was very desirous to come on board; but to have indulged him would have been an imprudent exposure of the smallness of our numbers. He then expressed a wish to

have a cannon discharged; and we readily fired two in immediate succession, which appeared to astonish and gratify him, and on the subject of which much conversation was held with his men; but it was only partially understood by my linguist as expressing admiration of the report. After this, the chief stood up and made a speech, evincing his pleasure, and at the same time handing up three fine skins as presents. An Indian's gift is understood here, as elsewhere, to be made with the expectation of a generous return; and I gave to the chief great coats, cloth, knives, beads, and China cash, to more than their value. He drank half a tumbler of wine with great relish, and then blew into the air a quantity of the down of birds in token of friendship. As they left us to go ashore, they all began a song, whose wildness was in perfect keeping with their appearance, and to which they kept the most exact time with their paddles.

"The days of the 18th and 19th were rainy and unpleasant. We continued at anchor, and were visited by a number of Indians with skins; but they did not trade with much spirit. The rainy, chilly weather seemed to have checked their animation; and they would sit, crouched up in their canoes, looking at us for hours together, without altering their position, while it rained without cessation. At length we observed a very old chief earnestly engaged to get his canoe nearer to us; as I supposed to sell his furs and be off. But not so; his object was to persuade me to cause the rain to cease; and, as an inducement, he assured me, they would bring a great many skins. As there was no appearance of fair weather, I told him I could not do so that day, but might possibly the next. It happened that the next day was fair; but I saw nothing more of the chief.

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"The wind, having subsided during the night, was succeeded by a calm. This being favorable for the canoes, they arrived in surprising numbers. We had witnessed nothing to be compared with it since our arrival on the coast. Coming in divisions of four or five each, by ten o'clock twenty-six were assembled in the cove, some of which were as long as my vessel, and carrying from twelve to twenty-eight persons each, making an aggregate of about five hundred men, all well armed with muskets, spears, and daggers. They were unaccompanied by their women and children, and had but few skins, which was a certain indication, that their intentions were of a hostile character.

"It will be perceived, that our situation was now one of great danger. The calm continuing, rendered it impossible for us to retreat; and it was obvious, that if they attacked us with resolution, their great superiority of numbers would enable them to

overwhelm us, before the guns could be reloaded after the first discharge. Our only alternative, then, was to make the best preparation in our power for repelling an attack, and to sell our lives as dearly as possible; for our men were all convinced, that death was greatly to be preferred to falling alive into the hands of these barbarians. Accordingly, our cannon were all loaded with bags of musket balls. Our small arms, two muskets and two pistols for each man, were also loaded; and our pikes placed at hand.

"The Indians passed most of the day in their canoes, keeping at about a cable's length distant from our vessel, continually endeavouring to persuade us to let them approach, by the assurance of having a great many skins. Our own men, at the same time, with lighted matches, were all day at the guns, pointing at them as they altered their positions; while our linguist was calling to them not to advance, on pain of destruction from the great guns. In this hostile attitude each party remained all day. In the forenoon we observed two large canoes to go away, which, returning before night, we supposed might have been sent for reinforcements. The day had been a long and anxious one; and when night came, we were rejoiced to see them go on shore, haul up their canoes, and build their fires. They remained quiet during the night, except mocking our watch, as each half hour was called out. Early next morning, there sprang up a breeze from the northward, when we got under way, and proceeded out of the cove, the Indians begging us to remain another day, and promising us a great many skins. We had scarcely got into the broad part of the sound, before we met two war canoes, each containing twenty-six men, well armed, who were on their way to join the others; and for whose arrival the attack had probably been delayed. Of these I purchased four skins in passing; and they were exceedingly anxious we should return and anchor again, assuring us of a great many skins. On perceiving their persuasions to be of no avail, they showed evident demonstrations of great disappointment." — Vol. I. pp. 77 – 83.

The next adventure is a perilous one, in which the author was saved from almost certain wreck.

"The next day, while steering to the westward and going at the rate of about two knots, unsuspecting of danger, the vessel suddenly struck a sunken ledge, and stopped. Perceiving that she hung abaft the midships, and that there were three and a half fathoms under the bows, we immediately run all the guns forward, and carried out an anchor ahead;

but the tide ebbed so rapidly, that our efforts to heave her off were ineffectual. We therefore heeled her on the side, whence she would be less likely to roll over. At low water the position of the vessel was such as to afford but feeble expectation that she could escape bilging. She hung by about four feet amidships, having slid about as much on the rock as the tide fell, and brought up with the end of the bowsprit against the bottom. Her keel formed an angle of forty-five degrees with the water line, the after part of it being from fourteen to fifteen feet above the rock. This position, combined with a rank heel to starboard, rendered it impossible to stand on deck. We therefore put a number of loaded muskets into the boat, and prepared for such resistance, in case of being attacked, as could be made by fifteen men, crowded into a sixteen-foot boat.

“Our situation was now one of the most painful anxiety, no less from the immediate prospect of losing our vessel, and the rich cargo we had collected with so much toil, than from the apprehension of being discovered in this defenceless state by some one of the hostile tribes by which we were surrounded. A canoe of the largest class, with thirty warriors, well armed, had left us not more than half an hour before we struck, who were now prevented from seeing us by having passed round an island. Should the vessel bilge there existed scarcely any other chance for the preservation of our lives, than the precarious one of falling in with some ship. That she would bilge there was no reason to doubt, if the weather varied in any degree from that perfect calm which then prevailed. More than ten hours were passed in this agonizing state of suspense, watching the horizon to discover if any savages were approaching,—the heavens, if there were a cloud that might chance to ruffle the smooth surface of the water,—the vessel, whose occasional cracking seemed to warn us of destruction; and, when the tide began to flow, impatiently observing its apparently sluggish advance, while I involuntarily consulted my watch, the hands of which seemed to have forgotten to move. In this painful interval, I beguiled some little time, while seated in the boat, by taking a sketch of the hazardous situation of my cutter, at low water, fearing that it might soon be beyond my power to give such evidence of her sad fate.

“At length, the water having flowed over the coamings of the hatches, which had been caulked down in anticipation of this event, without any indication of the vessel’s lifting, I was deliberating on the propriety of cutting away the mast, when we perceived her to be rising. She soon after righted so much, that we could go on board; and at half past twelve in the night

we had the indescribable pleasure of seeing her afloat again, without having received any other apparent injury than the loss of a few sheets of copper." — Vol. i. pp. 84–86.

The following is a beautiful description of a little land-locked bay in Norfolk Sound.

"In the afternoon the south wind increased greatly, and caused such a sea as latterly we had been entirely unaccustomed to. As much fatigue and some risk would be incurred by attempting to pass the night in tacking to and fro in the sound, without a possibility, while the wind was so high and the sea so rough, of advancing at all on our way, it became very desirable to find a harbour; and a little before sunset, being near the eastern side of the sound, we perceived an opening of about a fourth of a mile, between two precipitous hills, clothed from the bottom to their summits with pine. The hills on each side forming the entrance were so decisively indicative of sufficient depth of water, that we ran boldly in, without taking the precaution of first sending the boat to reconnoitre. We were immediately becalmed on passing the entrance, and, using our sweeps, rowed but a third of a mile before we were in perfectly smooth water. The passage having become narrower as we had advanced in it, rendered anchoring unnecessary; and we kept the vessel suspended, between the two shores, by ropes made fast to the trees.

"Our position was quite romantic. The thick-wooded hills on either side seemed almost to unite at the top; the dark gloom overhanging all around; the silence and tranquillity which had so instantaneously succeeded the roar and turbulence of the sea without; and the comfort and security for the night of which we had a prospect, all combined to produce sensations of a most pleasing character." — Vol. i. pp. 87, 88.

Few can read without emotion the following account of the feeling shown by a young Indian chief.

"Being so nearly on the point of leaving the coast, and therefore fearing no bad consequences from an exposure of our weakness, I acceded to the earnest solicitations of this young warrior to come on board. This was the only one of the natives whom we had admitted on board since being on the coast. We invited him into the cabin, and gave him a glass of wine, which pleased him so much, that he soon asked for another. Having made me a present of a very fine skin, I made a return of a shirt, jacket, and pantaloons, which he immediately put on, and appeared to be well satisfied with the figure he made, and much

pleased with the dress. But the friendly feelings I had inspired suffered a momentary interruption, by my careless and apparently rude manner of giving him a handkerchief. Being on the opposite side of the cabin from that on which I was sitting, I threw it into his lap, when, instead of taking, he allowed it to roll down on the floor, his feelings so much wounded that he actually shed tears; nor was it without considerable effort, that we persuaded him that no insult was intended, by assuring him that it arose from my ignorance of the etiquette which custom had established among them. This little interruption to our harmony was of short duration, the party aggrieved being satisfied with my apology; and, having purchased of him and his comrades about sixty skins, we parted with mutual good-will and friendship." — Vol. i. pp. 92, 93.

Mr. Cleveland closes the narrative of his sojourn upon the Northwest Coast with the following significant passage. "I steered to the southwest, not less happy in the successful accomplishment of my object, than in the reflection of its having been attained without injury to the natives, or other than the most friendly interchange of commodities with them." The meaning of this passage is explained by an extract from a subsequent page.

"The abuse of power, in the most unprincipled and even cruel acts, has frequently been charged to our countrymen, while pursuing their avocations in these distant regions, and I am sorry to say not without foundation. To such conduct may reasonably be attributed the hostility of the Indians, the loss of many innocent lives, and much property." — Vol. i. p. 234.

Mr. Cleveland's admission of the truth of these charges shows firmness of mind, and his avoiding all such acts himself, and the tone of his feelings with reference to them, give us great confidence in his moral qualities. Indeed the history of commerce, and especially though not exclusively of American commerce, in the South Seas and upon the Northwest Coast, is too much one of violence and corruption to be looked upon with complacency by any one having the feelings of a Christian or a man. The "forced trade" is yet known, at least by some, among the adventurers of the Pacific Ocean. But we shall have occasion to remark upon this subject a little more fully hereafter.

On his way back to Canton, Mr. Cleveland gives us a hasty sketch of the Sandwich Islands, at which he merely

touched in passing. The parallel here drawn we believe to be just.

“The contrast, which their cleanliness forms with the filthy appearance of the natives of the Northwest Coast, will not fail to attract the attention of the most unobserving. Nor have they less advantage over their Northwest neighbours in the size, shape, and gracefulness of their persons, and in the open, laughing, generous, and animated expression of their countenances. The characteristics of these islanders are activity, gayety, volatility, and irritability; those of the Northwest Indians, heaviness, melancholy, austerity, ferocity, and treachery. They are, perhaps, in each case, such as would naturally be inferred to be the effect of climate operating on the materials of rude and savage characters.” — Vol. I. p. 97.

After a short stay at Canton, our adventurer went, by way of Malacca, of which he gives a passing sketch, to Calcutta, where he arrived in the last fortnight of the eighteenth century.

Mr. Cleveland has well described the city of Calcutta, at which he spent about three months, the surrounding country, and the ways of the inhabitants; but this is familiar ground to the reader. The only incident of much importance that occurred to himself was the nearly losing his man George, and the narrow escape of that invaluable man from a long service in a British man-of-war. George had been impressed as a seaman, and having informed the officer that he was a private servant to an American, word was sent to Mr. Cleveland to come and prove his claim to him. Instead of going in person, Mr. Cleveland sent a note. This was considered disrespectful, and George was not released. Christmas day intervened, and George did not appear. Mr. Cleveland became alarmed, made inquiries, and found that he had been put on board an Indiaman. This announcement brought about an interview with His Worship, a fat magistrate, who would do nothing for either party. Mr. Cleveland then applied immediately to head-quarters, and stated his case plainly and simply in a letter to Lord Mornington (Marquis Wellesley), the Governor-General; and, although the ship was lying several miles down the river, George made his appearance early the next morning, accompanied by a sergeant, who had been sent to conduct him.

A life of ease at Calcutta was not for such as our author.

Seeing that a great number of prizes had been taken into the Isle of France, he thought that a condemned vessel and cargo could be purchased there for a small sum ; but, as the English were at open war, and the Americans in a *quasi* war with the French, how to get there with his property presented a difficulty. Difficulties, however, seem only to have excited our adventurer to greater effort. The Danes were at this time the only neutrals ; accordingly, at the Danish settlement of Serampore, he purchased a boat of twenty-five tons, put her under Danish colors, with a Danish master, and ordered him to wait for him below the city. Taking passage in a native boat, he joined his own, with his property in bills and gold mohurs, George and himself being in the capacity of passengers. In this boat, with thunder, lightning, squalls, rain, and a scorching vertical sun, they made a passage of forty-five days to the Isle of France.

The narrative of the author's residence of ten months at this island, and of his observations upon the various subjects which attracted the attention of his active and acute mind, will well repay the attention of the reader. We shall extract only a few, which relate to events not local or temporary in all their bearings.

General Malartie, the excellent Governor of the Island, died. He was much esteemed by both friends and foes. War was then raging between France and England ; and we agree with the author, that the horrors of war would be much assuaged, were all commanders capable of such high-minded courtesies as the Admiral here spoken of.

“ A few days previous, the English blockading squadron had arrived, under command of Commodore Hotham. These, on the day of the funeral obsequies, as a mark of respect for the deceased general, came down from windward, and lay by, off the entrance of the harbour, with their colors hoisted half-mast, and firing minute guns. Such a tribute of respect from an enemy is so magnanimous, that it cannot fail to be considered honorable to both parties ; and, while such acts meet the applause of the civilized world, they will also have their influence in diminishing the asperities and miseries of war.” — Vol. I. p. 130.

The sequel shows, too, that the courtesies of war and respect for the dead are not inconsistent with the gallant discharge of duty in conflict with the living.

“A few days after giving this evidence of respect and courtesy, the squadron gave us an exhibition of character of a different kind. A *Hamburgh* ship had, during the night, got between the squadron and the land, and at daylight was discovered by them several miles to leeward, and near Round Island. All sail was made by the squadron in chase; and, although they were fast approaching him, the *Hamburgher* persevered in pushing for the port, with a boldness and determination which greatly excited the sympathy of the multitudes, who were watching, with intense interest, the result. Before he had got quite up with the fort at the entrance of the port, the *Lancaster*, of sixty-four guns, passed so near to him (outside) that the balls from her broadside passed over and came ashore. Then the *Adamant*, of fifty guns, as near, fired her broadside with as little effect; and, there being no time for repeating them, the ship got in safe, while the air resounded with the shouts and gratulations of the assembled multitude. It is difficult to conceive how two such formidable broadsides could be directed, from so short a distance, against so large an object without destroying it; and that they produced no injury, seemed almost miraculous. The ship was immediately warped up, and moored near to the guard ship. But the English Commodore was determined not to be outdone in enterprise. And, although his prospect of success seemed as hopeless as the escape of the *Hamburgher* had done in the morning, he sent in his boats about ten o'clock the same evening, of which we had notice by the roar of cannon from the guard ship and from the forts, and, in defiance of these, actually carried the ship off, while the crew supposed themselves to be in such perfect safety, that the broker was on board taking a list of the articles composing the cargo.” — Vol. i. pp. 103, 131.

The arrival of the *Confiance* privateer, Captain Surcouffe, with her prize, the *Kent* East Indiaman, and the condemnation of the Boston brig *Traveller*, with upwards of one hundred thousand dollars in specie on board, were the next events of interest that occurred at the Island. This condemnation was considered unjust by all the Americans on the Island at the time, and it would seem from the author's expressions, that, between the Jacobins and the *armateurs*, the well intending but vacillating Governor had little ability to carry out his just views of right.

In the mean time the *Kent* was sold to a Dane, put under Danish papers, colors, and command, her name changed to the *Cronberg*, and offered for freight for Europe. Mr. Cleve-

land, in conjunction with his friend Mr. Shaler, whom he here first met, and with whom his fortunes were intimately associated for thirty-three years afterwards, took the vessel, and embarked all their property in her on a voyage to the North of Europe.

The stately *Cronberg* was a contrast indeed to the cutters and pilot-boats in which the last voyages of our adventurer had been made. He says ; “ To be sailing in so magnificent a ship, with no care but to make myself comfortable, was entirely a novel situation to me.” After running many risks of capture, he arrived safely at Copenhagen, in June, 1801, having been absent from Europe about four years. The two thousand dollars he then owned, had now become forty-five thousand ; a result, he says, “ very gratifying to me, if on no other consideration than the acquisition of independence ; but it was vastly more so, from the circumstance of its enabling me to make comfortable and happy the latter years of a father, who, with a young family, was feeling the pressure of poverty ; of aged uncles and aunts, who had seen better days, and whose kindness to me required that I should leave nothing undone, which was in my power to do, to promote their happiness.”

The reader will already have learned the nature of our author's adventures, and the extracts given are sufficient to exhibit the excellent style and spirit in which they are described. We do not purpose to follow them further in detail. It is enough to say that they are as various, as far in extremes, and as well adapted to keep the subject of them in a state of constant excitement, as the most insatiable seeker of adventures could desire.

The next enterprise was a voyage to South America in the brig *Lelia Byrd*, undertaken in conjunction with his friend Mr. Shaler. They took with them, as a companion, an interesting and highly educated, but unfortunate young Polish gentleman, Count de Rouissillon. In the narrative of this adventure there are full and interesting descriptions of Canaria, Rio Janeiro, Cape Horn, Valparaiso, San Blas, the Gallipagos, and the Maria Islands.

The visit to a cave, in the passage up the Pacific coast of America, to California, is too striking to be omitted here.

“ On the morning of the 16th of March, we were becalmed near St. Clement's Island, where, perceiving a smoke, we land-

ed abreast of it, and found that it proceeded from a cave formed, in the side of a hill, by some overhanging rocks and earth, but insufficient to afford shelter from the weather, with any other than northerly winds. In this miserable domicil, resided eleven persons, men, women, and children; and, though the temperature was such as to make our woollen garments requisite, they were all in a state of perfect nudity. Their food was exclusively fish, and, having no cooking utensils, their only resource was baking them in the earth. We could not perceive, that they possessed a word of any other dialect than their own, of which we understood nothing. I had been familiar with the Indians inhabiting various parts of the western coast of America, but never saw any so miserable, so abject, so spiritless, so nearly allied to the brute." — Vol. I. p. 210.

As the affair at San Diego, in California, made a good deal of noise on the Mexican coast at the time, and is well described, and characteristic of the California authorities, we will notice it, in passing.

The object of our adventurers in visiting San Diego was to procure some sea-otter skins, which Mr. Cleveland had been informed were there for sale. The day after their arrival,

"The Commandant, Don Manuel Rodriguez, with an escort of twelve dragoons, came down abreast of the ship, and requested that the boat might be sent for him. This being done immediately, he crowded the boat with his escort, and probably regretted the necessity of leaving on shore his horses. We had been told at San Blas, that Don Manuel was an exceedingly vain and pompous man; and, indeed, we found him so; for such a ridiculous display of a 'little brief authority,' and pompous parade, I never before witnessed. His dress and every movement evinced the most arrant coxcomb. Having saluted us on coming over the ship's side, he waited, before proceeding aft, until his escort were drawn up in two lines, with hats off in one hand, and drawn swords in the other, and then passed between them to the companion-way. After the ordinary inquiries of whence we came, whither bound, and the object of our visit, he called to the officer of the escort, and desired him to take a minute of the articles we required. With these he said that he would supply us the next day; on receiving which, he should expect we would not delay a moment in leaving the port. He counted our men, and, perceiving us to be only fifteen, all told, expressed astonishment at the presumption of undertaking so long and dangerous a navigation with so few men. He forbade our going

to the town, which is distant about three miles, but gave us leave to go on shore in the neighbourhood of the vessel. He took leave with characteristic pomp, leaving on board five of his escort, as he said, to see that we carried on no contraband trade." — Vol. i. p. 211.

After a day or two spent in taking in supplies of wood and water, it became evident that no trading would be permitted. The activity of Mr. Cleveland, however, discovered that a number of skins could be purchased if taken on board by night; and the Commandant having, in another pompous visit, ordered the vessel to sail the next day, it was agreed that the boat should be sent for the skins that very night. One boat returned in proper time, with the skins, but the other did not, and at daylight it was found that she had been seized and her crew confined. On discovering this, he writes,

"It was now very evident, that not a moment was to be lost in deciding on the course to be pursued. The choice presented us, was that of submission, indignant treatment, and plunder; or resistance and hazarding the consequences. There was not the least hesitation with Mr. Shaler or myself, in adopting the latter alternative. As a preliminary step, the guard on board were disarmed, and made to go below; then I went with four men, each with a brace of loaded pistols, to the rescue of those on shore. On landing, we ran up to the guard, and, presenting our pistols, ordered them instantly to release our men from their ligatures; for they had been tied hand and foot, and had been lying on the ground all night. This order was readily complied with by the three soldiers, who had been guarding them; and, to prevent mischief, we took away their arms, dipped them in the water, and left them on the beach. The mate reported, that they were arrested immediately on landing, by a party of horse, with the Commandant in person at their head; whence we concluded, that he had sent the soldier, with whom we made the agreement for the skins, expressly to decoy us, that he might have an apology to plunder us." — Vol. i. p. 214.

There was no course now left for the commanders of the *Lelia Byrd*, but to make their escape as soon as possible. The men were full of fight, but there were fearful odds against them. Their position was this. The little harbour of San Diego has but one, and that an exceedingly narrow entrance. At the narrowest part of this entrance, on the end of a tongue of land, within a few yards of which every ves-

sel must pass in going in or out, stands a small fort, in which was a battery of eight brass nine-pounders well mounted and supplied with ball. With a good wind this fort could be passed rapidly and with comparative safety ; but, unfortunately, there was nothing but the last expiring breath of the land breeze. Still, in the attempt there was a chance of success, while, if they remained, ruin to themselves and their adventure would be the inevitable consequence.

“ While making our preparations, we perceived, that all was bustle and animation on shore ; both horse and foot were flocking to the fort. Our six three-pounders, which were all brought on the side of the ship bearing on the fort, and our fifteen men, was all our force, with which to resist a battery of six nine-pounders and at least an hundred men. As soon as our sails were loosed and we began to heave up the anchor, a gun without shot was discharged from the battery and the Spanish flag hoisted ; perceiving no effect from this, they fired a shot ahead. By this time our anchor was up, all sail was set, and we were gradually approaching the fort. In the hope of preventing their firing, we caused the guard in their uniforms to stand along in the most exposed and conspicuous station ; but it had no effect, not even when so near the fort, that they must have been heard imploring them to desist firing, and seen to fall with their faces to the deck, at every renewed discharge of the cannon. We had been subjected to a cannonade of three quarters of an hour, without returning a shot, and, fortunately, with injury only to our rigging and sails. When arrived abreast the fort, several shot struck our hull, one between wind and water, which was temporarily stopped by a wad of oakum. We now opened our fire, and, at the first broadside, saw numbers, probably of those who came to see the fun, scampering away up the hill at the back of the fort. Our second broadside seemed to have caused the complete abandonment of their guns, as none were fired afterwards ; nor could we see any person in the fort, excepting a soldier who stood upon the ramparts, waving his hat, as if to desire us to desist firing.

“ Having passed out of the reach of their cannon, the poor guards, who had been left on board, saw themselves completely in our power, without the chance of rescue, and probably calculated on such treatment as they knew would have been our lot, if equally in the power of their Commandant. Their exhibition of fear was really ludicrous ; for, while we were tying up their fire-arms, so as to prevent their using them, and getting the boat ready to send them harmlessly on shore, they were all the time

tremblingly imploring for mercy; nor could they be made to believe, until they were actually on shore, that we intended to do them no harm. When landed and their arms handed to them, they embraced each other, crossed themselves, and fell on their knees in prayer. As our boat was leaving them, they rose up and cried, at the utmost stretch of their voices, '*Vivan, vivan los Americanos.*'" — Vol. I. pp. 215, 216.

On passing down the coast, Mr. Cleveland found that the story of their exploit had gone before him. A courier had been despatched to various missions along the coast, with an open letter, containing an account of the whole affair, in which, strange to tell, the Commandant was blamed, and a great deal of eulogy expended upon the gallantry of the Americans, and their magnanimity in ceasing their fire and setting the guard ashore unharmed; so that, in fact, it made the vessel and her crew objects of interest and sympathy wherever they went. Moreover, we can assure the author, by this opportunity, as we have not the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, that after the lapse of more than thirty years, the story was yet current at San Diego and the neighbouring ports and missions, with some alterations, to be sure, but not less favorable to the Americans. Not only so, but the battery, with its brass pieces, and its piles of balls, is standing there to this day, as Smith the weaver, would say, "to testify it."

The intercourse of our voyagers with the Padres of the California missions is quite peculiar and interesting. At the mission of San Vicente the Padres of that and the neighbouring missions came down and encamped on the beach opposite the vessel, with a train of Indian domestics, having cooking utensils and provisions, and spent several days of harmonious and pleasant intercourse with the strangers. The week's provision brought by the Padres having been exhausted, they returned to their missions, promising to come back and spend another week in the same manner. Although there was no reason for remaining, yet our adventurers did so, and the Padres, true to their word, appeared and encamped for another week's recreation. Our author speaks of them as amiable men, but complains of their "being astonished, that men, so humane and intelligent as we, should be blind to the truth and beauty of Catholicism."

This interview of our adventurers with the good old Padre

of San Borgia, is quite touching and primitive in its character, and is, perhaps, the most simply interesting episode in the book. Our readers will readily excuse us for giving it at length.

"Steering again to the eastward, we entered a small bay on that part of the coast, which is nearest the mission of San Borgia, and came to anchor. The next day we were visited by the Father of that mission, Mariano Apolonario, who had been expecting us some days, and had kept an Indian on the look-out for us, that he might be advised immediately on our arrival. Having received notice of our approach from the Indian the day before our arrival, he had set out, though uncertain if we had anchored. As his mission was sixty miles from the seacoast, and he was accompanied by twenty domestics, with provisions and baggage laden on twenty-five horses and mules, he would have been greatly disappointed had we passed without anchoring, and therefore was gratified at a meeting, which he seemed to have counted much upon.

"We made the best arrangement in our power for the accommodation of the Padre and his domestic ; but, after passing one night on board, he experienced such inconvenience from the motion of the ship, as to make it desirable to provide some shelter for him on shore. Accordingly, in the morning a sail was taken on shore, with which our men made a large and commodious tent. Here our days were principally passed in conversation with the Padre, interrupted only by occasional rambles over the sand-hills, for exercise. Amongst the domestics of the Padre, was that very useful and important appendage of a missionary, a very good cook ; and, as he was provided with plenty of venison and poultry, whereon to exercise his skill, we perceived it to be as much for our advantage, as it was gratifying to the Padre, that we should dine with him every day. On these occasions we had neither plates nor dishes, knives nor forks ; nor were they requisite, as the food was served up in a large wooden bowl, into which each in turn dipped his spoon, in true primitive style. A due degree of exercise in a fine bracing atmosphere, however, previous to taking these homely repasts, gave to them a relish which is not often experienced at the most luxurious and elegant tables.

"Perceiving that water was not procurable in this vicinity, having but a short supply on board, and uncertain where it was to be obtained, there was obviously a necessity of cutting short our visit at this station. As soon as the Padre was made acquainted with it, he applied a remedy, by engaging to supply us with our daily consumption of water, although he had to send

six miles for it, and this he did daily until our departure, besides providing abundance of fresh provisions for the ship's company.

"The more intimately we became acquainted with Padre Mariano, the more we were convinced that his was a character to love and respect. He appeared to be one of that rare class, who, for piety and the love of their fellow-men, might justly rank with a Fenelon or a Cheverus. His countenance beaming with the love and benevolence, which were his prevailing motives of action, inspired immediate and perfect confidence, even with those who had seen as much of the Spanish character as it had been our lot to do. His mild and humane treatment of his domestics made their intercourse more like that of father and children, than of master and servants. His regular observance, morning, noon, and evening, of his devotional duties, with his uncouth looking domestics assembled round him, and on bended knee, and with the utmost decorum, participating in his prayers to the throne of grace, was affecting, and might be received as a tacit reproach for indifference to such duties, by that part of his audience, whom his brethren would denominate heretics. But this good man was gifted with a mind too liberal and noble, and a benevolence too extensive and pure, to pronounce condemnation for difference of opinions, or to believe in the monopoly of truth and goodness in any one sect of Christians.

"Our visit here had been protracted much beyond our intentions, by the persuasions of the Padre, and the promise of two horses, which we had unsuccessfully endeavoured to procure at the other missions, as a present to the King of the Sandwich Islands. These arrived at the encampment on the 19th, a male and a female, and were presented to us by the Padre. In return for these, and a flagon of wine and some dried fruits, we gave him such manufactures as he desired, to more than their value. The next day we took the horses on board, and made preparation for our departure. As it was then late in the afternoon, and we could not consent to deprive the good Padre of his tent for the night, we remained on this account.

"Early on the following morning, we went on shore and spent an hour with the Padre, while our men were engaged in striking the tent, and taking away the sail which had formed it. He expressed to us the great satisfaction he had experienced in our society, and regretted we could not pass another week with him, adding that our visit formed an epoch in his life; that at his mission he lived like a hermit, with no associates, except the rude Indian, and repeated that a visit like ours was 'a God-send.' On taking leave, he assured us, that we should always be remembered in his prayers, and accompanying us to the

boat, repeated and vociferated his *á Dios*, until we were too distant to hear him more. With our glass, we perceived him to be waiting, after we had arrived on board ; and he did not move off with his retinue until we had weighed anchor."—Vol. I. pp. 221–224.

The Sandwich Islands, and their famous king Tamehameha,* next pass under the author's notice.

"Desirous of conciliating the good opinion of a person [Tamehameha], whose power was so great, we omitted no attention which we supposed would be agreeable to him. But, whether he had left some duty unperformed on shore, or whether he had met with something to disturb his serenity of mind, we know not ; certain it was, that he did not reciprocate our civilities. He appeared to be absent ; and, after walking round the deck of the vessel, and taking only a very careless look of the horses, he got into his canoe, and went on shore. Davis remained on board all night to pilot us to the best anchorage, which we gained early the following morning, and, soon after, had our decks crowded with visitors to see the horses. The people showed none of that indifference on seeing them, which had been manifested by the King, and which I believe to have been affectation, but, on the contrary, expressed such wonder and admiration, as were very natural on beholding, for the first time, this noble animal. The horses were landed safely, and in perfect health, the same day, and gave evidence, by their gambols, of their satisfaction at being again on *terra firma*. They were then presented to the King, who was told, that one had been also left at Owhyhee for him. He expressed his thanks, but did not seem to comprehend their value.

"While the crowd were apparently wondering what use they could be put to, a sailor from our ship jumped upon the back of one and galloped off amid the shouts of the natives, who, with alacrity, opened a way to let him pass. There existed strong apprehensions in the minds of all for the safety of the man ; but when, by going back and forth, they perceived the docility of the animal, his subjection and his fleetness, they seemed to form some little conception of his utility. The King was among the number, who witnessed the temerity of the sailor ; but, with all the sagacity for which he has been justly praised, remarked,

* The orthography of the author expresses imperfectly the sound of this name, which he has spelled Tamaahmaah. Also, Owhyhee and Otaheite, in the first volume, should be Haweii and Tahiti. The former spelling was owing to a misapprehension of the sounds on the part of the early navigators, which has been corrected by the more careful missionaries.

that he could not perceive that the ability to transport a person from one place to another, in less time than he could run, would be adequate compensation for the food he would consume and the care he would require. As a dray or a dragoon's horse, there was no prospect of his being wanted, and hence our present was not very highly appreciated. In this we were much disappointed, but hoped, nevertheless, that the King would be influenced by our advice to have them well taken care of; that they would increase, and eventually that their value would be justly estimated." — Vol. I. pp. 230, 231.

From the Sandwich Islands Mr. Cleveland again visited Canton, and sailed thence in the *Alert* for Boston, where he arrived in May, 1804, after an absence of about eight years.

Here, at the end of the first volume, we shall leave the pleasing task of tracing the fortunes and following the adventures of the author, although they are at this point but half told. We have little fear but that the reader will peruse the remaining half for himself. We can assure him, at all events, that he will find it full of good descriptions, interesting and unexpected events, sudden reverses, manly and indefatigable struggles against misfortune, ending, after forty years of almost unexampled toil and sacrifice of comfort, in, as we gather from the book, something less than a competency. Truly as well as happily did his friend Mr. Cabot say to him, "You have cut a great deal of hay, but have got it in very badly." He consoles himself with the reflection of an honest mind, that no one had ever suffered by his misfortunes but himself.

After carrying the reader along through this part of our author's life, we would refer him to the close of the Preface.

"The experience of more than twenty years passed in navigating to all parts of the world, has led me to the conclusion, that though the hardships and privations of a seaman's life be greater than those of any other, there is a compensation in the very excitement of its dangers, in the opportunity it affords of visiting different countries, and viewing mankind in the various gradations between the most barbarous, and the most refined; and in the ever-changing scenes which this occupation presents. And I can say, with truth, that I not only feel no regret for having chosen this profession rather than any other, but that, if my life were to be passed over again, I should pursue the same course." — Vol. I. p. x.

Before taking leave of the author, we will make one or two unconnected extracts from his second volume.

We observe that in his censure of Lord Cochrane, he revives the story of the watchword "Booty and beauty," given out at New Orleans, and attributes the invention of it to that nobleman. He may not be aware, that a few years ago there appeared a certificate, signed by all the surviving general officers of the English army concerned in that battle, in which they distinctly deny that any such watchword was given out by authority, or was heard of by them at the time ; and say, that they should have publicly contradicted the story long before, had they known that any thing of the kind was in circulation, which they did not, until it came accidentally to their knowledge from one of their number, who immediately called the attention of the others to it. This should at least be sufficient to lead an American to repeat the story with a proviso that it be true.

We deem it just to say, that this book is written, throughout, with great fairness and impartiality. Much of it runs over periods when this country was at war or in controversy with England, and Mr. Cleveland had been plundered, as he thinks, by Lord Cochrane and a Colonial Vice-Admiralty court ; yet, whenever he sees any thing worthy of praise in the marine, civil or military, of that country, or in the public conduct of her officers, or the private dealings of her citizens, he is ready and hearty in his commendation. And, although he had been, as he thinks, grossly wronged by Napoleon and the French authorities, and had seen the property of his friends sacrificed by them in a manner which he considered unjust, yet in the same page we find him praising highly the kindness and general urbanity of that people. So, too, although he had suffered under the Spanish rule in South America, and exerted himself to spread among the subjected people notions of independence and civil liberty ; yet when, after some years, he visited that country again, and found it suffering under a misgovernment of its own, he is equally ready to acknowledge the violence and corruption of those of whom he had hoped better things. There is a touch of the satirical in his account of the remarkable attention to religion in Truxillo ; yet he had probably seen there a good deal to provoke distrust, in a priesthood leagued in with the civil power, and used as a support for indolent men of family, whom Spanish blood would not permit to labor.

"If I was struck with the attention given to the affairs of re-

ligion at Lima, much more was this the case at Truxillo; for this as much surpasses the other in private, as well as public devotional observances, as the former appeared to me to exceed every other place I had ever before visited. Indeed, the priests may truly be said to live in clover at Truxillo; the whole business of the city is so entirely religion, that it may very properly be viewed as a great cloister. It often occurs, that many of the class called merchants, and probably others, are invisible at the ordinary hours of business; and on inquiry as to the cause, it appears that they are at their devotions, in which they must not be disturbed. Some families are said to spend eight hours of the day in prayer. All this show of sanctity would be very laudable, if it made them better, or more honest men; but it had a tendency to put me more on my guard." — Vol. II. pp. 179, 180.

He is ready to acknowledge, that the regular devotions of the unaffectedly pious Padre of San Borgia were "a tacit reproach for indifference to such duties on the part of his auditors." We wish there were more of this candid spirit among our maritime writers and adventurers. Whatever may be our opinion of the distinguishing doctrines of the Romish church, we should certainly not scoff when we see Christian faith sincerely set forth, and consistently practised upon. We agree with him, that it is a reproach and mortification to us, that so many of those engaged in spreading our commerce in foreign countries, practical infidels in their lives, without any religious observances, with nothing but their flag and ship's papers to show that they come from a country which is a part of Christendom, and who are only Protestants in that they are not Romanists, should put to shame one branch of the Christian church, and obscure our claim to be called a Christian people, in the eyes of the pious of other countries.

The description of the state of things on board the British frigate *Andromache*, must be gratifying to all admirers of the naval service in any country.

"As the *Andromache*, English frigate, was on the point of sailing for that port, I succeeded with her commander in obtaining a passage; and having procured a passport from the Viceroy, I embarked, and sailed on the morning of the 3d of August.

"The beautiful manner in which the ship was got under way, made a strong impression on my mind, from an exhibition of discipline which I had never before seen. When the marines were dismissed after the morning parade, the colors hoisted, and

the national air, 'God save the King,' played, every officer and man being at his station, and the capstern manned, a signal was made by the captain, to heave ahead; the cable came in briskly; the anchor was soon tript, and up ready for hooking the cat. While the ship was swinging round, the men, who had been stationed for the purpose at the shrouds of each mast, on a signal given, ran up simultaneously to cast loose the sails, while the requisite number were stationed below, to sheet home, and hoist up; so that almost in a moment, the ship was under a crowd of sail, and swiftly leaving the port; and all this effected without a word being spoken, and as if by the effect of magic.

"We arrived at Valparaiso, after a delightful passage of twenty-four days. I cannot allow the pleasant time I spent on board this frigate to pass without some notice, and without acknowledging the erroneous impressions I had imbibed, of a British ship of war. In common with many others, and especially those, like myself, whose reminiscences were of a date as remote as our revolutionary war, I had imagined an English man-of-war to be a small epitome of hell, where tyrannizing over the crew constituted the principal enjoyment of the officers. That there were great abuses of this kind in the navy, from a very early period, up to the alarming revolt under President Parker, I have no doubt, any more than I have that abuses have occasionally existed since; but, on board the *Andromache*, there was never any unnecessary severity.

"Captain Sheriffe, having had the advantage of moving in the most elevated and polished society at home, and of receiving his professional education from one of the most able commanders in the British navy, united the manners and urbanity of the gentleman, to those of the skilful and accomplished commander. His indefatigable perseverance in attending to the protection of the commercial interests of his country, and his judicious conduct in his intercourse with the governments of Chili and Peru in the most trying times, were no less evidence of his superior abilities, than of the wisdom and discrimination of those who appointed him. Nor did these important duties interfere with those of his ship's company, to whose morals, manners, cleanliness, and comfort he was attentive, at the same time granting them so many innocent indulgences, that they certainly constituted the happiest ship's company I had ever seen.

"With such a commander, the officers could not fail to be gentlemanly in their deportment, and attentive to their duty; but, independently of such example, there was evidently an innate desire among them to second the views of their worthy

commander ; and, messing with them, I had good opportunity of witnessing a degree of amiability, harmony, and good fellowship, which, unfortunately, is not always met with in the ward-room. Of their kind attention to me, and desire to make me comfortable, I shall always retain a grateful recollection.

“ With Captain Sheriffe, the passengers, of whom there were four beside myself, were invited to dine in rotation, and my turn was, generally, two or three times a week. An excellent band, of about twenty performers, always played during dinner ; invariably beginning with ‘ God save the King,’ and ending with ‘ Rule Britannia.’ After dinner, the men were usually exercised at the great guns ; and, if the weather was ever so fine, the topsails were always reefed before sunset. Sparring, fencing, and dancing, were the amusements of the midshipmen, in which the Captain would frequently join.

“ The seamen, also, had their hours of relaxation, music, and dancing, once or twice a week. Sunday never failed to be duly hallowed. Soon after breakfast, every officer appeared on the quarter-deck in his uniform ; the marines were dressed clean and paraded. The gun-deck, having been previously prepared with benches, and a temporary pulpit, at a signal given (usually about ten o’clock) every one attended worship, which was performed with as much solemnity and decency, as I ever witnessed in any church. The chaplain never failed to give a plain, good, moral lesson, perfectly adapted to the understandings of his audience ; and such as they could not fail to profit by. The music, from the full band, was delightful ; and when they played, as they often did, the Portuguese and Pleyel’s Hymns, which were familiar to me, they called up associations of by-gone and happier days.” — Vol. II. pp. 133 – 136.

The high integrity shown by a British commercial house, he also acknowledges in a manner which must be as gratifying to them, as the mention of it will be to the reader.

“ A letter which I received at this time, from the house of Tooke, Robinson & Co. of London, places in strong relief their conduct when compared with those with whom I had recently been brought in contact. Its object was to inform me of their holding a hundred and twenty pounds at my disposal, being principal and interest on a sum arising from a mistake accidentally discovered, in accounts relative to transactions in wheat eight or ten years previous ; and which, they remark, I must consider somewhat in the light of a prize in the lottery. This was paid to my draft at sight.” — Vol. II. p. 222.

Before parting with the author, we would call his attention, and that of the reader, to a single sentence in the Preface. After speaking of the great improvement in the moral and social condition of the Sandwich Islands, he remarks, that it furnishes "a most remarkable instance of the ameliorating and humanizing effects of *commerce*."

We are inclined to think, that the word *commerce* was rather a chance termination to a sentence, than the expression of a well-considered opinion. The truth is, the present condition of the Sandwich Islands furnishes a most remarkable instance of the influence of Christian missions, and of the preaching of the Gospel, to counteract the evil effects of commerce. This ground has been gone over so often, and the position we take is so well established, that we were rather surprised to see this opinion, if such it be, of Mr. Cleveland; yet, lest it should have an effect on the minds of some readers not well informed on the subject, we will give, in a few words, what we are quite certain can be proved by authentic and easily accessible evidence, to be the true state of the case.

When the Sandwich Islands were discovered by Cook in 1778, the inhabitants were idolaters, sacrificing human victims to their gods. No form of religion is without its system of restraints; and such was the *tabu* system of the Sandwich Islanders. This consisted of numerous prohibitions, and the injunction of many observances arbitrary and grievous to be borne; any infringement of which was punishable by death, and, in some cases, as they held, by the direct interposition of the gods. Occasional *tabus* also prohibited certain kinds of food, and certain pleasures and indulgences, during specified periods of time. It is said, that American merchants resided in the Islands in 1786, six years before Vancouver's visit, and a pretty intimate acquaintance with commerce, on the part of the natives, must be dated back early in the beginning of the nineteenth century. Tamehameha, their remarkable monarch, died in the spring of 1819; yet, though commerce had had free course with the natives for thirty years, idolatry still reigned; and after his death, the horrid scenes usual at such times were enacted.

In the autumn of 1819, the idolatry and *tabu* system, which were one and the same, were abolished. The causes which led to this were unquestionably the following. In the first

place, the natives saw the superiority of the foreigners, and knew that they worshipped no idols, and violated all the rules of the *tabu* with impunity. This both tended to make them ashamed of their system, and to doubt the power of their gods to punish any infringements of it. Moreover, the *tabu* bore particularly hard upon the women, who were never allowed to eat with men, and sometimes prohibited from using the choicest food; and many of the principal chiefs at the time were women, and the government was, in fact, in the hands of the king's mother. Also, the *tabu* had been abolished and idolatry overthrown in the islands of the South Pacific, under the influence of the missionaries of the London Missionary Society, and this was well known and much talked of at the Sandwich Islands. Moreover, many of their young men, some of them sons of chiefs, had been receiving a Christian education in America, under the patronage of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Ardent spirits had also been introduced, and under their influence, the strictest rules of the *tabu* were frequently broken, and its sacredness was fast vanishing, before the practice of both foreigners and natives.

At the time of the overthrow of the *tabu* and idolatry, these poor people were literally without religion. No Gospel had been preached to them, and they had only substituted complete atheism and unbounded license to do evil in the place of their old idolatries. Ardent spirits of the worst kind, literally liquid fire, were arriving in every vessel from Christendom; and unrestricted use was made of them by the natives, encouraged by the white traders and the example of the seamen. Licentiousness had no bounds, and a disease, unknown before to the Islands, introduced by the bearers of commerce, was spreading with fearful rapidity among the people. These two causes threatened to destroy the moral and physical force of the natives, and in the course of time to sweep them entirely away.

In five months after the abolition of idolatry, the first Christian missionaries landed on the islands; being sent out by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. At the time of their arrival, the people were no better as to their social or moral condition than they had been; but were rather growing worse. Commerce had held possession for thirty years; yet no Gospel had been preached,

no alphabet of their language had been made, or attempted ; not a native could read English ; their old social corruptions remained ; and new and more dangerous ones were daily introduced.

The resident foreign traders, and the masters of vessels in the habit of visiting the Islands, opposed violently the first settlement of the missionaries. The young king, who was dissolute and intemperate, inclined to the side of the traders, but was overruled by his mother, who favored the missionaries from the first ; and they were permitted to remain. These missionaries, and the others, who from time to time came to their aid, commenced, and have to this day steadily carried forward, a work, which may be divided into three parts. First, the preaching of the Gospel, with its consequences of moral sanctions and prohibitions. Secondly, their literary labors ; that is, the forming of an alphabet, and subsequently a grammar and dictionary, of the native language, and the translation into it of the most useful and popular books of our own tongue ; under this head, also, may be arranged their extended and most successful system of teaching the natives in schools, and by private instruction. The last division of their work, and for the most part, a result of the two former, is the improvement of the social condition of the natives. Under the direction of the missionaries, assisted by the society and its friends at home, implements of husbandry, manufactures, and mechanical labor have been introduced, and the natives taught and encouraged in the useful arts and trades. They have been taught the value of coins and of articles of commerce, and encouraged to engage in trade. Polygamy, intemperance, and licentiousness have been checked, and an improving social and political condition is manifest among them. The missionaries have also carried on these three branches of the benevolent operations simultaneously, and are not subject to the charge of giving undue attention to any one of them, to the neglect of the others.

The visible results of this threefold work may be stated in a few words, and present a surprising whole.

In May, 1840, twenty years after the first missionaries landed at the Islands, there were in the whole group, nineteen native Christian churches, numbering 18,450 communicants in good standing. Upwards of 800 natives have died, in full communion and profession of faith. There are nearly

6000 baptized children in the Islands, and, during the year 1840, there were 1200 Christian marriages, and 1700 baptisms. There are about 200 common schools, with 14,000 scholars, of whom 10,000 are able to read. Besides these common schools, there is a seminary for the education of native preachers, and a large number of boarding schools, both for boys and girls. These schools all owe their institution to the missionaries, and are taught either by the missionaries, or by persons educated under their care. Printing in the Hawaiian language is extensively done. It was begun by the missionaries, and is still carried on under the care and patronage of the American Board. During the year 1840 there were printed and bound in that language, upwards of 100,000 copies of books, treating upon all subjects; arithmetic, geography, general knowledge and science, the general laws and local regulations of the government, as well as the Scriptures, and works more strictly theological.* The plough has been introduced among the natives, and latterly the sugarcane and cotton have been planted, in addition to the other foreign products, which they had been previously taught to cultivate. Several stone meetinghouses have been built by the natives, and good houses are common. Roads and bridges are fast improving. A constitution and a complete code of laws are preparing, under the superintendence of an American gentleman, who was formerly a missionary, but resigned his office, in order that the mission might be disconnected entirely from the civil power. The books necessary for the compiling of this code were presented by the American Board.

To bring these facts to bear upon the point to which we called the author's and reader's attention, we say, confidently, that all this is to be attributed to the missionaries, who were sent out by the Christians of other lands, for the sole purpose of preaching the Gospel, and introducing the morals, arts, and cultivation that follow in its train. Nor is this all. It has been done, not only without the aid, but in spite of the resistance, of commerce.

Here we will ask attention to a few more facts, condensed as much as possible.

* The natives have now in their own language, printed and bound at the Islands, two compendiums of Geography, (Woodbridge's, and that which bears the name of Malte-Brun); works on arithmetic, algebra, geometry, navigation, and surveying; books of music; and a newspaper.

First ; it has been done without the assistance of commerce. (By commerce, here, we mean, of course, the influence of those engaged in commerce, and of the articles of trade introduced by it. There have latterly been a few friends and coöperators with the missionaries, among resident and transient traders ; but they have stood alone, have been classed with the missionaries, and have generally been persons who went to the Islands for the purpose of rendering aid and countenance to them, as traders and citizens. With this explanation and exception, we will proceed.) Commerce never made a letter of the native language, nor established any system of teaching, or publishing books. The missionaries caught every human sound that floated in the atmosphere, and gave it a sign ; made these signs into an alphabet ; made grammars and dictionaries ; introduced schools ; labored in teaching ; and printed the Scriptures, and books of general information and science. Commerce preached no Gospel, and established no church. The missionaries had that field, undisputed, to themselves. Commerce did little or nothing to improve the social condition of the natives, or to instruct them in the trades, arts, or labors of civilized life. Whatever of these things the whites had or knew, they kept mostly to themselves. The missionaries taught the natives agriculture, science, and the mechanic arts. Commerce gave them no laws. The missionaries instructed their chiefs in legal science, and assisted them in forming a constitution and a criminal and civil code.

Secondly ; the great work, some parts of which we have detailed, has been carried on against the opposition of commerce. Here we have a graver subject and a more disagreeable picture to present. The foreign traders, resident and transient, opposed the first settlement of the missionaries, and they were permitted to remain by the native authorities against this opposition. Commerce brought ardent spirits, and all other deadly articles of traffic, and these formed the chief trade with the natives. The missionaries preached temperance, and under the gospel-influence some laws were enacted against selling or drinking ardent spirits, and for many years the Sandwich Islands presented the interesting spectacle of a half-civilized people struggling to maintain temperance and good order against the efforts of foreign residents among them, and the example of masters and seamen of vessels

coming from Christian countries. The only serious obstacle to the supremacy of temperance and the entire exclusion of ardent spirit, was from the open opposition and secret enticements of the foreign traders, resident and transient, — from commerce and her carriers. Notwithstanding that the laws prohibited even the importation of ardent spirits, cargoes after cargoes of it were sent from America to be smuggled into the country, or to be landed in open defiance of the laws, and sold in the grog-shops and eating-houses kept solely by whites.

The missionaries preached chastity, and under the influence of the Gospel, laws were made against licentiousness, and especially the intercourse of women with the shipping, before that time universally carried on. These laws were vehemently and violently opposed by the emissaries of commerce. They had heretofore enjoyed entire license in this respect, and masters and traders, transiently visiting the Islands, came with their evil inclinations inflamed by the representations of former visitors, and were indignant at their disappointment. In one instance a ship's company came ashore, demanding liquor and women. Neither were to be had. They returned on board, threatening violence ; and soon afterwards landed again to execute it. The natives sent their women into the mountains for protection, and after searching the town with fearful oaths and horrible language, the sailors attacked the house of the missionary. The wife of the missionary would not leave her post, and the house was defended by the natives, armed with muskets and lances. Being repulsed, the seamen went on board, and the ship cannonaded the house for some time. One of the balls is now in the keeping of the Missionary Society. Several scenes like this occurred at different places, in one of which a naval officer of the United States was concerned. Evidence of this is now in the national archives at Washington. As this officer was disgraced sufficiently at the time, and has felt the effects of his conduct in his profession, we will not mention his name. Matters came to such a state, that the United States government despatched the sloop-of-war *Vincennes*, with a letter to the King, censuring the conduct of the American citizens engaged in the affrays, and declaring them deserving of punishment under the laws of their own country. The stand taken by Captain Finch, of the *Vincennes*, and the exam-

ple set by him, added to the letter of the President, checked and humbled the violence of the rioters. At the same time the American Board published the names of the traders and masters of vessels engaged in the riots and breach of the laws, and also of the merchants in America, who persisted in sending into that country the prohibited cargoes. This completed the triumph of the efforts of the natives after good order and morals ; and in a few years the Sandwich Islands were perhaps the most temperate colony on the globe.

Our readers are aware, that the French government has forced upon the Sandwich Islanders, at the cannon's mouth, a treaty, which allows the importation and sale of French brandies.* This clause, we are informed, was introduced at the suggestion of French commercial residents and visitors ; and the French consul is now a great trader in that liquor. It yet remains to be seen whether the temperance of the poor Islanders will survive this shock ; and we leave it to persons more fond of statistics than ourselves, to compute the gallons of brandy that will be imported into the Islands, under that clause, by our own merchants of Boston, New York, and Baltimore.

It is well known, that the combined influence of ardent spirits introduced by commerce, and of that dreadful disease brought in by her emissaries, is now fast sweeping off the native population. In some districts where the influence of the Gospel has predominated, this depopulation has been arrested. Thus much is certain. If the native population is swept away, it will be owing to the intemperance and diseases brought in by commerce. If the depopulation is checked, it will be by the happy effects of the labors of Christian missionaries, in counteracting the evil effects of commerce.

Such has been the comparative history of commerce and of Christian missions at the Sandwich Islands. Yet, though commerce has been there the enemy of Christianity, Christianity is no enemy to commerce. Under the better state of things at the Islands, brought about by the Gospel, a nobler commerce has sprung up. The influence of law and order, and of public opinion both there and at home, has been felt, and a chastened and subdued commerce is now the best ally of Christianity. Public opinion is setting

* See *North American Review*, Vol. LI. pp. 503 *et seq.*

strongly in favor of the missions and the native laws ; and the testimony of naval commanders, both of England and America, and of their whole corps of officers and of other unprejudiced visiters, constantly and voluntarily given, to their advantage, * has been instrumental in changing that current which had before been directed by those interested in the commerce of the Islands, and who had the public ear almost exclusively to themselves.

We wish our limits would allow us to lay before the reader an outline of the history of commerce in other barbarous and half-civilized regions. But we must forbear. If his attention is awakened in this matter, he will allow us to refer him to Howitt's excellent work on that subject, and to the Report of the select committee of the House of Commons, appointed February, 1836, "to consider what measures ought to be adopted with regard to the native inhabitants of countries where British settlements are made, in order to secure to them the due observance of justice, and the protection of their rights ; to promote the spread of civilization among them, and to lead them to the peaceful and voluntary reception of the Christian religion." These works, and others of undoubted authority, will disclose, with here and there exceptions, a course of violence, corruption, and fraud, in the dealings and conduct of the emissaries of commerce, in Africa, India, Sumatra, the islands of the North and South Pacific, and the Northwest Coast of America, which will be almost incredible to the reader. Thus much they seem to establish conclusively ; that the notion of commerce and civilization first, and the Gospel afterwards, is fallacious ; that the Gospel saves the natives from their own violence and evil habits, and guards them against those of their visiters ; and that the early and immediate intervention and encouragement of teachers of the Gospel, is essential to the salvation, temporal as well as spiritual, of these poor people, for whom the whites must render a strict account ; and that the injunction, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you," is not yet overruled.

Where missionaries are, commerce may be carried on peacefully and safely ; where the Gospel has never been,

* See Letters of Captain Jones, of the *Peacock* ; of Captain Gambier, R. N. ; and of the officers of our Exploring Expedition.

commerce is synonymous with vice and bloodshed. Missionaries have resided safely, where no flag would have protected the merchant or sailor ; and many a mariner, coasting along a newly discovered island, doubting if he may enter in peace, or at all, — let him but catch a glimpse of the neat cottage and garden plat of the missionary, and he lands fearlessly, not doubting that he shall meet with a peaceful, honest, and well-ordered people.

We owe an apology to the reader and to our author for this long digression. We have made it hoping it might do good, and because we feel bound on every occasion to protest against a notion so often advanced by the unthinking or the ill-disposed. We repeat, that we do not think the author would disparage the efforts of Christian missionaries, or that he intended to do so in this instance ; for his kindness of heart, and the moral tone of his feelings, as expressed in this book, will not fail to strike the reader forcibly. In conclusion, he will allow us to express our sympathy in his various fortunes ; our admiration of his perseverance, enterprise, and courage ; our best wishes for the success of his excellent book ; and our hope, that he may find much comfort, to use his own words, in the “remaining years, or months, or days, [may they be many,] that are allotted him on earth.”

ART. VII. — 1. *An Essay on Mind, with other Poems.* London. 1826.

2. *Prometheus Bound*, translated from the Greek of ÆSCHYLUS, and *Miscellaneous Poems*, by the Translator, Author of an “*Essay on Mind*,” with other Poems. London. 1833.

3. *The Seraphim, and other Poems.* By ELIZABETH B. BARRETT, Author of a Translation of the “*Prometheus Bound*,” &c. London. 1838.

4. *Poetry for the People, and other Poems.* By RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES. London. 1840.

5. *The Poetical Works of JOHN STERLING.* First American Edition. Philadelphia. 1842.

6. *Miscellaneous Verses* by SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS

DOYLE, Bart., Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford.
Second Edition. London. 1841.

To win name and praise as a poet, is a task of more difficulty now than it once was. The stock of good poetry being constantly on the increase, the standard of taste is insensibly raised, and the fresh crops which are reaped, year after year, from Parnassian fields, are less and less eagerly sought for and hang more heavily upon the producer's hands. One of the fathers of the church calls poetry, "the devil's wine"; and, to push the image a little further, he who has already laid in a sufficient store of this sparkling juice of the brain, of the most approved brands, will feel no great curiosity to try the flavor of the new vintages. Poetry, which a hundred years ago would have secured to its writer a place in Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," and sundry paragraphs of grandiloquent and well-poised criticism, is now born, and "dies, and makes no sign." Every year sends forth one or more volumes of poems, of decided though not of the highest merit, marked by originality and sometimes depth of thought, truth and dignity of sentiment, refinement of feeling, and scholarlike grace of style; but they find few buyers and few readers. They, who have a fancy to seek their favorites among the comparatively unknown and neglected, can find ample room for their eccentric benevolence, and, when summoned before the court of taste to give a reason for the poetical faith that is in them, and to show cause why they should not be written down more fantastic than wise, there will be no lack of arguments to sustain their choice, and they will be able to make out a defence, which will surprise if not convince those of the most orthodox persuasion in such matters. He, who is repelled by the poem that everybody reads, and questions the merit that has the bad eminence of popularity, can take to his heart the modest singer, who has never flaunted in the hot blaze of general favor, and the dewy freshness of whose verse has never been soiled by the breath of public applause; and can read with a feeling, akin to the pleasure of a first discoverer, poetry, which, though in print, is almost "as good as manuscript."

The volumes, whose titles we have placed at the head of this article and which are now lying before us, have suggested

the above train of reflections. In turning over their leaves and recognising in all of them more or less of the essential elements of true poetry, we have thought with a sort of half-sigh, that their authors were born too late, and had fallen upon a generation somewhat cloyed with the delicate food of verse, and that their tones of music, though sweet and of the heart's spontaneous birth, faintly struggled through the multitudinous hum of busy life and awoke but few and feeble echoes. Poetry is, to be sure, or ought to be, its own exceeding great reward, and to deserve the prize is as good as to win it; but fame is a cordial to whose invigorating qualities no one can be insensible, and it is hard, that he, who has gallantly gone through the heat and dust of the contest, should miss the laurel of success. In the mood of mind to which thoughts like these led us, it seemed to be a kindly office to bring the claims of these writers before our own public, so far as could be done through the medium of our journal, a hearing with which they have not heretofore been favored, with the single exception of Mr. Sterling, whose volume has been reprinted in Philadelphia. We have therefore made a liberal selection from the flowers of verse, which bloom through these volumes, with no more of our own prose than may serve as a thread to tie them together.

The first three volumes on our list are written by Miss Elizabeth B. Barrett, to whom we give the first place, as due alike to the prerogative of her sex, and to the amount of her contributions. In regard to this lady, it is not in our power to gratify that curiosity which is felt, naturally enough, by readers, to know some personal details of the writer whose works they read. We are ignorant of her lineage, her education, her tastes, and (last not least, where a lady is concerned,) her personal attractions. We know nothing more of her, than can be gathered from her poetry, except the solitary fact, which we have heard on good authority, that her first volume was published when the writer was but seventeen years old; and, as that bears the year eighteen hundred and twenty-five upon the title-page, a shrewd guess may be given as to her age at the present time.

The principal poem in this volume is an "Essay on Mind," occupying some ninety pages. Viewing this as the production of a young lady of sixteen or seventeen, it is a remarkable, nay, an extraordinary performance, to which

the records of early genius can furnish very few parallels. It is a metaphysical and reflective poem, showing uncommon power of patient and discriminating thought, a wide range of reading, and a ripe judgment. The versification is easy and vigorous. It blends together, in a very happy combination, the forms of philosophic thought and the vivid hues of poetical fancy. It is especially remarkable for its freedom from any of those morbid elements, which are so apt to be attendant upon precocity of genius, especially in women. There is no exaggeration of personal feeling, no overwrought sensibility, no extravagance of thought and expression, and no sickly melancholy. It seems to be written by one whose mind had been healthily and naturally developed, and whose symmetry had not been impaired by rapid growth. To justify our commendations we quote two passages, one from the first, and the other from the second book.

“ Let Gibbon’s name be traced, in sorrow, here, —
 Too great to spurn, too little to revere !
 Who followed Reason, yet forgot her laws,
 And found all causes, but the ‘ First Great Cause ’ ;
 The paths of time, with guideless footsteps trod,
 Blind to the light of Nature and of God.
 Deaf to the voice, amid the past’s dread hour,
 Which sounds His praise and chronicles His power !
 In vain for *him* was Truth’s fair tablet spread,
 When Prejudice, with jaundiced organs, read ;
 In vain for *us* the polished periods flow,
 The fancy kindles, and the pages glow ;
 When, one bright hour and startling transport past,
 The musing soul must turn, — to sigh at last.” — p. 22.

* * * * *

“ Shun not the haunts of crowded cities, then,
 Nor e’er, as man, forget to study men !
 What though the tumult of the town intrude
 On the deep silence and the lofty mood ;
 ’T will make thy human sympathies rejoice,
 To hear the music of a human voice, —
 To watch strange vows by various reason wrought,
 To claim the interchange of thought with thought ;
 To associate mind with mind, for mind’s own weal,
 As steel is ever sharpened best by steel.

To impassioned bards, the scenic world is dear,
 But Nature's glorious master-piece is here !
 All poetry is beauty, but expressed
 In inward essence, not in outward vest.
 Hence lovely scenes, reflective poets find,
 Awake their lovelier images in mind ;
 Nor doth the pictured earth the bard invite,
 The lake of azure, or the heaven of light,
 But that his swelling breast arouses there
 Something less visible, and much more fair !
 There is a music in the landscape round,
 A silent voice, that speaks without a sound ; —
 A witching spirit, that reposing near
 Breathes to the heart, but comes not to the ear !
 These softly steal, his kindling soul t' embrace,
 And natural beauty gild with moral grace.
 Think not, when Summer breezes tell their tale,
 The poet's thoughts are with the Summer gale,
 Think not his Fancy builds her elfin dream
 On painted floweret, or on sighing stream ;
 No single objects cause his raptured starts,
 For mind is narrowed, not inspired, by parts ;
 But o'er the scene the poet's spirit broods,
 To warm the thoughts that form his noblest moods ;
 Peopling his solitude with faëry play,
 And beckoning shapes that whisper him away, —
 Where lilled fields, and hedgerow blossoms white,
 And hill and glittering streams, are full in sight, —
 The forests wave, the joyous sun beguiles,
 And all the poetry of Nature smiles." — pp. 71–73.

This volume contains also several smaller poems, many of which are pleasing from the truth and beauty of feeling which they express, but no one is of high literary merit.

Eight years later, appeared a second slender volume, containing a translation of "*Prometheus Bound*," and several miscellaneous poems. The version of the great work of *Æschylus*, a daring enterprise for a young lady, and one which could not have been attempted, without a degree of learning highly creditable to her industry and perseverance, is not a very successful one. The style is stiff and meagre, and the versification hard and ungraceful. The language wants flowing ease, and the rhythm of her lines does not satisfy the ear. We like her preface much better than the

work it introduces. That is written in vigorous and manly prose, and shows a power of independent thought, discriminating criticism, and a good deal of masculine learning, if the ladies will pardon us the expression; we mean by it, that kind of learning usually monopolized by gentlemen. The miscellaneous poems in this volume are of unequal merit. Some of them, particularly "The Tempest," the longest one, are defaced by those peculiar faults of thought and expression, which become more striking in her later and more ambitious poems; a want of simplicity in the conceptions, and of precision in the style; an overwrought intensity in describing what is seen and felt, a love of what is mystical and obscure, a sort of wayward preference of dark to light, and an exaggerated tone of coloring, which seeks for something that shall be blacker than black, and whiter than white. A few extracts will explain what we mean.

"Farewell the elemental war! farewell
The clashing of the *shielded* clouds, — the cry
Of *scathèd* echoes! I no longer knew
Silence from sound, but wandered far away
Into the *deep Eleusis of my heart*,
To learn its secret things."

* * * * *

"Within me was a nameless thought; it closed
The Janus of my soul on echoing hinge,
And said 'Peace!' with a voice like War's."

* * * * *

"Day came at last; her light showed gray and sad
As *hatched* by tempest, and could scarce prevail
Over the shaggy forest to imprint
Its outline on the sky, — expressionless,
Almost sans shadow as sans radiance;
An idiocy of light."

The following lines are part of an apostrophe to Death.

"Thou, who art Life's betrothed, and bearest her forth
To scare her with sad sights, — who hast thy joy
Where'er the peopled towns are dumb with plague, —
Where'er the battle and the vulture meet, —
Where'er the deep sea *writhes like Laocoon*
Beneath the serpent winds, and vessels split

On secret rocks, and men go gurgling down,
Down, down, to lose their shriekings in the depth."

But enough of this ungenial employment of chronicling faults, and putting mistakes into a frame and hanging them up, that they may be the better seen. We gladly turn to the more amiable office of quoting what we may conscientiously commend. From a poem addressed "To a Poet's Child," we extract some pleasing stanzas, in which the tone of sentiment reveals, that she had already, like so many of her tuneful tribe, begun to feel the burden and the mystery of life, and to learn in sorrow what she taught in song.

" 'T is well ! I would not doom thy years
Of golden prime, to only tears.
Fair girl ! 't were better that thine eyes
Should find a joy in summer skies.

" As if their sun were on thy fate,
Be happy ; strive not to be great ;
And go not from thy kind apart,
With lofty soul and stricken heart.

" Think not too deeply ; shallow thought,
Like open rills, is ever sought
By light and flowers ; while fountains deep
Amid the rocks and shadows sleep.

" Feel not too warmly ; lest thou be
Too like Cyrene's waters free,
Which burn at night, when all around
In darkness and in chill is found.

" Touch not the harp to win the wreath ;
Its tone is fame, its echo death !
The wreath may like the laurel grow,
Yet turns to cypress on the brow ! "

" And, as a flame springs clear and bright,
Yet leaveth ashes 'stead of light,
So genius (fatal gift) is doomed
To leave the heart it fired, consumed."

" For thee, for thee, thou orphaned one,
I make an humble orison !
Love all the world ; and ever dream
That all are true who truly seem.

“ Forget! for, so, ’t will move thee not,
Or lightly move, to be forgot!
Be streams thy music; hills thy mirth;
Thy chiefest light, the household hearth.

“ So, when grief plays her natural part,
And visiteth thy quiet heart,
Shall all the clouds of grief be seen
To show a sky of hope between.

“ So, when thy beauty senseless lies,
No sculptured urn shall o’er thee rise;
But gentle eyes shall weep at will,
Such tears as hearts like thine distill.”

— pp. 119 – 121.

This volume contains a remarkable poem on “ Life and Death,” from which we would gladly quote, but it is too long to extract entire, and any thing less than the whole would not give an adequate impression of it.

The third and last of Miss Barrett’s volumes was published in eighteen hundred and thirty-eight, and contains more of original poetry than both of the former ones. In comparing this volume with the first, we can perceive that in the thirteen years which separate them, her mind has gone through essential changes, which are not in all respects for the better. There is more fertility of invention, more luxuriance of fancy, more boldness and originality of thought, a more expanded poetical horizon, brighter visions of beauty, and tones of more impassioned music. The susceptible girl has ripened into the woman of deep feeling, tremulous sensibility, and a nature in which we see the sunlight of religion struggling through the dark clouds of native melancholy, and tinging their edges with hues of heavenly purple and gold. But in regard to good sense, pure taste, sound judgment, stern resolution to blot, and patient continuance in correction, there has been by no means a commensurate progress. Flaunting and unprofitable weeds shoot up side by side with flowers, whose colors and fragrance have been fed by the choicest dews of Castalia. The steadiness of her flight bears no proportion to the vigor of her wing. Her great defect is a certain lawless extravagance, which delights in the wild, the mystic, the wonderful; which blends into the same group the most discordant images, and hurries her into a dim cloud-land far remote from human sympathies, and where the eye aches in attempting to follow

her. There is a profusion of dazzling and glittering phraseology, as if a multitude of brave words had been hurled into the air and fallen confusedly upon the page. The firm earth seems to roll away from under our feet, and we are tossed upon a restless sea of fantastic imagery till the brain reels. In her wish to avoid what is prosaic, tame, and commonplace, she passes into the opposite extreme, and mistaking reverse of wrong for right, accumulates image upon image, and lavishes with too profuse a hand her poetical vocabulary, gilding refined gold, and painting the lily. She forgets, that, in the mental as well as the material world, the fairest region of poetical beauty and fertility is to be found equally distant from all extremes, and that the South pole is no less cold and icy than the North. Without undertaking to say what is the difference between poetry and prose, without assenting to or denying Coleridge's distinction, that "prose is proper words in proper places, and poetry the best words in the best places," it is unquestionably true, that they have many things in common; that, in both, precision of thought and simplicity of language are essential to success, and that he, who would write either with effect, must first know exactly what he wants to say, and then say it.

"The Seraphim," the longest poem in the volume, is a lyrical drama, in which an attempt is made to express the emotions which may be supposed to be awakened in seraphic natures by the spectacle of the Crucifixion; an awful theme, which would task the highest powers, and from which the highest powers would do well to recoil. After carefully reading this poem, aided by the comment and explanation which the author herself has given in her Preface, we can only say, and that too without going into an analysis of it, or giving copious extracts to justify our criticism, that it appears to us an unqualified failure. Not that it is a feeble or commonplace performance; on the contrary, it contains ample evidence of great poetical powers; but it is not a great poem, and fails entirely in producing (at least upon us) the effect which the author must have proposed to herself in writing it.

"The Poet's Vow," and the "Romaunt of Marget," were written (as we are told in the Preface), the former, to enforce the truth, that the creature cannot be *isolated* from the creature; and the latter, that the creature cannot be *sustained* by the creature. These are certainly remarkable

poems, and show the shaping spirit of imagination, especially the former one, in a very high degree. No one can read them without feeling himself to be in the presence of an extraordinary mind. A very rich vein of pure poetry runs through them, and they reveal an affluence of imagery, which grows richer by what it spends. But they do not interest the human sympathies. They do not belong to that class of poetry, which is read and re-read till it twines itself spontaneously round the memory. A light like that of wintry moons plays round them, beautiful, but cold. They people the airy realms of the imagination with forms of visionary grace, but they do not touch the pulses of the heart. The warm breath of life does not animate their sculptured beauty.

From "Isabel's Child," a poem of singular originality of conception and impassioned depth of feeling, we extract a passage, suggested by an infant sleeping upon its mother's arm, and marked by some of her characteristic excellences and defects.

" 'T is aye a solemn thing to me
To look upon a babe that sleeps, —
Wearing in its spirit-deeps
The unrevealèd mystery
Of its Adam's taint and woe,
Which, when they revealèd be,
Will not let it slumber so !
Lying new in life beneath
The shadow of the coming death
With that low, soft, quiet breath,
As it felt the sun ! —
Knowing all things by their blooms,
Not their roots ! — yea, sun and sky,
Only by the warmth that comes
Out of each ! earth, only by
The pleasant hues that o'er it run !

* * * * *

All which broken sentiency
Will gather, and unite, and climb
To an immortality
Good or evil, each sublime,
Through life and death to life again ! —
O little lids, now closèd fast !
Must ye learn to drop at last
Our large and burning tears ? —

O warm, quick body ! must thou lie,
 When is done the round of years,
 Bare of all the joy and pain,
 Dust in dust, — thy place upgiving
 To creeping worms in sentient living ?
 O small, frail being ! wilt thou stand
 At God's right hand ; —
 Lifting up those sleeping eyes,
 Dilated by sublimest destinies
 In endless waking ? Thrones and Seraphim
 Through the long ranks of their solemnities
 Sunning thee with calm looks of Heaven's surprise, —
Thy look alone on *Him* ? —
 Or else, self-willed to the Godless place,
 (God keep thy will,) feel thine own energies,
 Cold, strong, objectless, like a dead man's clasp,
 The sleepless, deathless life within thee, grasp ?
 While myriad faces like one changeless face,
 With woe *not love's*, shall glass thee everywhere,
 And overcome thee with thine own despair.”
 pp. 145 – 148.

From “ The Island,” a poem which gives utterance to that vague longing for the wings of a dove to flee away and be at rest, which all poetic natures are conscious of at times, we extract some fanciful and feeling stanzas.

“ No sod in all that island hath
 Been opened for the dead, —
 No island wind hath borne a sound
 Of sorrow utterèd, —
 We cannot say by water clear
 Or spreading tree, — ‘ I suffered *here*.’

“ Our only ‘ farewell ’ shall be breathed
 Toward the setting light,
 When every star by day concealed
 Will make us welcome night :
 Our only use of tears, — t’ express
 The sense of too much happiness.

“ Our fancies shall their plumage take
 From fairest island birds,
 That shine and dart from earth to heaven !
 And then, in turn, our words
 Unconsciously shall take the dyes
 Of those encolored fantasies.

" Yea! soon, no consonant unsmooth
 Our smile-tuned lips shall reach,
 But softer than Hellenic sounds
 Shall glide into our speech, —
 (What music did you ever find
 So soft as voices glad and kind?)

" And often, by the joy without
 And in us overwrought,
 We shall sit voicelessly, and read
 Such poems in our thought
 As Pindar might have writ, if he
 Had tended sheep in Arcady!

" Or Æschylus, — the pleasant fields
 He died in, longer knowing, —
 Or Homer, had he heard no tone
 More loud than Meles' flowing, —
 Or poet Plato, had th' undim
 Unsetting Godlight broke on him.

" Choose me the loftiest cave of all
 To make a place for prayer;
 And I will choose a praying voice
 To pour our spirits there.
 How silverly the echoes run, —
Thy will be done, — thy will be done!"

— pp. 192 – 195.

We have been much pleased with the verses entitled " My Doves," both for their many beautiful images and expressions, and for the tenderness and truth of sentiment which run through them.

" MY DOVES.

" " O Weisheit! Du red'st wie eine Taube!" — GOETHE.

" My little doves have left a nest
 Upon an Indian tree,
 Whose leaves fantastic take their rest
 Or motion from the sea:
 For, ever there, the sea winds go
 With sunlit paces, to and fro.

" The tropic flowers looked up to it,
 The tropic stars looked down:
 And there my little doves did sit,
 With feathers softly brown,
 And glittering eyes, that showed their right
 To general Nature's deep delight.

“ And God them taught, at every close
Of water far, and wind
And lifted leaf, to interpose
Their chanting voices kind ;
Interpreting that love must be
The meaning of the earth and sea.

“ Fit ministers ! of living loves,
Theirs has the calmest sound, —
Their living voice the likeliest moves
To lifeless noises round, —
In such sweet monotone as clings
To music of insensate things !

“ My little doves were ta'en away
From that glad nest of theirs,
Across an ocean foaming aye,
And tempest-clouded airs,
My little doves ! — who lately knew
The sky and wave, by warmth and blue.

“ And now within the city prison
In mist and chillness pent,
With sudden upward look they listen
For sounds of past content, —
For lapse of water, swell of breeze,
Or nut-fruit falling from the trees.

“ The stir without the glow of passion, —
The triumph of the mart, —
The gold and silver's dreary clashing
With man's metallic heart, —
The wheelèd pomp, the pauper tread, —
These only sounds are heard instead.

“ Yet still, as on my human hand
Their fearless heads they lean,
And almost seem to understand
What human musings mean, —
(With such a plaintive gaze their eyne
Are fastened upwardly to mine !)

“ Their chant is soft as on the nest,
Beneath the sunny sky ;
For love that stirrèd in their breast
Remains undyingly,
And, 'neath the city's shade, can keep
The well of music clear and deep.

- " And love that keeps the music, fills
 With pastoral memories !
 All echoings from out the hills,
 All droppings from the skies,
 All flowings from the wave and wind,
 Remembered in their chant I find.
- " So teach ye me the wisest part,
 My little doves ! to move
 Along the city ways, with heart
 Assured by holy love,
 And vocal with such songs as own
 A fountain to the world unknown.
- " 'T was hard to sing by Babel's stream, —
 More hard, in Babel's street !
 But if the soulless creatures deem
 Their music not unmeet
 For sunless walls, — let us begin,
 Who wear immortal wings within.
- " To me fair memories belong
 Of scenes that erst did bless ;
 For no regret, — but present song,
 And lasting thankfulness, —
 And very soon to break away,
 Like types, in purer things than they.
- " I will have hopes that cannot fade,
 For flowers the valley yields, —
 I will have humble thoughts instead
 Of silent, dewy fields !
 My spirit and my God shall be
 My seaward hill, my boundless sea."

— pp. 301 – 306.

The following poem has merit both of thought and expression, though a little overstated.

" THE SLEEP.

" ' He giveth His beloved sleep.' "

PSALM CXXVII. ver. 2d.

- " Of all the thoughts of God, that are
 Borne inward into souls afar,
 Along the Psalmist's music deep, —
 Now tell me if that any is,
 For gift or grace, surpassing this, —
 ' He giveth His beloved sleep.'

“ What would we give to our beloved ?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved, —
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep, —
The senate's shout to patriot vows, —
The monarch's crown, to light the brows ? —
' He giveth His beloved sleep.'

“ What do we give to our beloved ?
A little faith, all undisproved, —
A little dust, to overweep, —
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake !
' He giveth His beloved sleep.'

“ ‘ Sleep soft, beloved,’ we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams, that through the eyelids creep :
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
' He giveth His beloved sleep.'

“ O earth, so full of dreary noises !
O men, with wailing in your voices !
O delvèd gold, the wailers heap !
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall !
God makes a silence through you all,
And ‘ giveth His beloved sleep.’

“ His dews drop mutely on the hill ;
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men toil and reap !
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
' He giveth His beloved sleep.’

“ Yea ! men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
In such a rest his heart to keep ;
But angels say, — and through the word
I ween their blessed smile is *heard*,
' He giveth His beloved sleep.’

“ For me, my heart that erst did go
More like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the juggler's leap, —
Would now its weary vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose
Who ‘ giveth His beloved sleep.’

“And friends, dear friends, — when it shall be
 That this low breath is gone from me,
 And round my bier ye come to weep,
 Let one, most loving of you all,
 Say ‘Not a tear must o’er her fall, —
 ‘He giveth His beloved sleep!’”

We have seen a manuscript poem of Miss Barrett's (whether it has ever been printed or not, we cannot say), which, on the whole, we prefer to any thing of hers which we have read in print. In spite of a few prettinesses, it is a poem of exquisite beauty, and as airy and delicate a creation of the fancy, as if Queen Mab herself had presided at the loom in which it was woven. It is a lavish and luxurious display of poetical wealth. Its entireness and completeness, the wonderful truth and keeping of the picture show that power of vivid conception, and of infusing her own soul into the body of her subject, and becoming a part of it, which are unerring marks of the true poet. We should think it had been written by

“some gay creature of the elements,
 That in the colors of the rainbow lives,
 And plays in the plighted clouds.”

It is as full of the sights and sounds of the upper deep, as Ariel's song in the “*Tempest*” is of those of the lower. Every thing seems to have suffered a cloud change. It naturally suggests a comparison with Shelley's fine lines “*To a Cloud*,” but is altogether more to our taste.

“THE HOUSE OF CLOUDS.

“I would build a cloudy house,
 For my thoughts to live in,
 When for earth too fancy-loose,
 And too low for heaven;
 I sleep and talk my dream aloud, —
 I build it fair to see, —
 I build it of the moonlit cloud,
 To which I looked with *thee*.

“Cloud-walls of the morning's gray,
 Faced with amber column, —
 Crowned with crimson cupola,
 From a sunset solemn, —

Casements from the valley fetch,
May-mists glimmering ! —
With a sunbeam hid in each,
And a smell of spring.

“ Build the entrance high and proud,
Darkening and eke brightening,
Of a riven thunder-cloud,
Veinèd with the lightning.
Use one with an iris-stain
For the door within,
Turning with a sound like rain
As you enter in.

“ Enter a broad hall thereby,
Walled with cloudy whiteness, —
'T is a blue place in the sky,
Wind-worked into brightness.
Whence corridors, and stair degrees,
So brightly wind away,
That children wish, upon their knees,
They walkèd where they pray.

“ Be my chamber tapestried
With the showers of summer,
Close and silent, — glorified,
When the sunbeams come there. —
Wandering harpers, — harping on
Every drop as such,
Drawing colors for a tune,
Measured to the touch. —

“ Bring a shadow green and still,
From the chestnut forest, —
Bring a purple from the hill,
When the heat is sorest, —
Spread them wide from wall to wall,
Carpet-wove around, —
And thereupon the foot shall fall,
In light instead of sound.

“ Bring the gray cloud from the east,
Where the lark was singing,
Something of the song, at least,
Unlost in the bringing, —
And *that* shall be a morning chair,
For poet-dreams, — when with them
No verse-constraint, the floating air
Their only, lovely rhythm.

"Bring the red cloud from the sun, —
While he sinketh, catch it, —
That shall be a couch, — with one
Sidelong star to watch it, —
Prepared for poet's finest thought
At curfew hour to lean, —
When things invisible are brought
More near him than the seen.

"Poet's thought, — not poet's sigh,
Alas! they come together!
The cloudy walls divide and fly,
As if in April weather, —
Stair, corridor, and column proud,
My chamber bright to see, —
All pass! except that moonlit cloud,
To which I looked with *thee*.

"Let them, — wipe such visionings
From the Fancy's cartel!
Love secures some fairest things,
And dowers with his immortal!
Moons, suns may darken, — heaven be bowed, —
But here unchanged shall be, —
Here, in my soul, — that moonlit cloud,
To which I looked with *thee*."

We have spoken before of Miss Barrett's learning, which is extensive and curious. She has evidently read many strange books, such as cross the path of few men, and still fewer women. She is the writer of a series of papers recently published in the "London Athenæum," on the Greek Christian poets, with translations, which are remarkable, not only for their recondite learning, but for the half sportive and half solemn way in which she treats her subject. Her prose is nearly as characteristic and peculiar as her poetry. We should be glad to make some extracts from it, as well as from the poetical translations, but we have left ourselves no room.

We take leave of Miss Barrett with an expression of sincere admiration for her genius, her learning, and the tone of moral and religious feeling, which elevates and sanctifies her poetry. If we have spoken plainly of her faults, it is because she can bear it. She has great gifts, and can do better things than she has yet done, if she will chastise the lawless

extravagance of her genius, beget in the whirlwind of her inspiration a temperance that shall give it smoothness, and let in the light of day upon those mazy and mystic labyrinths of thought in which she delights to lose herself and bewilders her readers. Her faults are excesses and not defects, overflowings and not short-comings, the wild fertility of a too luxuriant, and not the hunger-bitten poverty of a meagre soil. Let her remember, that lawlessness is but another name for feebleness ; that extravagance is not power ; that to be obscure is not to be profound ; to be mystical is not to be sublime ; and that genius, in its highest flight of ecstasy, "with all its robes and singing garlands about it," must be guided and controlled by a law as unslumbering and unerring as that which brings back the comet to its perihelion from the far depths of infinite space.

Mr. Milnes is the author of two volumes of poetry, which were published four or five years ago, and were noticed in a former number of our journal.* He has improved since that time. He has opened a deeper vein of thought, his verse flows with more ease and grace, and he has poured a warmer and mellower atmosphere of poetry over his page. His poems are of that kind, which one is willing to praise and reluctant to condemn, on account of their truth and dignity of sentiment, their just and pure feeling, their right-mindedness and right-heartedness, if we may be allowed the expression. He has looked upon life in an observant and meditative spirit, and from the "common shows of earth and sky" has drawn the elements of truth and beauty ; and, in the coarse interests of the every-day world, he has seen that poetical aspect, which presents itself only to the gifted eye. His poetry is the poetry of reflection and not of passion, and is a transcript of trains of thought rather than of moods of feeling ; nor does it abound with the element of the purely picturesque. It commends itself by a certain thoughtful elegance, a pure and correct tone of feeling, a delicate spirit of observation, and a scholarlike grace of style. To the endowments of a great poet, the life-giving breath of inspiration, the creative power of genius, that soars into the highest heaven of invention, and subdues, melts, and moulds the heart

* See *North American Review*, Vol. XLIX., pp. 348 *et seq.*

at will, he can hardly lay claim ; but he may justly aspire to no mean rank among those poets, whose aim it has been to make men happier and wiser by their thoughts and their affections ; who have drawn “ that wisdom, which is love,” from the many-colored scenes of life, and who have found the seeds of poetry springing in the furrows of the common heart and mind. He is fully as much of a philosopher as of a poet, and the interest and value of his poetry are derived as much from the thoughtful spirit, which breathes through it, as from the more strictly poetical element. Nor does he escape the faults to which poetry of this class is exposed. He is sometimes tame and monotonous, dwelling too much upon particulars and details, and giving to his subject an injudicious expansion ; and sometimes he clothes in the form and body of verse what is essentially prosaic, and what, by no change of garb, can be made otherwise.

Among the contents of this volume we have been most struck with the specimens of “ Poetry for the People,” though we think that there is something of a misnomer in the title. It is poetry awakened in a well-endowed and thoughtful mind by a view of the common lot of humanity ; the temptations, the perils, the recompenses, the joys and sorrows of those, whose heritage is daily toil ; but it is not of a kind calculated to hit the general mind between wind and water. It is not sufficiently vivid, condensed, and picturesque. It is thoughtful poetry, and its delicate flavor, like that of claret wine and olives, is only to be appreciated by a taste formed by training and cultivation. Poetry for the people is to be found in the songs of Burns, the lyrics of Campbell, and the electric energy of Byron. But, be this as it may, it is poetry of the true stamp, marked by manly and original thought, clothed in vigorous and graceful verse. We like it, too, for its genial sympathy with humanity, which is the more to be commended in one of Mr. Milnes's rank and situation in life ; a man of fortune, a member of Parliament, a conservative in politics, the favored child of circumstance and chance. It is much to his credit, that, by the natural movements of his own mind, he has come to results to which most men arrive through suffering and struggle ; and that prosperity has not hardened his heart, or deadened his sympathy. We copy two of these poems, which we are sure will commend themselves to the taste of our readers.

" THE PATIENCE OF THE POOR.

- " When leisurely the man of ease
His morning's daily course begins,
And round him in bright circle sees
The comforts Independence wins,
He seems unto himself to hold
An uncontested natural right
In Life a volume to unfold
Of simple, ever-new delight.
- " And if, before the evening close,
The hours their rainbow wings let fall,
And sorrow shakes his bland repose,
And too continuous pleasures pall,
He murmurs, as if Nature broke
Some promise plighted at his birth,
In bending him beneath the yoke
Borne by the common sons of earth.
- " *They* starve beside his plenteous board,
They halt behind his easy wheels,
But sympathy in vain affords
The sense of ills he never feels.
He knows he is the same as they,
A feeble, piteous, mortal thing,
And still expects that every day
Increase and change of bliss should bring.
- " Therefore when he is called to know
The deep realities of pain,
He shrinks as from a viewless blow,
He writhes as in a magic chain :
Untaught that trial, toil, and care
Are the great charter of his kind,
It seems disgrace for him to share
Weakness of flesh and human mind.
- " Not so the People's honest child,
The field-flower of the open sky,
Ready to live while winds are wild,
Nor, when they soften, loath to die ;
To him there never came the thought
That this his life was meant to be
A pleasure-house, where peace unbought
Should minister to pride or glee.
- " You oft may hear him murmur loud
Against the uneven lots of Fate,

You oft may see him inly bowed
Beneath affliction's weight on weight ;—
But rarely turns he on his grief
A face of petulant surprise,
Or scorns whate'er benign relief
The hand of God or man supplies.

“ Behold him on his rustic bed,
The unluxurious couch of need,
Striving to raise his aching head
And sinking powerless as a reed :
So sick in both he hardly knows
Which is his heart's or body's sore,
For, the more keen his anguish grows,
His wife and children pine the more.

“ No search for him of dainty food,
But coarsest sustenance of life, —
No rest by artful quiet wooed,
But household cries and wants and strife ;
Affection can at best employ
Her utmost of unhandy care,
Her prayers and tears are weak to buy
The costly drug, the purer air.

“ Pity herself, at such a sight,
Might lose her gentleness of mien,
And clothe her form in angry might,
And as a wild despair be seen ;
Did she not hail the lesson taught,
By this unconscious suffering boor,
To the high sons of lore and thought,
— The sacred Patience of the Poor.

“ — This great endurance of each ill,
As a plain fact whose right or wrong
They question not, confiding still,
That it shall last not overlong ;
Willing, from first to last, to take
The mysteries of our life, as given,
Leaving the time-worn soul to slake
Its thirst in an undoubted Heaven.” — pp. 44 – 48.

“ RICH AND POOR.

“ When God built up the dome of blue,
And portioned earth's prolific floor,
The measure of his wisdom drew
A line between the Rich and Poor ;

And till that vault of glory fall,
 Or beauteous earth be scarred with flame,
 Or saving love be all in all,
 That rule of life will rest the same.

“We know not why, we know not how,
 Mankind are framed for weal or woe, —
 But to the Eternal Law we bow;
 If such things are, they must be so.
 Yet, let no cloudy dreams destroy
 One truth outshining bright and clear,
 That Wealth is only Hope and Joy,
 And Poverty but Pain and Fear.

“Behold our children as they play!
 Blest creatures, fresh from Nature’s hand;
 The peasant boy as great and gay
 As the young heir to gold and land;
 Their various toys of equal worth,
 Their little needs of equal care,
 And halls of marble, huts of earth,
 All homes alike endeared and fair.

“They know no better! would that we
 Could keep our knowledge safe from worse;
 So Power should find and leave us free,
 So Pride be but the owner’s curse;
 So, without marking which was which,
 Our hearts would tell, by instinct sure,
 What paupers are the ambitious Rich!
 How wealthy the contented Poor!

“Grant us, O God! but health and heart,
 And strength to keep desire at bay,
 And ours *must* be the better part,
 Whatever else besets our way.
 Each day may bring sufficient ill;
 But we can meet and fight it through,
 If Hope sustains the hand of will,
 And Conscience is our captain too.”

— pp. 57 – 59.

The volume contains, too, some very pleasing love-poems, which, as might naturally be expected from the meditative cast of the writer’s mind, express more of the sentiment than of the passion of love. But they are not the less to our taste on that account. We like their delicacy of tone, their purity of feeling, and their graceful and distinct ex-

pression. They embody, as we think, the doctrine of the true church upon that subject, upon which so many poets have written, and so few wisely and well. We copy a few of them for the gratification of such of our readers as are not too old or too hard to relish them.

" PASTORAL SONG.

"I wandered by the brook-side,
I wandered by the mill, —
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

"I sat beneath the elm-tree,
I watched the long, long shade,
And, as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word, —
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

"He came not, — no, he came not, —
The night came on alone, —
The little stars sat, one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening air past by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred, —
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

"Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind, —
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind:
It drew me nearer, — nearer, —
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard." — pp. 109, 110.

" LOVE-THOUGHTS.

"I would be calm, — I would be free
From thoughts and images of Thee;
But Nature and thy will conspire
To bar me from my fair desire.

- "The trees are moving with thy grace,
The water *will* reflect thy face,
The very flowers are plotting deep,
And in thy breath their odors steep.
- "The breezes, when mine eyes I close,
With sighs, just like mine own, impose ;
The nightingale then takes her part,
And plays thy voice against my heart.
- "If thou then in one golden chain
Canst bind the world, I strive in vain ;
Perchance my wisest scheme would be
To join this great conspiracy." — p. 165.

— SHADOWS.

- "They seemed to those, who saw them meet,
The worldly friends of every day,
Her smile was undisturbed and sweet,
His courtesy was free and gay.
- "But yet, if one the other's name
In some unguarded moment heard,
The heart, you thought so calm and tame,
Would struggle like a captured bird :
- "And letters of mere formal phrase
Were blistered with repeated tears, —
And this was not the work of days,
But had gone on for years and years !
- "Alas, that Love was not too strong
For maiden shame and manly pride !
Alas, that they delayed so long
The goal of mutual bliss beside.
- "Yet what no chance could then reveal,
And neither would be first to own,
Let fate and courage now conceal,
When truth could bring remorse alone."
- pp. 171, 172.

- "Beneath an Indian palm a girl
Of other blood reposes,
Her cheek is clear and pale as pearl,
Amid that wild of roses.
- "Beside a northern pine a boy
Is leaning fancy-bound,
Nor listens where with noisy joy
Awaits the impatient hound.

"Cool grows the sick and feverish calm, —
 Relaxed the frosty twine, —
 The pine-tree dreameth of the palm,
 The palm-tree of the pine.

"As soon shall nature interlace
 Those dimly-visioned boughs,
 As these young lovers face to face
 Renew their early vows!" — p. 173.

There is a short poem by Heinrich Heine, which so much resembles the last of those which we have quoted from Mr. Milnes, that, if one were not suggested by the other, the coincidence is very remarkable. We have attempted a version of these lines, for want of a better.

Where polar frosts are sharp and long,
 A single pine-tree grows.
 It sleeps; and Winter round it weaves
 A robe of ice and snows.

Its dreams recall a lonely palm,
 That, far in Eastern lands,
 By crags that glow with tropic heat,
 In mourning silence stands.*

We quote the lines entitled "A Spanish Anecdote," not as being very striking in themselves, but because the same anecdote has been told by three or four of the most distinguished writers of our time, and, as a matter of mere literary curiosity, our readers may like to compare the several versions with one another.

"It was a holy usage to record,
 Upon each Refectory's side or end,
 The last mysterious Supper of our Lord,
 That meanest appetites might upward tend.

"Within the convent palace of old Spain,
 Rich with the gifts and monuments of Kings,

* That the reader may not judge of Heine's verses by our translation, solely, we subjoin the original.

"Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam
 Im Norden, auf kahler Höh'
 Ihn schläfert; mit weisse Decke
 Umhüllen ihn Eis und Schnee.
 Er träumt von einer Palme,
 Die, fern im Morgenland,
 Einsam und schweigend trauert
 Auf brennender Felsenwand."

Hung such a picture, said by some to reign
The sove'ran glory of those wondrous things.

"A painter of far fame,* in deep delight,
Dwelt on each beauty he so well discerned,
While, in low tones, a grey Geronomite
This answer to his ecstasy returned."

"Stranger! I have received my daily meal
In this good company, now threescore years,
And Thou, whoe'er Thou art, canst hardly feel
How Time these lifeless images endears.

"Lifeless, — ah! no: both Faith and Art have given
That passing hour a life of endless rest,
And every soul who loves the food of Heaven,
May to that table come a welcome guest:

"Lifeless, — ah! no: while in mine heart are stored
Sad memories of my brethren dead and gone,
Familiar places vacant round *our* board,
And still *that* silent supper lasting on;

"While I review my youth, — what I was then, —
What I am now, and ye, beloved ones all!
It seems as if *these* were the living men,
And *we* the colored shadows on the wall.'" — pp. 73, 74.

Wordsworth relates the same incident in blank verse.

"One above all, a Monk who waits on God
In the magnific convent built of yore,
To sanctify the Escurial palace. He, —
Guiding, from cell to cell and room to room,
A British painter (eminent for truth
In character and depth of feeling, shown
By labors that have touched the hearts of kings,
And are endeared to simple cottagers),
Came in that service, to a glorious work,
Our Lord's Last Supper, beautiful as when at first
The appropriate picture, fresh from Titian's hand,
Graced the Refectory; and there, while both
Stood with eyes fixed upon that masterpiece,
The hoary Father in the Stranger's ear,
Breathed out these words: — 'Here daily do we sit.
Thanks given to God for daily bread, and here
Pondering the mischiefs of these restless times,
And thinking of my Brethren dead, dispersed,
Or changed and changing, I not seldom gaze

* Wilkie.

Upon this Solemn Company, unmoved
By shock of circumstance or lapse of years,
Until I cannot but believe that they, —
They are in truth the Substance, we the Shadows.' ”

The same occurrence is also told twice in prose. The following passage is from “*The Doctor*,” and was undoubtedly contributed by Southey. *

“When Wilkie was in the Escorial, looking at Titian's famous picture of the Last Supper, in the Refectory there, an old Jeronimite said to him, ‘I have sat daily in sight of that picture for now nearly threescore years; during that time my companions have dropped off, one after another, all who were my seniors, all who were my contemporaries, and many, or most of those, who were younger than myself; more than one generation has passed away, and there the figures in the picture have remained unchanged! I look at them till I sometimes think that they are the realities, and we but shadows!’ ” — Vol. II. p. 176.

Rogers, in a note to one of his poems, relates a similar anecdote, though the scene is changed from Spain to Italy, and he himself is made its hero, instead of Wilkie.

“‘You admire that picture,’ said an old Dominican to me at Padua, as I stood contemplating a Last Supper in the Refectory of his convent, the figures as large as the life. ‘I have sat at my meals before it for seven and forty years, and, such are the changes that have taken place among us, so many have come and gone in the time, that, when I look upon the company there, upon those who are sitting at that table, silent as they are, I am sometimes tempted to think that we and not they are the shadows.’ ”

In comparing these passages together, we think that there is not much to choose between the two poets, but that they must both yield the palm to their prose rivals. The former have diluted and expanded their subject too much, and their narrative suffers from its languid and feeble flow. The latter impress us more, by their directness and condensed brevity. Of these, we rather prefer Mr. Rogers, whose few lines have the finish of a Greek epigram, and would defy the most fastidious criticism to add, alter, or erase a word.

The longest and most elaborate poems in Mr. Milnes's volume, “*The Northern Knight in Italy*,” and “*The Fall of Alpius*,” are among the least successful. His mind is not

* It is understood that this singular work is the production of more than one hand.

vivid and intense enough for narrative poetry, and the interest of the reader flags from the sluggish pace with which the events pass before him. His strength lies in those poems, which enforce some moral truth, or extract a lesson from a simple incident, or teach a gentle and reflective wisdom, or breathe a genial sympathy with suffering humanity.

He also sometimes condescends to a kind of affectation in language unworthy of his genius and taste, and quite unnecessary in one who can do so well without them, as, for instance ;

“ A *symphony of worlds* begun
Ere sin the glory mars,
The *cymbals of the new-born Sun*,
The *trumpets of the stars*.”

“ It may be, that the Poet is as a spring,
That, from the deep of being, *pulsing forth*,
Proffers, &c.”

“ The *gladsome travail of continuous birth*,
The force, that leaves no creature unimbued
With *amorous Nature's bland inquietude*.”

“ His senses *energized* with wondrous might,
Mingled in lusty contest of delight.”

“ From *ebrious* passion to supine remorse.”

Mr. Sterling, as we learn from the preface to his volume by his American editor, was educated a clergyman, but has of late years devoted himself to the study of philosophy and literature. He is the author of an original and striking story, called “ The Onyx Ring,” which appeared in “ Blackwood's Magazine,” two or three years ago, and which we remember to have read with much pleasure. To him is also ascribed an able and discriminating paper on the writings of Carlyle, in the “ Westminster Review.” We began to read his volume of poetry with considerable expectations, both from the commendations bestowed upon it by some of our friends, whose judgment we esteemed, and from the ability which his prose had unquestionably displayed, but we confess ourselves to have been somewhat disappointed. It has, it is true, all those good elements to recommend it, which can be drawn from the moral nature and from the affections. It is the work of one, who thinks justly and feels rightly, who fears God and loves his neighbour, but it wants poetic power, originality, and grace. The tone of his mind seems too cold for poetry, and more adapted to philosophy. He reflects

and moralizes when he ought to feel and paint. He dwells too long upon particulars and details. His figures want life and his coloring warmth, and we are too often reminded of Hamlet's pithy criticism, "What read you? Words, Words, Words."

"The Sexton's Daughter," which occupies about a hundred pages of the volume, is a narrative poem of love and suffering in humble life. The story is told with much simplicity and feeling, with touches of quiet pathos and thoughtful observation, and it satisfies the highest requisitions of man's moral and religious nature. But it is far too long for the incidents which it relates. The narrative drags its weary length along at too slow a pace, and there is too much of conversation, too much of reflection, which is often commonplace and prosaic, and there are too many tame and bald stanzas. Verses like the following, and they are by no means a solitary instance, seem to have no other office than that of filling a space.

"The evening came, and trembling stood

The lover at the father's door,

And found within the maid he wooed,

And that old man so bent and hoar.

"Their trimmest garb had each put on,

Around was neatness, comfort, cheer;

The clouds appeared to distance gone,

And Jane's bright face bespoke not fear.

"She sat upon her mother's chair,

And poured the drink that Henry loved;

Her tea with him 't was joy to share,

And sit beside him unreprieved.

"And close beside the blazing fire

Was placed the old man's easy seat;

The flames, now low, then shooting higher,

Cast o'er him glimpses bright and fleet.

"They showed a face more soft than bold,

Though keen the look of settled will:

With lines that many winters told,

But little change of good and ill.

"And thus the untroubled, aged man,

His long-experienced lesson spake,

In words that painfully began,

While slow his pondering seemed to wake."

— pp. 59, 60.

But it would not be fair to judge of the whole poem by a single unfavorable specimen, and we copy some portions, which are of a higher and better mood.

In describing the childhood of his heroine he thus speaks of the relations, that were formed between the mother and the child.

“ The child and woman thus akin,
Two shapes of earth’s obscurest throng,
Had love as true, both hearts within,
As e’er was told in lofty song.

“ I know not, — ’t was not said of yore, —
But still to me, a man, it seems,
That motherhood is something more
Than e’en a father’s fondness deems.

“ The teeming breast has thrills, ’t is plain,
More deep than e’er its partner knew,
A mystery of hopeful pain,
That makes a greater blessing due.

“ And thus, though far in years apart,
To them belonged one will alone ;
The youthful and the elder heart
To one true heart had grown.” — p. 29.

The heroine herself at a later period of life is thus described ;

“ Years flowed away and never brought
The weary weight of care to Jane ;
They prompted pity, wonder, thought,
The strength of life without the pain.

“ To her new beauty largely given
From deeper fountains looked and smiled ;
And, like a morning dream from heaven,
The woman gleamed within the child.

“ Her looks were oftener turned to earth,
But every glance was lovelier now ;
’T was plain that light of inward birth
Now kissed the sunshine round her brow.

“ Withdrawn was she from passing eyes
By more than fortune’s outward law,
By bashful thoughts like silent sighs,
By Feeling’s lone, retiring awe.

- " So fair the wave that twilight weaves
 Around its golden shows,
Or shadow of its own green leaves
 Upon the crimson rose.
- " And she had reached a higher state,
 Though infant joys about her clung ;
With gaze more fixed a graver fate
 Above her beauty hung.
- " So fares it still with human life,
 Which, ever journeying on,
Unconscious climbs from peace to strife,
 Till new ascents be won.
- " And thus about her youth was spread
 The shadow thrown by coming Time,
The expectance, deepening o'er her head,
 Of passion's sad Sublime." — pp. 33, 34.

The following stanzas tell their own story.

- " With bold affection, pure and true,
 The lovers rose all fears above,
And Faith and Conscience fed with dew
 The strong and flame-like flower of love.
- " Sometimes amid the glimmering meads
 They walked in August's genial eve,
And marked above the mill-stream reeds
 The myriad flies their mazes weave ;
- " While under heaven's warm, lucid hues
 They felt their eyes and bosoms glow,
And learned how fondly Fancy views
 Fair sights the moment ere they go ;
- " And then, while earth was darkening o'er,
 While stars began their tranquil day,
Rejoiced that Nature gives us more
 Than all it ever takes away.
- " In earliest autumn's fading woods
 Remote from eyes they roamed at morn,
And saw how Time transmuting broods
 O'er all that into Time is born.
- " That power which men would fain forget,
 The law of change and slow decay,
Came to them with a mild regret,
 A brightness veiled in softening gray." — pp. 49, 50.

The hero in his school is thus introduced and described ;

“ November days are dull and dark,
And well they teach the heart to ponder,
Which sometimes needs must pause to mark
How fades from earth its garb of wonder.

“ We breathe at whiles so charmed an air,
By sound each leaf’s light fall we learn,
No breeze disturbs the spider’s snare,
That hangs with dew the stately fern.

“ Soon heaves within the boundless frame
A strong and sullen gust of life,
And rolling waves and woods proclaim
The untuned world’s increasing strife.

“ ’Mid boom, and clang, and stormy swell,
And shadows dashed by blast and rain,
Leaves heaped, whirled, routed, sweep the dell,
And glimpses course the leaden main.

“ And yet, though inward drawn and still,
There beats a hidden heart of joy ;
Beneath the old year’s mantle chill
Sleeps, mute and numb, the unconscious boy.

“ And they, who muse and hope, may guess
With faith assured the future spring ;
But him who loves all hours will bless,
All months to him of May-time sing.

“ ‘ At least I’ve known,’ young Henry said,
‘ How dark soe’er new days may prove,
Love’s inspiration shared and fed
By her I love.’

“ With lifted brow, and buoyant heart,
He now fulfilled his daily toil,
And e’en ’mid weary tasks would start
Bright springs from desert soil.

“ He stood with zeal the untaught to teach,
’Mid fifty faces young and rude,
And turned a cheerful front to each,
That brightened them and yet subdued.

“ He strove that clear they might discern,
What aims to man true value give,
And said, — ‘ You do not live to learn,
But learn that you may better live.’

- "The boy who came with sun-bleached head,
And dress by many patch repaired,
Still felt in all that Henry said
E'en more than strongest words declared.
- "Those truths, as more than lessons taught,
Were learned as more than lessons too;
The teacher's precept, will, and thought,
E'en from his look fresh import drew.
- "And well he knew how wilful sway
Disloyal service breeds at best,
And often makes the heart a prey
To hate, by fear alone repressed.
- "Yet could he temper love and meekness
With all the sacred might of law,
Dissevering gentleness from weakness,
And hallowing tenderness by awe.
- "Nor e'er beneath his steadfast eye
Could ill escape its grave reproof;
Nor durst he set his conscience by,
That peace might reign by its removal.
- "His love was no unblest device
To lengthen falsehood's coward mood,
Nor purchased liking at the price
Of calling evil — good.
- "He woke the sense, he warmed the breast,
Affirming truths supreme,
And let the voice within attest
He told no misty dream.
- "Each feeling thus that moved the child,
As each in turn awoke,
To its fixed law was reconciled,
And owned the strength'ning yoke.
- "So still the God revealed below
As one great Will of God to all,
He taught for Sire and Judge to know,
On whom for aid all groans may call.
- "Amid his poor, unknowing throng
Of little learners pleased he stood;
To him their murmur hummed a song,
And every face had sparks of good." — pp. 65–68.

The following is a striking picture of the old Sexton, left desolate and heart-stricken by the death of his daughter and her lover.

“ Upon the spring-clad fields and woods,
The churchyard graves and tall church-tower,
The warm, pure daylight softly broods,
And fills with life the morning hour.

“ The vast sepulchral yew-tree waves,
And feels the sunshine cheer the shade,
And e'en the low and grassy graves
Appear in living slumber laid.

“ The only sad and helpless thing,
That May-day makes not less forlorn,
Is that old man, to whom the spring
Is dead, and dead the breezy morn.

“ These live not now, for all is dead
With her that lies below the sod ;
His daughter from his life is fled,
And leaves but dust by spectres trod.

“ The smooth, sweet air is blowing round,
It is a Spirit of hope to all ;
It whispers o'er the wakening ground,
And countless daisies hear the call ;

“ It mounts and sings away to heaven,
And 'mid each light and lovely cloud ;
To it the lark's loud joys are given,
And young leaves answer it aloud.

“ It skims above the flat green meadow,
And darkening sweeps the shiny stream ;
Along the hill it drives the shadow,
And sports and warms in the skyey beam.

“ But round that hoar and haggard man
It cannot shed a glimpse of gladness ;
He wastes beneath a separate ban,
An exile to a world of sadness.

“ Upon a bench before his door
He sits, with weak and staring eyes,
He sits and looks, for straight before
The grave that holds his daughter lies.

- " If any come with him to speak,
In dull harsh words he bids them go ;
For this strong earth he seems too weak,
For breathing life too cramped and slow.
- " A gnawing rage, an aimless heat,
Have scored and set his grating face ;
His eyes like ghosts the gazer greet,
The guards of misery's dwelling-place ;
- " A sun-dial pillar left alone,
On which no dial meets the eye ;
A black mill-wheel with grass o'er-grown,
That hears no water trickle by." — pp. 90–92.

A portion of the work is occupied by the " Hymns of a Hermit," eighteen in number. As expressions of pure and elevated devotional feeling, they are entitled to the warmest commendation, and their literary merit is considerable. Their prominent defect is, that they are too diffuse and overloaded with epithets. The following may be quoted as a fair specimen.

" HYMN.

- " Thou Lord ! who rear'st the mountains' height,
And mak'st the cliffs with sunshine bright,
O grant, that I may own thy hand
No less in every grain of sand !
- " With forests huge of dateless time
Thy will has hung each peak sublime ;
But withered leaves beneath a tree,
Have tongues that tell us loud of Thee.
- " While clouds to clouds through ages call,
Thou pour'st the thundering waterfall ;
But every silent drop of dew
Reflects thy ordered world to view.
- " In all the immense, the strange, and old,
Thy presence careless men behold ;
In all the little, weak and mean,
By faith be thou as clearly seen.
- " Thou teach that not a leaf can grow
Till life from Thee within it flow ;
That not a speck of dust can be,
O Fount of Being ! save by Thee.

"Instruct my soul, by shows distraught,
Too vast and loud for peaceful thought,
That every quiet note and gleam,
With thee to musing spirits beam.

"Inspire me, Thou, in every glance
Of all our dreams confuse as chance,
In every change of mortal things
To see a power from Thee that springs ;

"In every human word and deed,
Each flash of feeling, will, or creed,
To know a plan ordained above,
Begun and ending all in love.

"So smallest bubbles here on earth
With me shall claim a heavenly birth,
And each faint atom passing by
Seem bright with thine eternal eye.

"So best we learn what light sublime
Is hid within the clouds of time,
Whose darkness, dreadful though it be,
From those who seek conceals not Thee."

— pp. 140, 141.

Among the miscellaneous poems we have been most pleased with the following ballad,

"THE ROSE AND THE GAUNTLET.

"Low spake the Knight to the peasant girl,
'I tell thee sooth—I am belted Earl ;
Fly with me from this garden small,
And thou shalt sit in my castle's hall,

" 'Thou shalt have pomp, and wealth, and pleasure,
Joys beyond thy fancy's measure ;
Here with my sword and horse I stand,
To bear thee away to my distant land.

" 'Take, thou fairest ! this full-blown rose,
A token of Love that as ripely blows.'
With his glove of steel he plucked the token,
But it fell from his gauntlet crushed and broken.

"The maiden exclaimed, — 'Thou seest, Sir Knight,
Thy fingers of iron can only smite ;
And, like the rose thou hast torn and scattered,
I in thy grasp should be wrecked and shattered.'

"She trembled and blushed, and her glances fell;
But she turned from the Knight, and said 'Farewell';
'Not so,' he cried, 'will I lose my prize,
I heed not thy words, but I read thine eyes.'

"He lifted her up in his grasp of steel,
And he mounted and spurred with furious heel;
But her cry drew forth her hoary sire,
Who snatched his bow from above the fire.

"Swift from the valley the warrior fled,
Swifter the bolt of the cross-bow sped;
And the weight that pressed on the fleet-foot horse,
Was the living man, and the woman's corse.

"That morning the rose was bright of hue;
That morning the maiden was fair to view;
But the evening sun its beauty shed
On the withered leaves, and the maiden dead."

— pp. 210, 211.

"Otho the Third," "Alfred the Harper," and "Louis the Fifteenth," are striking anecdotes, strikingly told, particularly the last, but they would all be improved by a condensing process. There is a power of thought of no common order in "Lady Jane Grey," "Mirabeau," and "Dædalus," but the style is languid and diffuse. Mr. Sterling is more deficient in the superficial, than in the essential accomplishments of a poet; he wants not so much "the imagination that bodies forth," as "the pen that turns to shape"; that power of style, which combines, arranges, condenses, and polishes, which resolutely rejects every expression that dilutes the strength, or retards the movement, of the thought, and which embodies the conception in those electric words which make it dart, lightning-like, into the mind.

Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, as we learn from his title-page, is a baronet, and a Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford. His poems are comprised in a small volume of nearly three hundred pages, dedicated to Lady Byron. Many of them we have read with pleasure. They are the productions of a thoughtful, pure, and cultivated mind, trained under good influences, endowed with a delicate perception of the beautiful, and with a natural inclination to what is morally true and just. He too is of the reflective and not the impassioned school of poetry, and has evidently sat, an admiring disciple,

at the feet of Wordsworth, whom he has commemorated in a graceful and pleasing sonnet. The reader will not find in his pages that marked originality and creative power which are the indications of a great poet, but he will not turn aside from them, if he will be content to derive pleasure from communing with a mind, that is accustomed to reflect and observe, that thinks always correctly and sometimes vigorously, that is not unfruitful in images of gentle beauty and delicate grace, and which utters its sentiments in flowing verse and in the language of a scholar. He does not appear to have written poetry from an irresistible impulse, but to have cultivated the accomplishment of verse as a graceful appendage to other intellectual employments and exercises, and an agreeable relaxation from graver and severer studies. Consequently his poems have no marked individuality, and no peculiar characteristics to distinguish them from others of the same class ; but they please us by a more than common proportion of those poetical conceptions and capacities which are found, in a greater or less degree, in every person of refined taste and cultivated habits of thought. Perhaps their most distinctive attributes are a certain delicacy of sentiment showing a mind of uncommon fineness of organization, and with a more than common proportion of feminine elements, a taste for ideal forms of beauty, and an instinctive repugnance to every thing low, unhandsome, and debasing. His poetry is of that kind, which inspires us with much respect for the personal character of the author. Judging of him merely from his book, we should be disappointed if we did not find in him, upon personal acquaintance, a gentleman of graceful manners, and a scholar of refined tastes, with that in his deportment and bearing which the old English writers were fond of designating by the epithet "gentle," and with a sprinkling of chivalrous feeling, elevated and softened by a sound moral sense and religious sensibility ; one, in short, from whom neither the honor of man nor the purity of woman would have any thing to fear.

As his poetry cannot lay claim to purely literary merit of a high order, so it is free from glaring defects. We notice an occasional vagueness of expression, and he sometimes is obliged to make a costly sacrifice for the sake of his rhyme and rhythm. There are many lines and stanzas that want flavor and character, and some that are essentially tame and

commonplace. There is hardly a piece in the book which offends one's taste, but there are several which will never be read a second time, and some which are not very easy reading at the first.

We copy two of Sir Francis Doyle's poems, the former of which is, on the whole, the most striking and powerful in the volume.

"THE SPANISH MOTHER.

" (Supposed to be related by a veteran French officer.)

" Yes, I have served that noble chief through all his proud career,

And heard the bullets whistle past, in lands both far and near;
Amidst Italian flowers, below the forests of the north,
Where'er the Emperor willed to pour his clouds of battle forth.

" 'T was *then* a splendid sight to see, though terrible I ween,
How his vast spirit filled and moved the wheels of the machine ;

Wide-sounding leagues of sentient steel, and fires that lived
to kill,

Were but the echo of his voice, the body of his will.

" But *now* my heart is darkened with shadows, that rise and fall
Between the sunlight and the ground, to sadden and appall.
The woful things both seen and done, we heeded little then ;
But they return, like ghosts, to shake the sleep of aged men.

" The German and the Englishman were each an open foe,
And open hatred hurled us back from Russia's blinding snow ;
Intenser far, in blood-red light, like quenchless fires remain,
The dreadful deeds wrung forth by war, from the brooding
soul of Spain.

" I saw a village in the hills, as silent as a dream,
Nought stirring but the summer sound of a merry mountain
stream ;

The evening star just smiled from heaven, with its quiet, silver eye,

And the chestnut woods were still and calm beneath the deepening sky.

" But in that place, self-sacrificed, nor man nor beast we found,
Nor fig-tree on the sun-touched slope, nor corn upon the
ground ;

Each roofless hut was black with smoke, wrenched up each
trailing vine ;
Each path was foul with mangled meat, and floods of wasted
wine.

" We had been marching, travel-worn, a long and burning way,
And when such welcoming we met after that toilsome day,
The pulses in our maddened breasts were human hearts no
more,
But like the spirit of a wolf, that pants and raves for gore.

" We lighted on one dying man. They slew him where he lay ;
His wife, close clinging, from the corpse they tore and
wrenched away ;
They thundered in her widowed ears, with frowns and curs-
ings grim,
' Food, woman, food and wine, or else we tear thee limb from
limb.'

" The woman, shaking off *his* blood, rose raven-haired and tall,
And our stern glances quailed before one sterner far than all ;
' Both food and wine,' she said, ' I have ; I meant them for the
dead ;
But ye are living still, and so let them be yours instead.'

" The food was brought, the wine was brought, out of a secret
place,
But each one paused aghast, and looked into his neighbour's
face,
Her haughty step, and settled brow, and chill indifferent mien,
Suited so strangely with the gloom and grimness of the scene.

" She glided here, she glided there, before our wondering eyes,
Nor anger showed, nor shame, nor fear, nor sorrow, nor
surprise ;
At every step from soul to soul a nameless horror ran,
And made us pale and silent, as that silent, murdered man.

" She sate, and calmly soothed her child, into a slumber sweet ;
Calmly the bright blood on the floor kept winding round our
feet ;
On placid fruits and bread lay soft the shadows of the wine,
And we like marble statues glared, a chill, unmoving line.

" All white, all cold, and moments thus flew by without a
breath ;
A company of living things, where all was still but death.
My hair rose up from roots of ice, as there unnerved I stood,
And watched the only thing that stirred, — the plashing of the
blood.

- “ That woman’s voice was heard at length ; it broke the solemn spell,
And human fear, displacing awe, upon our spirits fell.
‘ Ho ! slayers of the sinewless, ho ! trampers of the weak !
What ! shrink ye from the ghastly meats, and life-bought wine ye seek ?
- “ ‘ Feed and begone ; I wish to weep ; I bring you out my store.
Devour it, waste it all, — and then pass, and be seen no more.
Poison ! is that your craven fear ? ’ She snatched a goblet up,
And raised it to her queenlike head, as if to drain the cup.
- “ But our fierce leader grasped her wrist ; ‘ No ! woman ! no ! ’
he said ;
‘ A mother’s heart of love is deep. Give it your child instead.’
She only smiled a bitter smile ; ‘ Frenchman, I do not shrink ;
As pledge of my fidelity, behold the infant drink.’
- “ He fixed on hers, his broad, black eye, scanning the inmost soul ;
But her chill fingers trembled not, as she returned the bowl.
And we with lightsome hardihood, dismissing idle care,
Sat down to eat, and drink, and laugh, over our dainty fare.
- “ The laugh was loud around the board, the jesting wild and light,
But I was fevered with the march, and drank no wine that night.
I just had filled a single cup, when, through my very brain,
Stung, sharper than a serpent’s tooth, an infant’s cry of pain.
- “ Through all that heat of revelry, through all that boisterous cheer,
To every heart, its feeble moan pierced like a frozen spear ;
‘ Ay ! ’ shrieked the woman, darting up ; ‘ I pray you trust again
A woman’s hospitality in our unyielding Spain.
- “ ‘ Helpless and hopeless, by the light of God himself I swore,
To treat you as you treated him, — that body on the floor.
Yon secret place *I* filled, to feel, that, if ye did not spare,
The treasure of a dread revenge was ready hidden there.
- “ ‘ A mother’s love is deep, no doubt ; ye did not phrase it ill ;
But, in your hunger, ye forgot that hate is deeper still.
The Spanish woman speaks for Spain, for her butchered love the wife,
To tell you, that an hour is all *my* vintage leaves of life.’
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"I cannot paint the many forms, by wild despair put on,
Nor count the crowded brave, who sleep under a single
stone ;

I can but tell you, how, before that horrid hour went by,
I saw the murderess beneath the self-avengers die.

"But, though upon her wrenched limbs they leapt like beasts of
prey,

And with fierce hands as madmen tore the quivering life
away,

Triumphant hate, and joyous scorn, without a trace of pain,
Burned to the last, like sullen stars, in that haughty eye of
Spain.

"And often now it breaks my rest, the tumult vague and wild,
Drifting, like storm-tossed clouds, around the mother and her
child.

While she, distinct in raiment white, stands silently the while,
And sheds, through torn and bleeding hair, the same un-
changing smile."

To our taste, the most pleasing of his poems is "The
Lady Agnes," which we quote entire, notwithstanding its
length, confident that its grace of expression, its purity of
feeling, and that delicate tone of coloring, which seems like
a soft, silvery atmosphere hovering over it, will commend it
to the favorable regard of our readers.

"It is the hour when through the air
The elves of silence creep,
And maidens, with unbraided hair,
Sink into blooming sleep.

"The Lady Agnes lightly lifting
Her dove-like, hazel eyes,
From room to room, like sunlight
shifting,
To her calm chamber hies.

"Beautiful Agnes! as she went
By stair and gallery wall,
There seemed a mellowing glory
lent
Unto that wild, old hall.

"Even portraits grim with iron
thought,
And monsters of the loom,
Were softened, as if, near her, nought
Could keep its natural gloom.

"But as her youthful beauty stole
Through the long corridor,
There spread a passion on her soul,
Shadowing its brightness o'er.

"Her eye, among the imaged dead,
No face of love could see,
'Alas! for her who died,' she said,
'In giving life to me.

"These warrior portraits, stern and
old,
Make sad this echoing place,
It would have soothed me to behold
My mother's angel face.

"But she was taken suddenly
From human hope and fear,
And lives but in the memory
Of those who loved her here.

"But I who never saw her, — I
Question, and question still;
Had her dear likeness smiled on
high,
I might have gazed my fill.

"Dreaming that life within the eye
Was kindling more and more,
I could have sat for ever by
Her shadow on the floor.

- "And if my spirit lacking strength
 Felt desolate and sad,
 I could have watched her, till at
 length
 Her looks had made me glad.
- "O tell me, tell me, Nurse, to-night,
 Was she not mild and fair?
 Which were the rooms of her de-
 light;
 What garments did she wear?'
- "Your mother sweet,' the Nurse
 replies,
 'Indeed, was wondrous fair;
 Like yours her dove-like, hazel eyes,
 Like yours her auburn hair.
- "In that same room, she loved the
 best,
 You sleep, my child, each night;
 And, like an angel, she was dressed
 Ever in raiment white.
- "But these are stories for the day,
 When summer sunbeams fall
 With searching and enlivening ray,
 Around this wild, old hall.
- "Suffer not now, such thoughts of
 pain
 About your heart to stay,
 Or the dim workings of the brain
 Will chase all sleep away.'
- "Still feeling, on her orphaned
 breast,
 A weight of tender gloom,
 She reached the chamber of her rest,
 Her mother's favorite room.
- "And sinking, with a quiet sigh
 Into the offered chair,
 She scarcely felt the nurse untie
 Her waving auburn hair.
- "Within that consecrated space,
 You could not but have felt,
 Touched by the spirit of the place,
 That *there* a Virgin dwelt.
- "There seemed a presence half di-
 vine,
 Floating unseen above,—
 The shadow of calm thoughts, the
 sign
 Of maiden faith and love;
- "As if her spotless heart had shed
 A dew of pureness there,
 Which brooded o'er the placid bed,
 And glorified the air.
- "Beautiful Agnes! sitting still
 Before a mirror tall,
 Letting the auburn curls at will,
 On her white shoulders fall.
- "She gazed into the solemn skies,
 Now hung with boundless night,
 Her large uplifted hazel eyes
 Floating in liquid light.
- "Whilst, from her fresh and lucent
 skin,
 A lustre seemed to pour,
 Like delicate pink tints, within
 Shells from an Indian shore.
- "In pensive silence thus the maid
 Her loveliness undressed;
 The Nurse in silence gave her aid,
 Then left her to her rest.
- "The silver lamp was quenched in
 gloom,
 The prayer was duly said;
 And the dim quiet of the room
 Closed o'er her graceful head.
- "Beautiful Agnes! may she sleep
 Until the golden day
 Beneath an Angel's wing, to keep
 All evil things away.
- "But soft,—she wakes, as if in
 fear;
 What sights or sounds invade
 The wavering eye, or dreaming ear,
 To make her thus afraid?
- "The Nurse was summoned to her
 side;
 'Is then my darling ill?'
- 'No, but the lamp, dear Nurse,' she
 cried,
 'You left it burning still.'
- "Nay, look, my love, no lamp is
 near,
 The room was black as night;
 This taper I have carried here,—
 There is no other light.'
- "Have I then roused you up in
 vain?
 I must have dreamed,' she said;
 And on the silken couch again,
 Down dropped her flower-like
 head.
- "But on the closing of the door,
 Again the room was bright;
 O'er cornice, curtain, ceiling, floor,
 Fluttered that wondrous light.

- "High o'er her pillow, she beheld
A glory gliding nigher,
From which, as from a fountain,
welled
Floods of innocuous fire.
- "And in the middle of the light,
A winged woman there,
With hazel eyes, and raiment white,
And waving auburn hair.
- "Upon the silent girl below,
Her looks of beauty fell,
Speaking of peace, earth cannot
know,
And love ineffable.
- "And Agnes gazed a little while,
Then prayed for strength and
grace,
Till both came issuing from the
smile
Upon that woman's face.
- "Whether in words, to human
sense,
The spirit found its way,
Or by some mystic influence,
The maiden could not say.
- "But words, or thoughts, an angel
sway
Lived on her heart like balm,
So that her senses, as she lay,
Were steeped in wondrous calm.
- "And thus, a heaven-sent messen-
ger,
Upon her human child,
Scarcely more beautiful than her,
The spirit-mother smiled.
- "Mother and daughter felt, through
death,
Their hearts grow one in love ;
Delicious human tears beneath,
And seraph smiles above.
- "And then the aspect told the maid,
By word, or look, or sign,
That she must pass from earthly
shade
Into a light divine.
- "That it had pleased the Lord, to
give
Them both a precious boon ;
And that her child should come to
live
With her to-morrow noon.
- "When this was said, the air grew
dim,
And Agnes felt her brain,
Down a bright stream of vision
swim
To slumb'rous depths again.
- "O! there was trouble in the hall,
When Agnes told her tale,
A shadow of strange fear on all, —
She only did not quail.
- "She only said, 'This wondrous
show,
Though true and clear it seem,
By my own reason taught, I know,
May only be a dream.
- "And if a dream it be, why soon
The cloud it leaves is gone ;
But if a spirit, — then at noon
God's holy will be done.'
- "Then grave physicians came to try,
If fever lurked within
The splendors of the hazel eye,
Or the translucent skin.
- "But nothing they could find, to
show
One trace of feverish heat ;
As soft and calm as falling snow,
Her maiden pulses beat.
- "Cool is her blood,' they said, 'un-
riven
The peaceful nerves and brain ;
Our skill is idle, — and with Heaven
The issue must remain.
- "Let her go forth to usual things,
The tasks of every day,
Until this dream, which round her
clings,
Dies silently away.'
- "Pensively then the maiden's eye
Turned to the climbing sun ;
But ever, as the hour went by,
Its usual task was done.
- "Until that sun had ceased to climb
The fathomless mid-heaven,
And noon was drawing near, the
time
To holy music given.
- "Her minstrel did not come ; and,
tired
With waiting on so long,
She sat her down like one inspired,
And poured her soul in song.

“*Christe, miserere mei,
Præbe, mater, lucem,
Miserere, Agne Dei,
Per eternam crucem.*”

“The minstrel stealing in alone,
Stood tranced beside the door;
‘For sounds came forth,’ he said,
‘unknown,
Except in Heaven, before.’

“And often he was wont to say,
And to his faith did cling,
That those, who listened on that day,
Had heard an angel sing.

“At once the song stops hurriedly,
As if without her will;
Though floods of viewless melody,
Seem eddying round her still.

“Gracefully, then, the maiden bent
Over her throbbing lute,
As if to sweep the strings she meant;
But still those strings were mute.

“The dial points to noon, — and
hark!
The old clock shakes its tower;
Yet, strange to say, she did not mark
The coming of that hour.

“A sunbeam touched her placid
brow,
If earthly beam it were,
And tinted with a golden glow,
Her trembling auburn hair.

“She stirred not, — and it seemed
to lie
A glory on her head;
But, when that splendor had passed
by,
They found, — that she was dead!

“So gentle was her death, — so
blest, —
Under the covering cross,
That even those who loved her best,
Could scarcely mourn their loss.

“They laid her, Heaven’s selected
bride,
Her mother’s grave within, —
Two sainted sleepers side by side,
Far from the strife of sin.

“Beautiful Agnes! — may she sleep
Thus till the Judgment day,
Beneath an angel’s wing, to keep
All evil things away.”

ART. VIII. — *Petition of certain Legal Voters of Boston and its Vicinity to the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled, praying for the Passage of an International Copyright Law.* [“Boston Daily Advertiser,” of June 4th, 1842.]

WE have from time to time expressed our sense of the heinous injustice done to foreign authors in the impunity afforded to domestic piracy by the absence of an international copyright law. We have done so, influenced solely by our view of the palpable merits of the case. The late representations of some British writers, though not a whit more highly colored, in our opinion, than justice calls for, have not moved us in the slightest degree to a warmer feeling on the subject. We have no personal interest for any of them to bias us. As to Hunt and Tennyson, and such like, we by no means think that it concerns the public weal that they

should be encouraged, by the profits of their works, to keep on writing. The author of "Paul Clifford," the first on the list of names attached to the "Address to the American People," perhaps suffers as much from having his property outlawed in this country, as any other writer. We profess no gratitude to that famous person. As far as any good his works do, or any claim they have on the favor of right-minded people is concerned, it would not cause us a moment's sorrow, if he were cheated and starved into writing no more. But this makes no alteration in the case. Grateful to an author or not, we would be equally alive to the iniquity of a state of the laws, which permits his wares to be taken from him against his will. It is not, we repeat it, for the prosperity of the writers, that we care;—though even this, as to a writer who has pleased and profited us, would be no unworthy feeling;—but we do care for the character of our native country. We do care, that, — while it has advanced far enough in civilization to protect much meaner, and (if we were disposed to split casuistical hairs) more questionable property,—the fabrics of the mind, made out of what was altogether the maker's own, and has in no part abridged the property of any other living being, should be without any legal safeguard. The bills and bales of the Rothschilds and the Barings are as sacred in New York as in London. Whoever filches them, will do it at his peril. So it should be. They are property, and ought to be respected as such, and kept in perfect security for their owners; and they will be so kept, wherever they may be carried among people who profess to reverence right, and who live in a social state. But they are no more property,—in a rigid analysis they are not so justly entitled to the name,—as is that property, belonging to Edgeworth and Southey by right of creation, which, the moment it touches our shores, is turned over to uncontrolled plunder.

The wickedness of legal provisions, or want of provisions, which permit such a robbery of subjects of a foreign government, is, in our view, so clear, as to make all attempts at illustration superfluous and unavailing. If this be so, then, wherever fair-dealing is in credit, there would be an end of the controversy. But unfortunately the question is not looked at alone in this light; but many people are at work about us, endeavouring to persuade themselves and others, that they are

gainers by this sort of transaction, and that to do right in the premises, would involve some tremendous sacrifice ; — all of which, we take to be nearly as shallow and unfounded, as, if ever so well founded, it would be wide of the great question which upright men would have to ask.

Two matters, entirely distinct, are apt to be confounded, and the confounding of them keeps up the senseless outcry we are just now doomed to hear. The question is not at all what some of the publishers, who are grievously concerned for the trouble impending over their neighbours, would represent it ; — namely, whether distress should be brought, by a free admission of English books, upon the numerous and respectable trades of the printer, the paper-maker, the book-binder, the type-founder, and others. Not at all. Nobody pretends, that there is any moral obligation to admit English books, more than English cutlery or broadcloth, at any lighter rate of duty than the interests of this country should dictate. Nobody maintains, that, if we should exclude them by a prohibitory impost, we should thereby commit any wrong. When, by creation or purchase, I am in honest possession of the right of multiplying copies of a book, there is no more reason why I should employ English manufacturers to supply those copies than why I should employ English weavers or shoemakers ; and, if I were disposed to do it, the government of my country would do right to throw obstacles in my way. The manufacturers connected with the book trade want protection. We fully and cordially agree that they ought to have it. To afford it to them is to do no wrong in any quarter, while it is demanded by a sound and patriotic policy. Impose a heavy duty on books in the English language, with proper discriminations, as far as the case admits, in favor of such (old and voluminous books, for instance,) as are not likely to be reprinted here. Make the duty come as near to prohibition, as, on general *tariff* principles, might be found expédient. In this way, — or by imposing any other proper conditions on the legal transfer of copyright to this country from abroad, — take care to have your types, ink, and paper made, and your printing and binding done, in American workshops. Clearly, this is not only all that the American workman ought to have, but all that he wants. Clearly, it is not a matter of the slightest concern to him, whether or not, before a book comes to be printed, the

publisher has paid something to its rightful owner for the privilege of printing it.

“But if the publisher has to pay for copyright,” we shall be asked, “will not the interest of these trades suffer, in consequence of the diminution of the number of books printed?” We reply, that we see no reason to anticipate such a result. A large part of the labor of these trades is now devoted to books of domestic origin, — school-books, professional books, local treatises of various kinds ; — and this part of their business would of course be increased, as far as an international copyright law should affect it in any way. Another large proportion of the book manufacture relates to old standard works, which have ceased to be under the protection of copyright at home. The American editions of Milton, Bunyan, Spenser, Bolingbroke, are examples. And even if there should be a diminution of the amount of labor done on American reprints of contemporaneous English writings, — which we shall maintain would not be, at least to any extent not abundantly compensated, — these trades would find their ample equivalent in the safer business done by their pay-masters, the booksellers. Supposing it true, that they would do somewhat less work, still they would do it to more profit. They would not find themselves, to the ruinous extent that many of them have done, laboring hard for no recompense. When the enterprise of a bookseller in republishing a foreign work has no protection of copyright against the competition of a similar enterprise on the part of two or three other booksellers in the next city or the next street, no doubt they may among them set a great many poor printers and binders at work, but when the bill is run up, will it be quite so likely to be paid ?

And how would booksellers be injured by an honest copyright law ? In the first place, there is an extremely small number of publishing houses in the country, whose course of business is now such that they would have foreign copyright to pay. We could tell our readers about how many, and it might make them stare. If this direct interest were in the country an extensive one, it might be guessed that it would be in some degree shared in New England, inasmuch as in New England there is some literature, some industry, and some capital. Why is it not participated in New England in

any appreciable degree? We shall not pretend, that it is because of any controlling conscientious scruples, elsewhere unfelt. We shall not pretend it, as well for other reasons, as because we do not mean, in exposing the wrong, to impute dishonesty to any person or thing, except the laws which allow it. In a region where safe and profitable business is apt to be sought and found, we suppose that this business is not engaged in, because, in a large and careful view of it, it is thought to be not safe and profitable; because, though, like other perilous things, it may succeed for a time and in some hands, it is thought to be what a prudent man cannot comfortably calculate upon. And why so? The reason may be guessed. What is plunder for one, is equally fair game (or foul) for another. The law which did not forbid me to take it, places no prohibition upon my neighbour. If I had fairly bought it, and could vindicate it as mine, I should know what to do with it. I could judge of the demand in the market, and know whether to send out a large or small impression. But now others may print too, and there is one element of a prudent calculation, which I cannot get at. I may issue too small an edition, and that will make it so expensive that I shall be undersold. I may issue so large a one, that, with the others, it will make a glut, and fall dead upon the trunk-makers. I may be in such a hurry to anticipate competitors, that my publication shall be absolutely too slovenly to read or buy; or I may take time to make it rather better, and lose my first chance in the shops. I may offer it very cheap, and another may produce it at even a less price, or afford it in a little more decent shape at the same.

Now, on universally acknowledged principles, we repeat, this way of doing business is not prudent. It may succeed for a time, like any other game of hazard. But it is out of the question to say that it can be for the interest of the booksellers, as a class, to perpetuate such a state of things. It simply deprives the great majority of them of the advantage of a fair competition in the republication of contemporaneous English writings, and throws that business into a few hands, in which it is necessarily conducted at great risk, and a risk, unfortunately, not affecting themselves alone, but the numbers whom it occasions them to employ, and who must depend for remuneration on their success. The present system of *foray* upon foreigners may answer very well the

purposes of gambling speculators in the book-trade, but, unless we greatly err, it will neither promote the interest of those who prefer safe transactions in that line, nor the interest of the important trades dependent upon it.

But, "if the publisher has to pay for copyrights, he will have to charge his books higher. The consequence will be, he will sell fewer copies ; and so he and the public will both suffer ; he, because he makes smaller profits ; the public, because they get less instruction." We are not so sure of that. A publisher will give no more for a copyright than he can afford to give and still do a good business. The consequence will be, that, where the popularity of a work or an author is not great, and the circulation will be limited, the price paid for copyright will be such as, when assessed upon the copies, would not materially enhance their price ; and even this trifling addition the publisher could afford to abate or reduce, and it would be his interest to do so, in consideration of the security he has obtained against interference. On the other hand, supposing the reputation of a work to be great, and the circulation to be large, the purchaser of a copyright, protected against invasion of his property, would be safe in stereotyping it, which now he is not, and from this would follow, not a less, but a greater multiplication and cheapness of copies for the public benefit, along with a larger sale for the benefit of the booksellers.

"All this might be," we shall be told, "if the foreign writers would be reasonable in their charges for copyright ; but they would not be so ; they would be exorbitant." Why should they be ; and if they were, what would come of it, except that they would be taught a lesson before long, which would correct the folly ? Large sales and small profits are the great secret of successful business ; — nay, no *secret*, but a universally acknowledged principle, and one which the bookmakers know as well as others. If the foreign author should make such a charge for his copyright as would materially limit the American sales, it would, at the same time, abridge the American publisher's gains, who, accordingly, could not afford to pay at that rate. This they would both presently find out, and the matter would adjust itself as usual ; in short, the negotiation would end in such a price as it would be best for British author to receive, at the same time that it would be best for American reader and bookseller to give. Besides,

though it is true that the venders of thought and rhetoric do not meet in the market on precisely the same terms as the venders of calicoes and tobacco, yet it is not to be supposed that, even from this traffic, that competition which cheapens commodities is altogether excluded. Dickens, for instance, is almost a necessary of life to some people. He is, to us. But if Dickens should put himself too high, there are those who would make shift to live upon D'Israeli, James, Lover, Ainsworth, and so down through the different qualities of fare ; till at last Dickens, possessing an unlimited supply, and so being under no motive to hold out for a price except to get the highest that circumstances would allow, would find it worth while to come down in his demand. So we have a sharp relish in this country for British discussions of our national demerits, and a work of Mrs. Trollope would be from afar a sweet savor in the nostrils of our trade. But if a bargain with Mrs. Trollope should prove impracticable, we should not be without resource, as if she had a monopoly of the article. We should bring her to terms by opening a treaty with Captain Hall ; nor would it do for Captain Hall to higgle too punctiliously, lest some Mr. Fidler should step on board of one of the steam-packets and introduce another competitor into the circle. Again ; it is for the interest of the English author to afford his works to us at a price which will admit of their wide circulation, because, as things now are, his reputation in this country, — extended of course with the facility of procuring his works, — reacts potently upon his fame, and so upon his fortune, at home. Like the good man of the hundred and twelfth Psalm in a different way, the freer his distribution, the more solid becomes his capital. He must be too great a blockhead to write a salable book, who cannot see, that, by affording it at such a price that all who are so inclined may read, he is magnifying his name, and bringing future contributions to his counter. The more people there are, who, having read and liked one of his books, shall be disposed to buy the next, and recommend both to their neighbours, and sound his praises abroad, the more famous and courted and cheerful will he live, and likewise the richer will he die.

We have argued against the doctrine, that the doing of justice in this matter would limit the reading public in America as to their supply, and injure the booksellers and others in

their business, as one of the most miserable bugbears that ever a selfishness, so nervous and hasty as to be blind even to its own objects, attempted to impose upon the easy credulity of the public at large. The truth is, the trades would continue to derive the bulk of their employment, as now, from the two great classes of books, of domestic origin, and those which are no longer anywhere the subject of copyright; while, as to the works of contemporaneous British authors, the result would be, not that their circulation would be limited, to the injury of either seller or reader, but that the merely inconsiderable number of houses, which at present enjoy a practical monopoly of that now altogether unsafe business, would have to share it with others, who would then think it prudent to secure their share by paying for it; and that, further, a part of the purchase money which a reader gives for a book would reach the person whom certainly the reader will wish most of all to remunerate for the pleasure and improvement the book affords him; namely, its author. He will have it at substantially the same price, but a part of this will now go in the direction, which it ought, and which he wishes it, to take. But supposing it were otherwise, — supposing that he did pay something additional for the author's use, — we insist, that those who pretend that this would be felt as a discouragement and hardship by the American reading public, show a much better acquaintance with their own impulses than with those of the people they are maligning. We have no notion of human nature, — of just and generous human nature, at least, which we hold the American to be, — if the reader, who, bending over the instructive or affecting page, holds friendly and useful communion with its author's mind, finds his pleasure enhanced by the reflection of its being obtained in fraud and defiance of the author's right. Not many of our countrymen would bring a good relish to the stalled ox served up *gratis* from their helpless neighbour's herd; we do not know them, if they prefer that the intellectual food they so relish should be seasoned with the thought of making no return to the producer. We insist, that it is a mere unfounded and offensive libel to say, that of the hundreds of thousands, the millions, who on this side of the water have found so much of the charm of their lives in the writings of Scott, there is any number deserving to be counted, who have satisfaction in the

remembrance of having contributed nothing to keep that great heart from breaking. Had American laws been but as honest as American feelings, — had very much less than what was there due from us been rendered, — one of the most melancholy chapters in literary history would not have been written. One of the sublimest spirits that the inspiration of the Almighty ever endowed would have conquered in the tremendous, and, as it was doomed to be, fatal endeavour to render to others the dues, which this proud and pretending people, profuse of every other tribute to his genius but justice, so cruelly withheld from him. The wizard harp of the North might still, — who knows ? — have been charming mankind with its else inexhaustible enchantments. As it was, the creator of those worlds of delight struggled with desperate and agonized bravery, and died. We Americans helped ourselves to the fruit of his mighty toils, and extolled it largely, and, being mindful to have it at the cheapest, we let him have his struggle to himself, and we let him die. It were better we had dealt honestly by him. We were not the richer for our foul dealing, while he lived, and could work for us ; and we are the poorer now, by the loss of all, which, had his precious life and crushed reason been longer spared, might have been done by him for our enjoyment and instruction.

Nor is the money of foreign authors all, that, under the present magnanimous dispensation, we Americans make free to spoil them of. They are no less at our mercy as to what they may value next, or more, — their fame. In an opinion given to the House of Lords respecting the fitness of allowing to an author a livelihood out of his earnings, so that he need not (as, for instance, Botta was) be starving with a sick wife, while his books were making the fortune of a legalized banditti, Lord Camden had the ineffable impertinence to say, “Glory is the reward of science, and those who deserve it scorn all meaner praise.” The perspicacious peer was too much charmed with the conceit, to observe that his scheme stripped the writer of all security for his glory just as much as for his purse. We never heard our accomplished neighbour Mr. Mackintosh say, but we have our own guess, what he thought of the way in which his glory had been dealt with, when, arriving among us, he first took up the two maimed duodecimos, which had come from

the hands of some nameless New York editor, under the name of his charming biography of his father. Our suspicion is, that he thought the barbarous people had shown him no little unkindness. Mr. Combe tells his readers a little of his view of the case, when he could not only get nothing from the publishers for his brother's book, but they insisted on continuing to circulate it without the improvements introduced into the later editions, thus persisting to make the author's reputation still responsible for errors corrected and omissions supplied.* Dr. Turner, the chemist, (happy man) is dead, and the treatment his "glory" has had from the Philadelphia trade in the republication, so called, of his work lately commented on in our pages,† is no concern of his. If flattery cannot "soothe the dull cold ear of death," no more, fortunately, can the tidings of such doings wound it. The "British Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" is a Corporation, and so has no righteous soul to be grieved. But the author of their work entitled "Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties," we suppose has a soul, and, if so, we suppose it was grieved, when he fell in with the republication of his book in the "New York School District Library," and found in the first hundred and thirteen pages (which is as far as we have had patience to compare) no less than thirty-five pages omitted, in fragments from the length of a sentence, up to three or four pages at a time.

We will give plenty more such instances, when they are wanted, showing how much "glory" the English author is likely to have left him, secure against American piracy, when his more substantial property departs. But at present we will content ourselves with following one somewhat into detail. There is a pretended reprint of Basil Montagu's "Works of Lord Bacon," which we leave it to others to call by what name they think applicable, when they have looked at the facts, some of which are as follows ;

1. The title-page is a copy of the title of the English edition, and purports that the work contains all the matter of the same, specifying moreover the "Life of the Author."

2. The first sentence in the Preface runs thus ; "The publishers of this, the first *complete* American edition of Lord

* *Notes on the United States of America*, Vol. I. pp. 155-157.

† Vol. L. pp. 516 *et seq.*

Bacon's Works, would never have entered upon so considerable an undertaking without feeling that it was justified by the public sentiment, and, in fact, the demand of *literary and scientific readers* throughout the country." Nor are we undeceived till, near the close of the Preface, (and immediately after the assertion, that "this edition has been reprinted from that of Basil Montagu, Esquire, the *most complete ever published in England*") we come to this astounding avowal; "Those of his works which were originally written in Latin have been translated in Mr. Montagu's edition; as the insertion of *the original text* would have *unnecessarily* increased the expense of this edition, it has been deemed expedient to give *the translation only*." And then, by way of consolation, it is pleasantly added, "Every attention has been bestowed to *preserve the purity of the text*."

The case, then, stands thus; — in the opinion of the publishers, to "literary and scientific readers throughout the country" the immortal originals of the "De Augmentis" and the "Novum Organon" are "unnecessary;" and, if not necessary now, when little known, they must become still less so, when this American edition, as the publishers fondly hope, "shall find its way into every *well-selected* library in our country." Excellent caterers for the intellectual wants of this rising nation!

Whoever was employed to pen the precious paragraphs of this Preface was ignorant of the external history as well as of the contents of Bacon's writings, or worse than ignorant; for it is not true that Montagu's edition contains translations of all those works which were originally Latin. The "De Augmentis," for instance, is by no means to be considered as a mere translation into Latin of the "Advancement of Learning." The latter treatise was published in 1605, consists of *two* Books, and occupies 316 octavo pages; while the former, which first appeared in 1623, in nine Books, would occupy in English about 650 pages.*

* On presenting a copy to King James, Bacon wrote, "It is a translation, but almost enlarged to a new work." In his presentation letter to Prince Charles he says, it is "so enlarged as it may go for a new work. It is a book, I think will live and be a *citizen of the world*, as *English* books are not." [It is already disfranchised in these open-bosomed United States.] The additions and alterations which constitute it a new work are not extant in English, except in a translation of the whole treatise, first published in 1640, by Dr. Gilbert Wats, which was considered at the time as "a too much

But this is not all. Mr. Montagu was engaged for more than thirty years, in investigations subsidiary to this work, and was ten years publishing his sixteen octavo volumes, devoting the most indefatigable pains to a search for what might illustrate the subject. The fruits of his inquiries appear principally in his "Life of Bacon," and the copious notes attached to it. These latter are in part foot-notes (which are abundant), and, in part, notes at the end, which latter make 332 pages of fine type, and are referred to at the foot of the pages of the "Life." In the reprint, while the references to these notes at the end are omitted altogether, all the proper foot-notes are given for the first 79 pages of the "Life," and *cease from that point*, without notice or obvious reason, except that the printer was tired of them. All the notes at the end, and a copious Index to the "Life," are also omitted. Nor is there any thing in the nature of *abridgment*, but a mere mechanical amputation, as if the leaves were torn out.

As to the writings of Bacon, we have observed no omission of any whole piece, except the Latin works. But there is no trusting to any part of the edition. For instance, after the "Apothegms," purport to come certain "Spurious Apothegms," twenty-eight in number, which have been attributed to Bacon. Now of these the American printer has given only twenty-six, omitting (it appears, on collation) the fifteenth and the twenty-eighth. And why? Apparently, because in making up the page, which is in double columns, there was found to be too much matter, without incurring the expense of printing another page. The redundant matter was accordingly docked off. At the end of the "Life of Henry the Seventh," Bacon's chief historical work, Montagu's six

defective" version, doing dishonor to the original, and apparently has not been reprinted since 1674.

By a coincidence which would be amusing, if the subject admitted of such a feeling, the American publishers of the work before us have simultaneously issued Mr. Macaulay's masterly paper on Lord Bacon;* a paper which could never have been written with their edition alone, which cannot be verified by it, and which is much occupied in showing the remarkable changes of the great philosopher's opinions on various subjects, as exhibited in the later, enlarged, Latin treatise, compared with the shorter and earlier English treatise on the same general subject. A person familiar with this "complete" collection of Bacon's writings would be utterly unprepared for the criticisms of Macaulay.

* Macaulay's *Miscellanies*, Vol. II. p. 286.

pages of notes are omitted. The order of the parts is jumbled, and all sorts of mistakes appear, which would be likely to arise from the total absence of intelligent care.

We venture to suggest, in passing, that if publishers, under the allowance of the law, are content to confiscate other people's property (for the public service, as they say), and justify themselves from the value of the booty, it would be no more than fair to purchasers as well as authors, that they should tell the truth about what they take, and make it known when it does not suit their purpose to bring away the whole treasure, for which still they claim the full reward. In four volumes, instead of three, we might have had a really "complete," as well as cheap edition of this noble collection of Montagu, which is not a popular, but essentially a learned work, so that the chief end of publishing it at all is frustrated by such a mutilation. It does not, therefore, offend us alone, through our sympathy with him as a scholar, a writer, and a man, under the mortification of seeing such a stupid burlesque of his labors; though it is not easy to see, why, while the reputation of a maker of pomatum or quack-medicines is defended by laws, which forbid a forgery of his signature or his brand, the reputation of the sensitive race of authors should be given over to all sorts of doltish outrage. But such editions as this are a mere curse to American literature, foreclosing any others, while they deceive all who may resort to them. If the thing is suffered to go on, different books under the same name will presently be in the hands of English and American scholars. References will be no guides in reading. The best fruits of the mind of each country will be ludicrously travestied in the other's view. The identity of the great monuments of genius and study will be confounded and lost. Editions of this character must either prove a vast injury to the cause of literature in this country, or else disastrous speculations to the publishers. Far better for one, or both, would it have been, had the integrity of a work thus mangled been under the protection of copyright.

Of course, such practices cannot be expected to be confined to either country; and if there are no bowels of compassion for foreign authors, there may be for our own. *Hanc veniam petimusque, damusque vicissim*; we cheat each other equally on both sides of the water. Our countryman Mr. Sparks employed some ten or fifteen indefatigable years

upon his great work, the "Life and Writings of Washington," and he entitled himself to some consideration and sympathy on the part of his fellow-citizens for erecting such a monument to the memory of their peerless hero. The work, to be what it ought to be, was necessarily one of an extent and cost, which limited its circulation. It was natural to suppose that it would yield some return from an English sale. It was advertised for sale in England, and almost contemporaneously with it was offered by Mr. Colburn, a London bookseller, a curtailed and spurious copy under the title "Personal Memoirs and Diaries of George Washington, Commander-in-chief of the American Armies, and First President of the United States. *By Jared Sparks.* 2 vols. 8vo." These two volumes, falsely alleged on the title-page to be a work of Mr. Sparks, contained selections from his great work, embracing his "Life," and his "Notes" in a new arrangement, with additional notes by an English editor. There is honor among—people who do such things. Mr. Colburn, when called to account in the English prints, felt that a vindication of himself was due, and naturally replied, that he was "merely following the 'code of honor' established and acted upon for so many years by the American booksellers, who reprint almost all his new publications the moment they cross the Atlantic;" a consideration which we dare say afforded small consolation to Mr. Sparks, who, even had he been disposed to take joyfully the spoiling of his goods, might have preferred at least to be left alone with the "glory," which even the latitudinarian and facetious Lord Camden had agreed that he had a right to. Mr. Sparks's collection of Franklin's "Essays," and his more original "Life of Ledyard," were dealt with in England on the same principles, except that, not having the English reprints at hand, we are unable to say whether they, in a similar manner, were curtailed of their fair proportions. The "Life of Ledyard," if we remember right, was published without the author's name;—the "glory," whether more or less, all vanishing with a dash of the proof-reader's pen across the title-page.

So Mr. Ware's "Letters from Palmyra," and "Probus," were brought out in England with new titles, the former bearing that of "Zenobia, Queen of the East," the latter that of "The Last Days of Aurelian, or the Nazarenes

of Rome," and with nothing about either to indicate their American origin. So Dr. Harris's "Natural History of the Bible" has passed through two or three English editions, with all the appearance of being a native work. So Mr. Bancroft's translation of Heeren's "Politics of Greece" was inserted bodily, without the slightest reference to its source, into an English collection of Heeren's works done into that tongue. Mr. Everett's translation of Buttmann's Greek Grammar was served in the same way; we hope there is a copy of the English reprint now on his shelf, to be shown to Lord Aberdeen, should this question of international justice become a subject of conference between those eminent negotiators. Judge Story's admirable "Commentaries on the Law of Bailments," has recently, like his other legal works, been reprinted in England. But, previously to this reprint, Mr. Theobald, a member of the English bar, in preparing an edition of the interesting, but much overrated little book of Sir William Jones on Bailments, had used the most important parts of the work of our eminent countryman by way of notes. The text of Judge Story was chopped into fragments, and appended here and there to the pages of Sir William Jones. In the United States, English law books have frequently been reprinted, and enriched with American annotations; but, in the present instance, an American book of a high professional character was converted into notes to an English treatise.

We have urged, in a part of these desultory remarks, that a fair international copyright law would not operate, as has been apprehended, to limit in this country the benefits arising from contemporaneous English literature, or the profits of the branches of business concerned in the manufacture and the distribution of books. It may be thought that this reasoning excludes us from the benefit of any argument in favor of such a regulation, to be derived from its affording encouragement to native authorship. But we cannot agree to that inference. That it is an error in the publishers to suppose that they are benefited by the system of paying for no copyright, and of course securing no property, in foreign works, we confidently believe; but yet it is an error, which, as far as it extends, and as long as it can be legally acted on, operates greatly to the oppression of the American author. Hastily, but at the same time too satisfactorily to themselves, publishers are apt to reason, that it is not worth their

while to pay for an American copyright, when they can reprint the best English books without their authors' leave; and the option of paying something or nothing excludes the native author from the circle of fair competition, except when, — as in the case of some classes of school-books, — the production required must needs be a native of the soil. It is impossible that American writers should have a fair chance, till other writers in the same language, as well as themselves, shall be entitled to demand a just price for the fruits of their labor. When that is done, they will have a fair chance, and the benefit, first experienced by them individually, will presently be extended in tenfold measure to the country. Literary labor, better remunerated, will attract to itself greater numbers, and encourage more exertion and a better discipline. The nation at large will consequently be better instructed; and while it refuses to condemn itself to dependence on foreign nurture, and so to intellectual impotence and dwarfishness, will place itself in a position to win those intellectual honors, which make the proudest boast of all famous states.

There is one view of this subject in particular, which we cannot but think addresses itself forcibly to the consideration of all who are friendly to an elevated American policy. A vigorous literature is always the congenial growth of a native soil. An able work, in almost any department, will have its train of thought in some measure tinged by the character of the institutions under which its author has been reared, and will of course exert, however insensibly, some degree of corresponding influence, favorable to those institutions, upon the reader's mind. But especially is this remark true in respect to that description of works, as to which, down to the present time, we Americans are mostly under the tutelage of England. Novels are the class of books which as yet we provide least for ourselves, and depend for most on the mother country. They constitute a stock of reading of the utmost importance in its influence on the moral tastes and principles, and so on the political security of a nation. They are read very extensively; they are especial favorites of that period of life when the character is forming; and in the formation of character their exciting addresses to the imagination and feelings give them an exceeding power. The hero or heroine of the fictitious tale is to the young man or

woman, for the time being, the perfection of humanity ; and the condition of society, in which its gorgeous scene are laid, presents itself as the *beau idéal* of human life.

But the hero or heroine of the English tales we read, is an idea different from what can be realized in a republican state ; and the condition of society, which under such attractive representations they depict, is one different from what we are to move in, and one, which for our patriotism's sake, as well as for the credit of our good judgment, we ought not to learn to love. It is unfortunate, that the imaginations of our young people should be excited by it, even if the effect should be no worse than to make them look upon our far preferable institutions of republican equality and freedom as comparatively a homely thing, and divert and abate in any degree the enthusiasm with which we ought to be trained to regard them. It is unfortunate, that the merchant's daughter and the farmer's boy should get their heads too full of the Young Duke and May Dacre ; there is real danger, that, when such dreams are dreamed in every fifth or tenth house throughout the country, the affection with which our more venerable frame of society ought to be regarded will be in some degree distracted and unsettled ; and this would be a serious evil in a country where every thing rests on the basis of opinion, — where that patriotism, which is the life of our national being, looks to this only for its food. In our opinion there is scarcely a better service of patriotism than is to be rendered by the multiplication of works in this department, in the tone of some of those, in which the upright genius of Miss Sedgwick has kindled the sympathy of readers in the virtues that befit the American citizen, and awakened their veneration and love for that essential dignity and charm, which every man and woman in this nation may aspire to wear. We do think, that whoever has been reading “ Woodstock,” with a genuine surrender of himself to the artist's power, is in such peril of finding himself inoculated with the subtle virus of that man-worship, named *loyalty*, that he will do well presently to apply “ Live and Let Live,” or some such generous febrifuge, to restore a republican sanity to his disordered blood. Works in this tone, — the more abundant and more highly wrought the better, — instructing the common mind of this nation to appreciate its privileges, — forming it to discharge, and winning it to love, the duties of

its position, — will go further than any parchment Bill of Rights to perpetuate our political blessings. They must be written in America ; they can be produced nowhere else. And when rulers come a little to a sense of their own duty, they will take care to provide some encouragement for the production of such works. If on every shelf in the American States, where now lies a copy of “*Pelham*,” we could substitute one of “*Home*,” or of “*The Poor Rich Man and Rich Poor Man*,” we hesitate not at all to say, that there would forthwith be a most substantial effect produced on the respectability of the national character, and the stability of the national institutions. Works of similar character, in much greater number, — and, for aught we know, of much higher order, — there will be, when the grave and reverend guardians of the nation’s welfare, in Congress assembled, shall be disposed to attend to their duty in the premises. Readers cordially greet such works, but authors must live while they write them ; and this they will have no security for doing, till legislators shall have made that easy provision, which depends on them, for the encouragement of a literature instinct with the spirit of republican virtue.

Nor will such provision secure to American authorship domestic encouragement alone. Far from it. On the contrary, the vast benefit contemplated will be enjoyed by this country in great part at the cost of England. We suppose it is commonly thought, that in such arrangements there would be nothing like a fair reciprocity ; — that the benefit would be, with an immense preponderance, on the side of English authors ; that those of America are too few, and their works too little relished in England, to be of much importance in the comparison. No opinion can be more erroneous. Since the “*Edinburgh Review*” asked, some twenty-five years ago, “*who reads an American book ?*” the tables have been turning exceedingly fast. They are turning at this moment faster than ever ; and it is the opinion of as impartial and competent judges as any to be found, that in half as much more time, an international copyright law will be decidedly of more value to American authors than to British. A very large part of the transactions of the book-trade in both countries is in books for children’s reading, and for their use in school education ; and in both these departments, — in the latter, from the most elementary to the most elaborate treatises,

— American works (generally, but not always, under some thin disguise) are fast driving the English out of their own market. Dr. Anthon's series of school classics are not so good as some other works of the same class with which we are furnishing the British nation, but they find them much better than any to which they have hitherto been used ; and, from Peter Parley and the Abbott books up to Leverett's Latin Lexicon, and the Cambridge Mathematics, the ingenuous youth of the fast-anchored isle are enjoying luxuries in the way of instruction, hitherto all unknown. In law, the treatises of the American Judge Story are regarded by the profession in England as the most important productions of the day ; and, in the department of theology, the superior estimation in which the writings of American divines are held in the parent country, from sermons to the various kinds of compositions of a more scientific character, may, we hesitate not to say, be regarded as an equally well-established fact. The most popular Essays of the age in the English language are, without question, those of Dr. Channing ; the most important books of Travels are the recent ones of Professor Robinson, and Mr. Stephens ; the most successful History is that of Mr. Prescott. The writings of Irving and Cooper take rank in England with those of its own eminent authors in the same walks ; and some even of our recent poets, — the hardest case of all that enter into the comparison, — are read almost as much as any native bards. This is but the beginning of a movement altogether unanticipated a few years ago. Such things do not go backward ; and, if our legislators will but consent to give our authorship a chance, they need not be in the slightest degree concerned but that presently it will be drawing quite as heavy a tax from England, as English genius, with all its advantages, will contrive to levy here.

We expect, that a fair international copyright law will eventually be passed, because we have great confidence in the power of reason and justice. They are stronger than the hasty perverseness of lawmakers, or the selfish and misunderstood interests of clans. The principle too is already settled in an analogous case, so that the present condition of things in regard to a free plunder of books presents an inconsistency as absurd as it is inequitable. For several years, property in mechanical contrivances has been under

the protection of law. The English or American inventor of a machine can take out his patent right in both countries. We never heard that this arrangement was found inconvenient or burdensome. On the contrary, we have no doubt of its being as salutary as it is honest. If the rule is good as to a printing-press, why is it not equally so as to a book? If the principle is unsound, let both applications of it be abandoned. If otherwise, let both applications of it be made. How a distinction can decently be made between them, we apprehend that it would puzzle a wiser Committee than any that Congress will raise upon the subject, to explain.

QUARTERLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AGRICULTURE.

A Muck Manual, for Farmers. By Samuel L. Dana. Lowell: Daniel Bixby. 12mo. pp. 242.

Every Lady her own Flower-Gardener. By Louisa Johnson. Containing Simple and Practical Directions for cultivating Plants and Flowers, in the Northern and Southern States. Also Flora's Revelings, and Hints for the Management of Flowers in Rooms, &c., with brief Botanical Descriptions of Plants and Flowers; the whole in plain and simple Language, expressly calculated for Popular Use. New Haven: S. Babcock. 12mo. pp. 142.

Fourth Report of the Agriculture of Massachusetts. Counties of Franklin and Middlesex. By Henry Colman, Commissioner for the Agricultural Survey of the State. Boston: Dutton & Wentworth. 8vo. pp. 533.

Elements of Scientific and Practical Agriculture, or the Application of Biology, Geology, and Chemistry to Agriculture and Horticulture. Intended as a Text-book for Farmers and Students in Agriculture. By Alonzo Gray, A. M., Author of "Elements of Chemistry," and Teacher of Chemistry and Natural History in Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. Andover: Allen, Morrill, & Wardwell. 12mo. pp. 368.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Missionary's Daughter, or Memoir of Lucy Goodale Thurston, of the Sandwich Islands. New York: Dayton & Newman. 12mo. pp. 233.

The Life of Wilbur Fisk, D. D., first President of the Wesleyan University. By Joseph Holdich. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 455.

Closing Scenes of the Life of Samuel Wisdom; illustrating the Usefulness of Tract Distribution and early Sabbath School Instruction. New York: John S. Taylor & Co. 12mo. pp. 69.

A Mother's Tribute to a beloved Daughter; or Memoir of Malvina Forman Smith. New York: M. W. Dodd. 12mo. pp. 198.

EDUCATION.

Anthon's Latin Grammar. Part II. An Introduction to Latin Prose Composition, with a complete course of Exercises, illustrative
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of all the Important Principles of Latin Syntax. By Charles Anthon, LL. D., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College, and Rector of the Grammar School. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 327.

Anthon's Greek Lessons. Part II. An Introduction to Greek Prose Composition, with copious explanatory Exercises, in which all the important Principles of Greek Syntax are fully elucidated. By Charles Anthon, LL. D., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College, New York, and Rector of the Grammar School. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 270.

Key to the French Language; being a complete Course of Study on a new Plan, with all the recent Improvements; the whole so arranged as materially to facilitate the Task of the Teacher, and lessen the Difficulties of the Pupil. By J. A. Weisse. Boston; E. P. Peabody. 18mo. pp. 207.

Mammalogy; Natural History of Mammiferous Animals. Second Book of Natural History, prepared for the Use of Schools and Colleges. By W. S. W. Ruschenberger, M. D., Surgeon in the U. S. Navy, Fellow of the College of Physicians, Honorary Member of the Philadelphia Medical Society, Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, &c. &c. From the Text of Milne-Edwards and Achille Cowte, Professors of Natural History in the Colleges of Henry IV. and Charlemagne. With Plates. Philadelphia: Turner & Fisher. 12mo. pp. 151.

Ornithology; the Natural History of Birds. Third Book of Natural History, prepared for the Use of Schools and Colleges. By W. S. W. Ruschenberger, M. D., &c. &c. &c. With Plates. Philadelphia: Turner & Fisher. 12mo. pp. 125.

P. Virgilli Maronis Bucolica, Georgica, et Æneis. Virgil; with English Notes, prepared for the Use of Classical Schools and Colleges. By Francis Bowen, A. M. Boston: David H. Williams. 12mo. pp. 600.

This edition of Virgil is one of the most accurately printed classics, that have appeared in the United States. In his performance of the editorial duties, Mr. Bowen has done all that can be expected to instruct and entertain the young pupil, who is too often driven through the works of the great Roman poet, not only without obtaining any just views of his poetical character, or feeling any interest in the masterpieces of the Latin muse, but with a repugnance and disgust for tasks that are beyond his years, and unintelligible for want of the historical and antiquarian learning necessary to their comprehension.

The text of this edition is a very good one; the type is clear and handsome; the page well-proportioned; and the book is, therefore, typographically, a very attractive one. Mr. Bowen, in his notes and introductions, has condensed and put into an intelligible form all the requisite learning. The life of Virgil is drawn up with great skill, and written in a style that cannot fail to interest the pupil. The introductions to the different portions of Virgil point out clearly the peculiar characteristics that mark the several kinds of poetry. The notes are not confined to grammatical or philological points, but often rise into the higher region of criticism upon substance and style. They are well adapted to cultivate the pupil's taste, and to awaken his sensibilities to beautiful thought and happy expression. We think, in his translations of passages, Mr. Bowen has hit the right medium, between literal closeness, which would be awkward, perhaps unintelligible

English, and loose paraphrase, which often does not even remind one of the original. The scholar, who reads Virgil by himself, will find this edition exactly fitted to his wants; and the boy at school will stand a better chance than he ever did before, to rise from the study of his daily tasks with some adequate notions of the poet's excellences over whose verses he has been toiling. The commentaries in this edition have the substance of ripe and varied scholarship, free from all pedantic display. And the little summaries at the close of each book, will serve to clear up and arrange the student's ideas, which are generally vague and uncertain from the piecemeal method in which he has studied the poet.

But with all the excellent appliances, which Mr. Bowen has furnished, we think Virgil is studied at too early a period in our classical courses of instruction. His *Æneid* is the great epic of a mighty nation, the proudest monument transmitted to us by the lofty genius of Rome. It is the most elaborate piece of art that ancient literature has to boast; it is the carefully considered work of the best part of its author's life. All the powers of his genius, and all the treasures of his erudition, were expended upon it, and, after twelve years of devoted labor, he left it incomplete, and with orders to commit it to the flames. Such is the work, which is put into the hands of young scholars, in the most favorable cases, as soon as a few elementary books have been mastered, and sometimes before even that is done. It is required for admission into all our Colleges, and hardly ever opened during a College course. The consequence is, that the scholar shuts up his Virgil at the age of fifteen or sixteen, and throws it aside with his Arithmetic and Geography. It is one of his school-books, and shares the fate of all its tribe. This state of things is deeply to be regretted. Virgil should never be studied until the scholar has become familiar with the Latin prose of the best ages; until he has some power of appreciating beauties of thought and of expression, and has sufficient knowledge to discriminate between the language of prose and of poetry. Instead of being confined to the preparatory schools, it should be the subject of the highest course of Latin instruction in our Colleges.

A Romaic Grammar, accompanied by a Chrestomathy with a Vocabulary. By E. A. Sophocles, A. M. Hartford: H. Huntington, Jr. 12mo. pp. 264.

The study of the Romaic, or Modern Greek, has been hitherto much obstructed in the United States by the want of suitable books. Some years ago, Mr. Negris, a Greek gentleman then residing here, published a Grammar; a work which proved of little service, being imperfect, in some respects inaccurate, and, besides, written in the Modern Greek language. He also published an edition of the "Tragedy of Aspasia," by the celebrated Rizos. These were the only books readily accessible to the American student; and as the one was hastily drawn up, and the other a very dull piece, it is by no means surprising, that the study of the Modern Greek has made but little progress among American scholars. And yet it is a language full of deep literary interest, being the only daughter of a beautiful mother. It is the ancient Greek, shorn, it is true, of a part of its power and comeliness, but still possessing great flexibility, harmony, and beauty, and not deficient in works of decided literary merit and originality. As an aid to the study of the ancient Greek, its importance has been emphatically acknowledged by the best European scholars, and it has been long a subject of philological investigation among the learned men of Germany. For practical and commercial purposes, its utility is increasing with the increasing prosperity of Greece; and, if that country should go forward in the career she has conspicuously entered upon, we may anticipate the time when her language will be taught in the course of a common commercial education.

It gives us great pleasure, therefore, to welcome this book from the care-

ful hand of Mr. Sophocles. He furnishes, in his Grammar, an exact account of the language as it is written and spoken by well-educated people at the present day. Most writers on the grammar of the Modern Greek, are too zealous to make it conform to the Ancient Greek; and their works are, as Mr. Sophocles expresses it, "little more than an exposition of some favorite philological whim." In looking over this Grammar, we have been struck with its clearness, condensation, and completeness; these, however, are qualities, which those who are familiar with the other works of Mr. Sophocles would naturally look for in this. The Chrestomathy consists of a series of extracts, in prose and verse, taken from the best writers, and sufficient to give the student a very good knowledge of the language. After a few miscellaneous sentences, which form an easy introduction, we have choice passages from Coray, Koumas, Kokkinakes; an amusing scene from the "Tychodioktes," a satiric drama by Chourmouzes; another from *Ækonomus*; a series of Modern Greek Proverbs; together with poetical extracts from Christopoulos, Alexander Soutsos, and Michael Perdicares; then six of the best from the collections of Klephtic songs, those singular and most interesting snatches of the native poetry of the mountains; ending with a lyric piece by Salomos, "To Liberty." To these extracts Mr. Sophocles has added a body of instructive notes, explaining concisely but clearly, the peculiar idioms that occur in the text, and giving some account of the authors from whose works the extracts are taken. These are followed by a Vocabulary; and the whole makes a volume of a very interesting character, and highly valuable to the student. We hope it will be the means of increasing the attention paid to the Modern Greek; and that our scholars will now take it up in connexion with the Ancient, to which we hope something like the interest of a living language will thus be imparted. A few lessons given to college classes will be sufficient to teach them the modern pronunciation, and the grammatical peculiarities of the language. Those who have acquired a tolerable knowledge of the ancient, will find the acquisition of the modern, by means of this book, mere recreation. It ought to be adopted as a text-book in our colleges; for it would undoubtedly add a fresh interest to the study of the ancient classics.

A History of the Republic of Rome, with a brief Account of its Provinces, and of the Religion and Philosophy of the Romans; also a Chronological Appendix. Compiled expressly for the Use of the Youth of America. By W. J. Bakewell. Pittsburgh: C. H. Kay & Co. 12mo. pp. 408.

There are various methods of writing and teaching history, and the plan adopted by Mr. Bakewell certainly avoids one defect, which is a matter of just complaint in other systems, though the scheme may be open to other objections, which are peculiar to itself. The compiler has endeavoured to make an Historical Reader for the use of his pupils, which shall not be a mere chronicle of wars and conquests, but afford some insight into the philosophy, religion, manners, and customs of the people, to whom it relates. The plan is certainly a good one, especially if the work be read as a supplement to other and more formal histories. A close examination of the work is hardly necessary, since it is set forward only as a compilation. The editor, in most cases, has transcribed the very words of the authors whom he has consulted, and he seems to have chosen his authorities with taste and good judgment. We are glad to see poetical extracts of some length, suited to the nature of the subject, in a work of this character for the use of schools. They heighten the interest of the subject, and, if well chosen, may serve to improve the taste of youthful pupils. Instructors, who are in search of a good manual of Roman history for the use of their scholars, will do well to examine this volume.

HISTORY.

The History of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company [Revised and Enlarged] from its Formation in 1637, and Charter in 1638, to the Present Time; comprising the Biographies of the distinguished Civil, Literary, Religious, and Military Men of the Colony, Province, and Commonwealth. By the late Zechariah G. Whitman, A. M. Boston, Mass.: John H. Eastburn. 8vo. pp. 463.

Under the date of "Twelfth March, 1637," Governor Winthrop, of the old Massachusetts Colony, wrote in his "Journal"; "Divers gentlemen and others, being joined in a military company, desired to be made a corporation. But the Council, considering from the example of the Pretorian band among the Romans, and the Templars of Europe, how dangerous it might be to erect a standing authority of military men, which might easily, in time, overthrow the civil power, thought fit to stop it betimes. Yet they were allowed to be a Company, but subordinate to all authority." In the following year, however, it appears that this jealousy had in some degree subsided, as the Company then obtained a charter with extraordinary privileges; one of which was, that on the days of its training no town-meeting should be held throughout the jurisdiction, and another, that its officers should receive their commissions and their *insignia* of command directly from the Governor's hands, a practice which is still kept up at the end of two hundred and four years, and gives occasion to one of the most agreeable holydays of New England.

In its capacity of a school for officers, the history of the "Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company," particularly during the early period, had an important connexion with the history of the Northern States; and up to the present time, a succession of their most eminent names has been constantly found upon its roll. The late Mr. Whitman, Clerk of the Company, a man full of the spirit of "Old Mortality," devoted himself with a never-flagging industry to retouch the fading lines on the monuments of the ancient worthies. Of his antiquarian zeal and industry, this work, now revised and published under the care of a committee of the Company, is the principal fruit. In the characteristic spirit of his attractive study, Mr. Whitman did not so much aim at a tasteful selection, as at an abundant accumulation, of facts. He has provided no inconsiderable materials for the future historian, and furnished no little entertainment to the reader of the present day, who enjoys personal anecdote, particularly when of a nature to illustrate the manners of a primitive and simple age; while to the members of the Association these minute records of their predecessors will address themselves with a still more particular interest.

JUVENILE.

Biographical Stories for Children. Benjamin West, Sir Isaac Newton, Samuel Johnson, Oliver Cromwell, Benjamin Franklin, Queen Christina. By Nathaniel Hawthorne, Author of "Historical Tales for Youth," "Twice-Told Tales," &c. Boston: Tappan & Dennet. 12mo. pp. 161.

Juvenile Ballads and Nursery Rhymes. By Ann Augusta Gray. Boston: Otis Clapp. 18mo. pp. 57.

Cousin Lucy on the Sea Shore. By the Author of the "Rollo Books." Boston: B. B. Mussey. 12mo. pp. 180.

Cousin Lucy among the Mountains. By the Author of the "Rollo Books." Boston: B. B. Mussey. 12mo. pp. 180.

Uncle Richard's Conversations about the Ancient History of Lon-

don. By a Minister, who loves Children. Lowell: Rice & Wise. 12mo. pp. 127.

Juvenile Dramas, Verses, and Stories for Children. New York: Samuel Colman. 16mo. pp. 126.

Moral Tales. By Robert Merry. With Engravings. New York: John S. Taylor & Co. 12mo. pp. 158.

Hudson's Stories for Children. Boston: William Crosby & Co. 12mo. pp. 198.

LAW.

Reports of the Cases Argued and Determined in the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. By Octavius Pickering, Counsellor at Law. Vol. XXIV. Boston: Charles C. Little & James Brown. 8vo. pp. 518.

A Treatise on the Law of Evidence, by Simon Greenleaf, LL. D., Royall Professor of Law in Harvard University. Boston: Charles C. Little & James Brown. 8vo. pp. 658.

A Treatise on the Law and Practice of Bankruptcy, with reference to the General Bankrupt Act, supported and illustrated by the English and American Authorities, and by the Principles of Law and Equity as applicable thereto; with an Appendix, containing the Rules of the Court, a Table of Fees, the Forms of Proceedings, the Act of Congress, and a digested Index. By Samuel Owen, Counsellor at Law. New York: John S. Voorhies. 8vo. pp. 298 and 100.

Reports of Cases Adjudged in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. By Frederick Watts and Henry J. Sergeant. Vol. I. Containing the Cases decided in May Term and Part of July Term, 1841. Philadelphia: James Kay, Jun., & Brother. 8vo. pp. 597.

Reports of Cases Determined in the District Court for the City and County of Philadelphia. By John Miles, Counsellor at Law. Vol. II. Containing Cases from 1836 to 1841, with the Rules of Court, revised February 19, 1842; and Forms of Pleas under the Rules as to Pleading in particular Actions. Philadelphia: James Kay, Jun., & Brother. 8vo. pp. 540.

A New Digest of the Statute Laws of the State of Louisiana, from the Change of Government to the year 1841, inclusive. Compiled by Henry A. Bullard, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, and Thomas Curry, late Reporter of the Decisions of the Supreme Court, and now Judge of the Ninth District. Vol. I. New Orleans: E. Johns & Co. 8vo. pp. 876.

Reports of Cases Argued and Determined in the Court of Chancery of the State of New York. By Alonzo C. Paige, Counsellor at Law. Vol. VIII. New York: Gould, Banks, & Co. 8vo. pp. 706.

A Commentary on the Bankrupt Law of 1841, showing its Operation and Effect. By George A. Bicknell, Jr., Member of the Bar of New York. To which is annexed an Authentic Copy of the Bankrupt Act. With an Appendix of Forms and a Table of Fees. New York: Gould, Banks, & Co. 8vo. pp. 100.

Report of the Case of Edward Prigg against the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Argued and adjudged in the Supreme Court of the United States, at January Term, 1842. In which it was decided, that all the Laws of the several States relative to Fugitive Slaves are

Unconstitutional and Void ; and that Congress have the exclusive Power of Legislation on the Subject of Fugitive Slaves escaping into other States. By Richard Peters, Reporter of the Decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. Philadelphia : L. Johnson. 8vo. pp. 140.

Reports of Cases Determined in the Supreme Judicial Court of the State of Maine. By John Shepley, Counsellor at Law. Vol. VI. Maine Reports, Vol. XVIII. Hallowell : Glazier, Masters, & Smith. 8vo. pp. 512.

Rules and Forms in Bankruptcy in the District of Massachusetts. Containing Twenty-eight additional Rules and Forms, together with the Bankrupt Act, and the Names of the Commissioners of Bankruptcy in Massachusetts. Boston : Charles C. Little & James Brown. 8vo. pp. 58.

Rules of Practice for the Courts of Equity of the United States, promulgated by the Supreme Court of the United States, January Term, 1842. Boston : Charles C. Little & James Brown. 8vo. pp. 55.

The Bankrupt Law of the United States, with an Outline of the System ; together with the Rules and Forms in Massachusetts, and References to Recent Decisions. By P. W. Chandler, One of the Commissioners of Bankruptcy in Massachusetts. Boston : James H. Weeks. 16mo. pp. 102.

A well-digested little book, which cannot fail to be highly useful to all who have any thing to do with the operation of the Bankrupt Law. To professional persons it is indispensable. It contains an outline of the system, presenting a practical view thereof, besides the forms of proceeding. The whole is compiled with the neatness and accuracy, which have characterized Mr. Chandler's other juridical labors.

MEDICINE, ANATOMY, AND SURGERY.

New Homœopathic Pharmacopœia and Posology, or the Preparation of Homœopathic Medicines and the Administration of Doses. By G. H. G. Jahr. Translated, with Additions, by James Kitchen, M. D. Philadelphia : J. Dobson. 8vo. pp. 306.

A Practical Treatise on Medical Inhalation, with Numerous Cases demonstrating the Curative Powers of the Local Application of Various Remedies in Bronchitis, Consumption, and other Diseases of the Respiratory Organs ; embracing the Opinions and Experience of Rush, Sir Charles Scudamore, Eberle, Mudge, Crichton, Thomas Corrigan, Ramadge, and others. By Edward Jenner Coxe, M. D. Philadelphia : J. Dobson. 12mo. pp. 108.

Hydriatics ; or Manual of the Water Cure, especially as practised by Vincent Priessnitz in Graefenberg. Compiled and translated from the Writings of Charles Munde, Dr. Oertel, Dr. Bernhard, Hirschel, and other Eyewitnesses and Practitioners. By Francis Graeter. New York : William Radde. 16mo. pp. 198.

Diseases of the Alimentary Canal and Constipation, treated Homœopathically. By W. Broackes, M. D. & M. R. C. S., with Preface and Notes, by Gideon Humphrey, M. D. Also an Essay on Homœopathic Diet. Philadelphia : J. Dobson. 12mo. pp. 134.

Practical Observations on some of the chief Homœopathic Remedies. By Dr. Franz Hartmann. Translated from the German, with Notes. By A. Howard Okie, M. D., of Philadelphia. First Series. Aconite, Bryonia, Mercurius Solubilis Hahnemanni, Mercurius Sublimatus Corrosivus, Mercurius Præcipitatus Ruber, Mercurius Dulcis and Chamomilla. Philadelphia: J. Dobson. 12mo. pp. 171.

Homœopathia, a Principle in Medicine and not an Exclusive System; in a Letter to Alban Goldsmith, M. D. By Jno. Aug. McVickar, M. D. New York: John S. Taylor & Co. 12mo. pp. 45.

The Pharmacopœia of the United States of America. By authority of the National Medical Convention, held at Washington, A. D., 1840. Philadelphia: Grigg & Elliot. 8vo. pp. 279.

The Climate of the United States and its Endemic Influences. Based chiefly on the Records of the Medical Department and Adjutant General's Office, United States Army. By Samuel Forry, M. D. New York: J. & H. G. Langley. 12mo. pp. 380.

This volume exhibits the results of a very laborious analysis of two statistical tabular works, prepared by the same author, the "Army Meteorological Register," and the "Statistical Report on the Sickness and Mortality in the Army of the United States." Our chief regret is, that the data on which the calculations were founded were so exceedingly limited. A few series of meteorological observations, of unequal, and some of them of very short periods, afford a very slight basis for an estimate of the climate of a country so extensive as the United States. In like manner, the army of the United States, to say nothing of the peculiar character and habits of many of the individuals of which it is composed, is far too small a body in proportion to the whole population, to furnish by its returns of sickness and deaths, any legitimate inferences in regard to the greater or less prevalence of particular diseases in the different sections of the country. It is not indeed easy to ascertain from the work itself the precise number of men at the several posts, to which the calculations refer. But it is apparent, that results are often given in the proportion of *hundredths*, and sometimes of *thousandths*, where the units which form the basis of the calculation make but a small fraction of a single hundred.

On Regimen and Longevity; comprising Materia Alimentaria, National Dietetic Usages, and the Influence of Civilization on Health and the Duration of Life. By John Bell, M. D. Philadelphia. 1842. 12mo. pp. 420.

Few persons, we believe, have ever lengthened out their days by studying the principles of longevity; and as few have established or maintained a vigorous state of health by a studied conformity to the regulations of any system of diatetics. It is scarcely less true in a literal physical, than it is in a moral sense, that that life is longest which best fulfils the purposes of life. A diligent performance of the offices and duties of life, with only an incidental attention to the preservation of health, affords a better safeguard for both life and health than a sedulous regard for both, with a curious inquiry after the means of protecting them, and an overwatchful care to observe the most salutary rules of living.

It does not hence follow, however, that no benefit is to be expected from an exposition of the laws of health. As a mere matter of philosophical inquiry, scarcely any subject can better reward investigation; and in its practical interests there are points of view in which it applies to the wants of all. There are certain general principles by which every man should be guided in the preservation of health, and to learn to apply these habitually

without recurrence to rules, and almost without reflection, constitutes the chief art of prolonging life. Right instruction early imparted, and so wrought into the customs of the individual as to become natural to him, will alone effect this. Still more important is it, that sound knowledge on this subject should guide the legislation and other influences, which affect the usages of society as a body, and give a right direction to all measures for the promotion of the public health.

The work before us makes no very high claims to the character of a philosophical treatise. It aims rather to give a plain and popular account of the usages of different nations, and their influence in promoting health; and a description of the more common articles of diet in use among us, and of their properties in sustaining life. These explanations are interspersed with much curious information of a miscellaneous character. The book is, therefore, not a dry collection of rules for avoiding dyspepsy, but a pleasant piece of rather agreeable reading; at the same time that it furnishes the materials of good advice to those who will use it aright.

Homœopathy; with particular reference to a Lecture by O. W. Holmes, M. D. By A. H. Okie, M. D. Boston: Otis Clapp. 12mo. pp. 48.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Quozziana; or Letters from Great Goslington, Mass. Giving an Account of the Quoz Dinner, and other Matters. By Sampson Short-and-Fat. Boston: William White & H. P. Lewis. 16mo. pp. 68.

Constitutional Government. By O. A. Brownson. [From the Boston Quarterly Review.] Boston: Benjamin H. Greene. 8vo. pp. 35.

The Duty of the Free States, or Remarks suggested by the Case of the Creole. By William E. Channing. Boston: William Crosby & Co. 12mo. pp. 54.

The Duty of the Free States. Second Part. By William E. Channing. Boston: William Crosby & Co. 12mo. pp. 93.

Punishment by Death; its Authority and Expediency. By the Rev. George B. Cheever. New York: M. W. Dodd. 12mo. pp. 156.

A New Guide to Washington; by George Watterston. Washington: Robert Farnham. 18mo. pp. 221.

The Victim of Chancery; or a Debtor's Experience. By the Author of "A Week in Wall Street." New York: John F. Trow. 12mo. pp. 208.

The Works of Charles Follen, with a Memoir of his Life. Boston: Hilliard, Gray, & Company. In Five Volumes. 12mo. pp. 637, 390, 363, 399, and 373.

Uncle Sam's Recommendation of Phrenology to his Millions of Friends in the United States. In a Series of not very dull Letters. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 302.

Inquiry into the Validity of the British Claim to a Right of Visitation and Search of American Vessels suspected to be engaged in the African Slave Trade. By Henry Wheaton, LL. D., Minister of the United States at the Court of Berlin, Author of "Elements of International Law." Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 8vo. pp. 151.

The Fame and Glory of England Vindicated, being an Answer to "The Glory and Shame of England." By Libertas. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 12mo. pp. 306.

Proceedings of the Convention of the Manufacturers, Dealers, and Operatives in the Shoe and Leather Trade in the State of Massachusetts, holden at Boston, March 2, 1842. Boston: Saxton & Peirce. 16mo. pp. 79.

The Man of Two Worlds; or the Story of Noah and the Deluge. By William A. Alcott. Boston: D. S. King. 12mo. pp. 193.

A National Bank, or No Banks; an Appeal to the Common Sense of the People of the United States, especially of the Laboring Classes. By John R. Hurd. New York: W. E. Dean. 8vo. pp. 104.

Register of all Officers and Agents, Civil, Military, and Naval, in the Service of the United States, on the 30th of September, 1841, with the Names, Force, and Condition of all Ships and Vessels belonging to the United States, and when and where built; together with the Names and Compensation of all Printers in any way employed, by Congress or any Department or Officer of the Government. Prepared at the Department of State, in Pursuance of Resolutions of Congress of April 27th, 1816, and July 14th, 1832. Washington: W. M. Morrison. 12mo. pp. 632.

Fowler on Memory; or, Phrenology applied to the Cultivation of Memory; the Intellectual Education of Children, and the Strengthening and Expanding of the Intellectual Powers. By O. S. Fowler, Practical Phrenologist, Editor of the "American Phrenological Journal"; Author of "Phrenology Proved, Illustrated, and Applied;" "Phrenology and Physiology Applied to Matrimony; do. to Temperance; do. to Education and Self-improvement," &c. &c. &c. &c. New York: O. S. & L. N. Fowler. 16mo. pp. 48.

Critical Essays on a few Subjects connected with the History and Present Condition of Speculative Philosophy. By Francis Bowen, A. M. Boston: H. B. Williams. 12mo. pp. 352.

This volume is composed of Essays, which have already appeared in the "North American Review," and the "Christian Examiner." Those readers of our Journal, who have been interested in the recent articles on "Kant and his Philosophy," "The Philosophy of Cousin," and other kindred topics, will be gratified to renew their acquaintance with them in this convenient form, and in connexion with others of a similar character.

An Inquiry into the Necessity and General Principles of Reorganization in the United States' Navy, with an Examination of the true Sources of Subordination. By an Observer. Baltimore: John Murphy. 8vo. pp. 46.

The Principles of Phrenology and Physiology applied to Man's Social Relations; together with an Analysis of the Domestic Feelings. By L. N. Fowler, Practical Phrenologist. New York: L. N. & O. S. Fowler. 16mo. pp. 135.

The Close of the Late Rebellion in Rhode Island. An Extract from a Letter by a Massachusetts Man resident in Providence. Providence: B. Cranston & Co. 16mo. pp. 16.

"The Affairs of Rhode Island;" being a Review of President Wayland's "Discourse," a Vindication of the Sovereignty of the People, and a Refutation of the Doctrines and Doctors of Despotism. By a Member of the Boston Bar. Boston: Benjamin B. Mussey. 8vo. pp. 30.

The Official and other Papers of the late Major-General Alexander Hamilton; compiled chiefly from the Originals in the Possession of

Mrs. Hamilton. Vol. I. New York and London : Wiley & Putnam. 8vo. pp. 496.

My Native Village. Sketches from Real Life ; designed to aid the Temperance Cause. New York : M. W. Dodd. 12mo. pp. 209.

Mexico in 1842 ; a Description of the Country, its Natural and Political Features ; with a Sketch of its History, brought down to the Present Year. To which is added an Account of Texas and Yucatan ; and of the Santa Fé Expedition. Illustrated with a New Map. New York : Charles J. Folsom. 16mo. pp. 256.

Letter to Rev. Frederick T. Gray, being Strictures on Two Sermons preached by him on Sunday, November 29th, 1841, at the "Bulfinch Street Church." By a Proprietor of said Church. Boston : Benjamin B. Mussey. 8vo. pp. 62.

Tenth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, to the Corporation. Boston : William D. Ticknor. 8vo. pp. 64.

MUSIC.

The Songs of Canaan, or the Millennial Harmonist, a Collection of Hymns and Tunes designed for Social Devotion. By J. B. Packard and S. Hubbard. Boston : D. S. King. 12mo. pp. 72.

The Social Choir. Designed for a Class Book, and the Social Circle. Consisting of Selections from the most distinguished Composers, among whom are the names of Rossini, Bellini, Von Weber, Auber, Herrold, Myerbeer, Weigl, and many others, with several Compositions of the Editor. The Poetry has generally been selected with care, and with particular reference to Moral Sentiment. The Music is arranged as Songs, Duets, Trios, and Quartettes, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte. By George Kingsley, Author of "Sacred Choir," of First and Second Volumes of "Social Choir," and "Juvenile Choir." Vol. III. Boston : Crocker & Brewster. 8vo. pp. 200.

The Western Juvenile Harp, designed for Sabbath and other Schools. Selected and Arranged by P. Frost. Boston : Saxton & Peirce. 16mo. pp. 48.

Chapel Hymns ; a Selection of Hymns, with appropriate Tunes ; adapted to Vestry or other Social Religious Meetings. By Lowell Mason. Boston : T. R. Marvin. 12mo. pp. 80.

NEW PERIODICAL.

The Cambridge Miscellany of Mathematics, Physics, and Astronomy. To be Continued Quarterly. April, 1842. Edited by Benjamin Peirce, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Harvard University [?]. No. I. Boston : James Munroe & Co. 8vo. pp. 48.

This work has claims upon our notice, beyond those which grow out of the intrinsic merits of its plan and execution. It is one of the very few journals in the United States, which are devoted rather to the progress, than to the dissemination of science, and, as such, are dependent upon the exertions of a small body of scholars. They are not addressed to tyros, nor to

seekers after amusement, and therefore cannot rely upon the numbers and taste of their readers and contributors. The higher branches of mathematics form a peculiarly recondite pursuit, the number of adepts being probably smaller than in any other department of knowledge. So far as the "Cambridge Miscellany" is devoted to this abstruse study, a judgment upon its merits cannot be lightly hazarded. But the reputation of its editor, which is second to that of no mathematician in the country, since the death of Bowditch, is a sufficient guaranty of the faithfulness and excellence of the work. In other particulars the journal is open to more general examination and remark. It contains a Junior and a Senior department of mathematics, so as to afford recreation and exercise for different degrees of scientific knowledge and ability. Another portion of the work is devoted to astronomy and physics. As a means of keeping common readers informed of the progress of these sciences, by constant notices of novel speculations and discoveries in this country and in Europe, this department will possess much interest and utility. The names of the gentlemen, who appear as the fellow laborers of the editor in this portion of his task, afford sufficient assurance, that the design will be ably executed. We earnestly commend the whole work to the attention and support of those persons, who are interested in the progress of science both in this country and in the old world.

NOVELS, TALES, AND ROMANCES.

Günderode; a Translation from the German. Boston: E. P. Peabody. 12mo. pp. 106.

Kabaosa; or, the Warriors of the West. A Tale of the Last War. By Mrs. Anna L. Snelling. New York: D. Ade. 12mo. pp. 320.

Beauchampe, or the Kentucky Tragedy. A Tale of Passion. By the Author of "Richard Hurdis," "Border Beagles," &c. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. In Two Volumes. 12mo. pp. 303 and 301.

Ambrosio de Letinez, or the First Texian Novel, embracing a Description of the Countries bordering on the Rio Bravo, with Incidents of the War of Independence. By A. T. Myrthe. New York: Charles Francis & Co. In Two Volumes. 12mo. pp. 202 and 192.

The Two Admirals. A Tale. By the Author of "The Pilot," "Red Rover," "Waterwitch," "Homeward Bound," &c. &c. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. In Two Volumes. 12mo. pp. 236 and 247.

Six Nights with the Washingtonians. A Series of Original Temperance Tales. By T. S. Arthur, Author of "Insubordination;" "The Temperance Pledge," &c. No. 1. Night the First. The Broken Merchant. Philadelphia: L. A. Godey and Morton McMichael. 16mo. pp. 32.

Robinson Crusoe's Own Book; or, the Voice of Adventure, from the Civilized Man cut off from his Fellows, by Force, Accident, or Inclination, and from the Wanderer in Strange Seas and Lands. By Charles Ellms, Author of "The Tragedy of the Seas." Boston: William C. Perry. 12mo. pp. 431.

Ribs and Trucks, from Davy's Locker; being Magazine Matter Broke Loose, and Fragments of Sundry Things In-edited. By W. A. G. Boston: Charles D. Strong. 12mo. pp. 199.

Short Stories and Reminiscences of the Last Fifty Years. By An Old Traveller. New York: Daniel Mallory. In Two Volumes. 12mo. pp. 226 and 220.

What's to be Done? Or, the Will and the Way. By the Author of "Wealth and Worth," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 232.

This is the second in a series of "American Family Tales," designed, as we are told in an *Advertisement* to the first, "to infuse an earnest, American spirit, uncontaminated by intolerance towards other governments and nations, and to encourage a taste for gratifications of the intellect in preference to those of the senses, without forgetting the superior importance of the circulation of those principles of action, which a reverential faith in the divine origin of the Christian code of morals enforces." Both works are open to the censures of a minute criticism. In one of them there is dialogue in bad French, which should by all means be corrected. Persons with the title *Sir* are more than once called *noblemen*. The incident which occupies the first chapter in "Wealth and Worth" is well told, but has nothing to do with the rest of the story. In "What's to be Done," (p. 148,) there is a secret of "a bundle of old papers," which the writer appears to have forgotten to put to any use. The *dénouemens* of both are brought about by violent expedients, permitted to the dramatic writers, but scarcely to the novelists. In "Wealth and Worth," the self-same newspaper, read one morning at the Tremont House in Boston, by different members of a New York family, contains an account of the extraordinary success at Rome of the suitor of one of the party, of the arrival of his brother (the future brother-in-law of the hero of the piece) from China, and of the leaving of a vast estate in England to another of the *dramatis personæ*; and the same evening, — the last before his intended departure from the city, — the hero finds his long-sought mistress in a servant of a house where he is visiting, who has been charged with stealing a jewel, which he has found, and is searching for its owner to restore it. Such expedients in the plot of a novel are not artist-like. But the moral tone is so excellent, and, where probability is not violated, the incidents have, on the whole, so much poetical truth as representations of American life, and are so agreeably related, that we have read the books with uncommon satisfaction, and sincerely hope that the series may be continued. It cannot fail to be welcomed by the young, and to do them good.

ORATIONS AND ADDRESSES.

Homœopathy, and its Kindred Delusions; Two Lectures delivered before the Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. By Oliver Wendell Holmes, M. D. Boston: William D. Ticknor. 12mo. pp. 72.

Popular Considerations on Homœopathia; by William Cullen Bryant, Esq., delivered before the New York Homœopathic Society, December 23, 1841. New York: William Radde. 8vo. pp. 24.

The Progress and Results of Emancipation in the English West Indies. A Lecture delivered before the Philomathian Society of the City of New York. By John Jay, of Bedford, N. Y. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 8vo. pp. 39.

St. Patrick and the Irish; an Oration, delivered before the Hibernian Provident Society of New Haven, March 17, 1842. By William Erigena Robinson, A. B. New Haven: Hitchcock & Stafford. 8vo. pp. 64.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Miscellaneous Poems. By Mrs. Jane Ermina Locke. Boston: Otis, Broaders, & Company. 12mo. pp. 300.

The Vigil of Faith, and other Poems. By C. F. Hoffman, Author of "Greyslaer," &c. New York: S. Colman. 16mo. pp. 84.

Tecumseh; or, The West Thirty Years Since. A Poem. By George H. Colton. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 12mo. pp. 312.

The Poets and Poetry of America. With an Historical Introduction. By Rufus W. Griswold. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 8vo. pp. 468.

Athanasion. Second Edition, with Notes and Corrections. Also Miscellaneous Poems. By the Author of "Christian Ballads," &c. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 12mo. pp. 187.

Zamba, or the Insurrection. A Dramatic Poem, in Five Acts. By Mrs. Elizabeth Ricord, Author of "Elements of the Philosophy of Mind applied to the Development of Thought and Feeling." Cambridge: John Owen. 16mo. pp. 139.

THEOLOGY AND SERMONS.

A Devoted Ministry. A Sermon delivered at the Ordination of the Rev. James I. T. Coolidge, as Pastor of the Purchase Street Congregational Church in Boston, February 9, 1842. By Ezra S. Gannett. Boston: Benjamin H. Greene. 8vo. pp. 53.

A Minister's Account of his Stewardship. A Sermon preached in Northborough, October 31, 1841. By Joseph Allen. On the Completion of the Twenty-fifth Year of his Ministry in that Place. Printed by Request. Cambridge: Metcalf, Torrey, & Ballou. 8vo. pp. 36.

The Crisis of Heaven's Love and Earth's Hate, in the Trial and Crucifixion of the Lord Jesus Christ. By Enoch Mack. Boston: Moses A. Dow. 12mo. pp. 51.

A Complete Hebrew and Chaldee Concordance to the Old Testament, comprising also a Condensed Hebrew-English Lexicon, with an Introduction and Appendices. By Dr. Isaac Nordheimer, Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of the City of New York, assisted by Wm. Warden Turner. New York and London: Wiley & Putnam. 8vo.

Theopneusty, or, the Plenary Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. By S. R. L. Gaussen, Professor of Theology in Geneva. Translated by E. N. Kirk. New York: John S. Taylor & Co. 12mo. pp. 343.

Farewell Sermon of the Rev. Jacob Knapp, preached at the Baptist Church in Bowdoin Square, Boston, before an Audience of Four Thousand Persons, March 19th, 1842. Reported by C. Saxton. Boston: Saxton & Peirce. 8vo. pp. 26.

A Letter to the Congregational Churches of Massachusetts, on the Subject of Infant Baptism; Exposing the Misrepresentations and the Unscriptural Statements of the Pastoral Letter of the General Association of Congregational Churches, which met at Westfield, 1841. By James Johnston, Pastor of the Baptist Church in Framingham. Boston: John Putnam. 8vo. pp. 37.

The Works of Jonathan Edwards, D. D., late President of Union College. With a Memoir of his Life and Character, by Tryon Edwards. Andover: Allen, Morrill, and Wardwell. In Two Volumes. 8vo. pp. 519 and 556.

Restricted and Mixed Communion. By Rev. J. Knapp. Boston : Published at the Depository of the New England S. S. Union. 12mo. pp. 12.

Our National Legislature. A Discourse delivered before the First Parish in Cambridge, on the Day of the Annual Fast, Thursday, April 7, 1842. By William Newell, Pastor of the First Church in Cambridge. Cambridge : John Owen. 8vo. pp. 20.

A Discourse on the State of the Country, delivered in the First Church in Medford, on the Annual Fast, April 7th, 1842. By Caleb Stetson. Published at the Request of the Hearers. Boston : James Munroe & Co. 8vo. pp. 25.

A Moral Review of the Revolutionary War, or some of the Evils of that Event Considered. A Discourse delivered at the Unitarian Church, Augusta, Sabbath Evening, March 13th, 1842. With an Introductory Address, and Notes. By the Rev. Sylvester Judd. Hallowell : Glazier, Masters, & Smith. 8vo. pp. 48.

An Address delivered in the First Church, Dorchester, Thursday, April 7, 1842, at the Funeral of the Rev. Thaddeus Mason Harris, D. D., formerly Pastor of that Church. By Nathaniel Hall, its Present Pastor. Published by Request. Boston : B. H. Greene. 8vo. pp. 28.

Regeneration and Sanctification. Two Sermons preached in the Meetinghouse of the Harvard Church and Society in Charlestown, on Sunday, March 6, 1842. By George E. Ellis, Pastor of that Church. (Printed by Request for the Society.) Charlestown : Charles P. Emmons. 8vo. pp. 30.

Apollos; or Directions to Persons just Commencing a Religious Life. Boston : Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 16mo. pp. 32.

A Letter to a Friend on Swedenborgianism. Boston : Otis Clapp. 12mo. pp. 21.

The Prophet and the Honorable Man taken away. A Sermon preached to the First Church, on Sunday Morning, 10th April, after the Funerals of the Rev. Dr. Harris and the Hon. Daniel Sargent. By N. L. Frothingham, Minister of the First Church. Boston : J. T. Buckingham. 8vo. pp. 15.

Bible Biography; or, the Lives and Characters of the Principal Personages recorded in the Sacred Writings; practically adapted to the Instruction of Youth and Private Families; together with an Appendix, containing Thirty Dissertations on the Evidences of Divine Revelation, from Timpson's Key to the Bible; being a complete Summary of Biblical Knowledge, carefully Condensed and Compiled from Scott, Doddridge, Gill, Patrick, Adam Clarke, Poole, Lowth, Horne, Wall, Stowe, Robinson, and other Eminent Writers on the Scriptures. Edited by Robert Sears. Embellished with Several Hundred Engravings on Wood, Illustrative of Scripture Scenes, Manners, Customs, &c. Boston : Saxton & Peirce. 8vo. pp. 491.

Thirty-four Letters to a Son in the Ministry. By the Rev. Heman Humphrey, President of Amherst College. Amherst : J. & C. Adams. 12mo. pp. 352.

A Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion. By Theodore Parker, Minister of the Second Church in Roxbury, Mass. Boston : Charles C. Little & James Brown. 8vo. pp. 504.

Sermons and Sketches of Sermons. By the Rev. John Summerfield, A. M., late a Preacher in Connexion with the Methodist Episcopal Church. With an Introduction by the Rev. Thomas E. Bond, M. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 437.

The Mode of Baptism. A Discourse preached in Bowdoin Street Church, on Sunday Morning, April 24th, 1842. By Hubbard Winslow, Pastor of the Church. Boston: Henry B. Williams. 12mo. pp. 60.

Proceedings of the Fifth Annual Meeting of the Association for the Support of the Warren Street Chapel, with Mr. Barnard's Report. Boston: Samuel N. Dickinson. 16mo. pp. 16.

Guests for the Marriage Supper, from the Highways and Hedges; or Happy Fruits of Private Christian Efforts; translated from the French of Cæsar Malan, D. D., of Geneva, Switzerland. By an American Lady. Portland: William Hyde. 12mo. pp. 89.

The Complete Works of Rev. Daniel A. Clark, with a Biographical Sketch, and an Estimate of his Powers as a Preacher, by Rev. George Shepard, A. M., Professor of Sacred Rhetoric, Bangor Theological Seminary. In Two Volumes. New York: Jonathan Leavitt. 8vo. pp. 480 and 440.

The Mediatorial Life of Jesus. A Letter to the Rev. William Ellery Channing, D. D. By O. A. Brownson. Boston: Charles C. Little & James Brown. 8vo. pp. 44.

A Brief and Explicit Statement of Unitarian Views, by a Minister to his Congregation. Boston: James Munroe & Company. 12mo. pp. 12.

Manual of Sacred Interpretation; for the Special Benefit of Junior Theological Students; but intended also for Private Christians in general. By Alex. McClelland, Professor of Biblical Literature in the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick. New York: Robert Carter. 12mo. pp. 168.

Farewell Sermon, preached at the Church in Bowdoin Square, Boston, March 19, 1842, by Elder Jacob Knapp. Also, his Remarks in the First Baptist Church, Union Street, April 26, 1842. Reported by C. Saxton, Stenographer. Boston: Saxton & Pierce. 24mo. pp. 94.

Writings of Rev. William Bradford Homer, late Pastor of the Congregational Church in South Berwick, Me. With a Memoir, by Edwards A. Park, Bartlett Professor in Andover Theological Seminary. Andover: Allen, Morrill, & Wardwell. 12mo. pp. 420.

Missionary Sermons and Addresses. By Eli Smith, Missionary to Syria. New York: Saxton & Miles. 12mo. pp. 229.

Sermons Delivered on Various Occasions, by Lyman Beecher, D. D. New York: Saxton & Miles. 8vo. pp. 367.

The Affairs of Rhode Island. A Discourse delivered in the Meetinghouse of the First Baptist Church, Providence, May 22, 1842. By Francis Wayland. Providence: B. Cranston & Co., and H. H. Brown. 8vo. pp. 32.

The Golden Censer; or a Visit to the House of Prayer. From the Writings of Rev. John Harris, D. D., Author of "Mammon," "Great Commission," &c. Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 16mo. pp. 32.

The Great Commission ; or, the Christian Church constituted and charged to convey the Gospel to the World. By the Rev. John Harris, D. D., President of Cheshunt College, Author of "Mammon," "The Great Teacher," &c. With an Introductory Essay, by William R. Williams, D. D., Pastor of the Amity Street Church, New York. Boston : Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. xlv. and 484.

The Baptismal Question. A Review of the Rev. Messrs. Cooke and Towne's Hints to an Inquirer on the Subject of Baptism. By William Hague, Pastor of the Federal Street Baptist Church. Boston : Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 36.

The Principle of Christian Union. By William Hague. Boston : Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 16mo. pp. 57.

The Bible and the Closet ; or, How we may Read the Scriptures with the Most Spiritual Profit, by Rev. Thomas Watson. And Secret Prayer Successfully Managed, by Rev. Samuel Lee, Ministers ejected in 1662. Edited by John Overton Choules. With a Recommendationary Letter from Rev. E. N. Kirk. Boston : Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 16mo. pp. 140.

The Works of Nathaniel Emmons, D. D., late Pastor of the Church in Franklin, Mass. With a Memoir of his Life. Edited by Jacob Ide, D. D. In Six Volumes. Boston : Crocker & Brewster. 8vo. pp. clxxv. and 369, 505, 501, 606, 627, and 544.

A Selection of Sacred Songs, for the Use of Schools and Academies. By Elias Nason, Principal of the Young Ladies' Classical Institute, Newburyport. Boston : Saxton & Peirce. 18mo. pp. 90.

The Four Gospels, with a Commentary. By Abiel Abbott Livermore. Volume II. Mark, Luke, and John. Boston : James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 358.

Half Century Sermon, delivered on Sunday Morning, April 24, 1842, at Jamaica Plain. By Thomas Gray, D. D., Minister of the Congregational Church there. Boston : I. R. Butts. 8vo. pp. 44.

History and Prospects of Unitarianism ; considered with Regard to the General Laws of a Religious Reform. [From the Christian Examiner.] Cambridge : Thurston & Torrey. 8vo. pp. 36.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Sketches of Foreign Travel and Life at Sea ; including a Cruise on Board a Man-of-war, as also a Visit to Spain, Portugal, the South of France, Italy, Sicily, Malta, the Ionian Islands, Continental Greece, Liberia, and Brazil ; and a Treatise on the Navy of the United States. By the Rev. Charles Rockwell, late of the United States' Navy. In Two Volumes. Boston : Tappan & Dennet. 12mo. pp. 404 and 437.

These volumes contain much interesting matter. They relate the incidents of a long cruise, in an American ship of war, and the observations made by the author upon the manners, customs, and characters of the different nations, which he had an opportunity of visiting. For the most part, he shows good sense and shrewdness. He appears to be familiar with the past history of the countries he describes, and with all the common topics of classical allusion. Yet he is hardly candid when he happens to touch upon Catholicism. A chaplain on board a man-of-war, with only intervals of professional duty to spare for making observations of this kind, can hardly find means and opportunity to form confident opinions on a subject so intricate,

and so interwoven with the sacred privacy of domestic life, as the practical effect of a nation's religious faith. We should think the chaplain of a French ship of war rather hasty, who should take it upon himself to pass judgment upon the state of the Protestant religion in North America from the observations gleaned in a few hurried visits to some of the principal seaports, especially if the judgment should be strongly against us. Many of Mr. Rockwell's opinions seem to be picked up at second hand, and not to have been closely scrutinized before they were adopted and published. A large part of the book is taken from guide books, and the historical sketches, of cities in Italy for example, are too meagre to be of any value to the reader, and yet materially enlarge the volumes. Where he describes what fell under his own observation, he is always interesting. His visits to the ruined cities of Greece, though he has nothing to say about them that has not been said many times before, are very agreeable. His remarks on the character and peculiarities of seamen are both interesting and valuable; his opportunities of judging in this matter being the best. The account he gives of Liberia is striking and important.

The style of these volumes improves towards the end. At first it is rather stilted, and it continues too periphrastic. The poetical pieces interspersed add nothing to the book but a certain number of pages.

Notes of a Tour through Turkey, Greece, Egypt, Arabia Petræa, to the Holy Land; including a Visit to Athens, Sparta, Delphi, Cairo, Thebes, Mt. Sinai, Petra, &c. By E. Joy Morris. In Two Volumes. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 16mo. pp. 253 and 303.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CXVII.

OCTOBER, 1842.

ART. I.—1. *Cecil, or the Adventures of a Coxcomb. A Novel.* In Two Volumes. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 12mo. pp. 203 and 204.

2. *Cecil, A Peer. A Sequel to Cecil, or the Adventures of a Coxcomb.* By the same Author. In Two Volumes. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 12mo. pp. 200 and 204.

WHAT a treasure to the world, especially to that part of it which calls itself the literary world, is the publication, in four or six volumes (as we patronize the home or the foreign manufacture), of this interesting series of memoirs! Here are laid before us, with a sincerity which no diary could have shown, the prominent events in the life of a man, who was admitted to the mysteries of the Foreign Office of the British government when Napoleon was in the height of his glory; who (and this is an ascent in the climax) reigned in the ascendant of the coxcombs and dandies of the day; who served in the Peninsular war; who was at Paris at the pacification; who fought at Waterloo; who was the intimate personal friend of Lord Byron; who was attached to the household of George the Fourth; who was received, as that monarch's friend, with kindness and attention by the "Jesuit King" Charles the Tenth; who afterwards, as the nearest relative of one of the most eminent of British statesmen, enjoyed at Neuilly the agreeable hospitality of Louis-Philippe; and whose last recorded public duty was his appearance as

a peer of the realm at Victoria's coronation. This new *memorialist*, as Madame d'Arblay would have called him, has watched the progress of British politics, and the formation of British cabinets, as a clear-headed, uninterested looker-on, through that struggle, for the glory of which England is still struggling to pay, — through the Catholic franchise question, — through the reform bill, — through the Canada debates, — and even to Sir Robert Peel's recent accession to power. More than all this, he has the art, the most consummate art, of telling his story ; his memoirs, in short, are next to invaluable, and they would be universally considered so, were it not that they have a defect, to which, in memoirs, we ascribe too much importance ; — they are not true.

The child, who is delighted with "Frank," or "Rollo," turns round to its mother, and asks, with the utmost eagerness, whether all these stories are not true. The prudent mother is obliged to reply, that they are not, but "that they might be." Like the good word, which only was not French, "*ils meritent bien de l'être.*" "Cecil," as the story-book of older children, merits the same consideration ; though not true, it might and should be. In saying this, we have said quite enough to show, that it is not, for all its appearance of a memoir, an historical novel, with a beginning, a middle, and an end. Such books, as its author remarks, while there is beginning to be no end of them, are all middling. "Cecil" cannot, in any sense, be said to be middling, nor ought we, in fairness, to class it as an autobiography, without saying, that it is the autobiography of one, who has discovered, "that most autobiographers are great bores."

"Cecil" differs from all the novels of the day, which we have had the fortune to read ; and contrasts with most of them very much to their disadvantage. We can conceive of an autobiography written by a man, who had talent enough to know what a proper biography should contain, in which he should write the narrations of the several events of his life, when under impressions similar to those under which he acted in them ; — when he was, we mean, in the same frame of mind, when at nearly the same age, when surrounded by the same circumstances. Such a biography, to a certain extent, is furnished by good collections of letters. If letters could always be written without the slightest necessity of an opening apology for delay, — to perfect friends, and without the least

prospect or expectation of any publication, — a series of letters would be the best of biographies. Most autobiographies, however, have not this charm. They are written when a considerable time has passed after the events described, and when those events are in consequence as much matter of history to the narrator as to the reader. He has lost, long before, the peculiarities of circumstance and character, which surrounded him in action, and which would give that peculiarity to them for which the reader particularly seeks.

“Cecil” has the merit which we have endeavoured to explain. Its descriptions of events, of persons, of things, of thoughts, and of feelings, seem to have been written without delay or intermediate consideration. This appearance is not easily assumed by the novelist. We have just given a sketch of a few of the scenes in which Cecil is made to move. In each of those scenes he finds a throng of adventures of every variety. He is made to write his own adventures. It is no easy task for the author to take a fresh pen with every one of such constant changes. A man supposed to be in affliction may be made to write as if in affliction, and a man who is in the height of enjoyment may be made to write as such; but there are nice shades of passion and circumstance intervening between these extremes, which are not so easily assumed. They would surprise us, because the author of the tale was of course subject himself to constant changes of temperament and of spirits, if we did not suppose, that he let his story alternate from grave to gay, from humor to pathos, as his own feelings changed with east or west wind, with morning, noon, or night. This supposition will not account, however, for another phenomenon. The author makes his hero grow old as naturally as possible. The latter part of the volumes is as much the recollections of an old man, as the first part is those of a young. We do not remember any book where this illusion is so well produced. The glasses of a magic lantern, arranged to represent the change of the sea between a calm and a tempest, necessarily make marked transitions, from “smooth water” to “gently ruffled,” “moving briskly,” “high wind,” “storm,” “tempest,” and “hurricane.” We see where the tempest slide is taken out, and the hurricane put in. In most of the few novels, where any pains are taken that a character shall grow old, he does so by a similar hobbling process. The boy-slide is drawn

out, and the hero of the piece suddenly leaps into the young man ; — the young man slides out in turn, and he enlarges into one of the respected dignitaries of his time. Most novel-writers have avoided this difficulty, however, by keeping their characters for years at the same age. Cecil grows old gradually. As he writes, there are no unnatural transitions in his history ; nor do we find in it the story of a young man apparently told by an old one, or, which is worse, that of an old man from the pen of a young one. When he speaks of himself as a youth, he writes as a youth ; when he has advanced to gravity and a peerage he writes as a grave peer.

We do not think it quite right to attempt an analysis of the plot of a novel, which we wish our readers to read for themselves. It would be difficult to compress into any tolerably small compass, the plot, or rather the succession of plots, of "*Cecil*." He enters into London fashionable life with the ambition to make the best of his younger-son's share in it, by lording it in *coxcombry* over all competitors. He acts, thinks, and talks, merely for himself and his own gratification. The picture is admirably drawn, and, although such a character would be repulsive in life, perhaps the representation is not by any means disagreeable. We interest ourselves in Cecil, and his hopes and fears, as entirely as in any other novel-hero ; to a much greater extent than we can do in some cases, where the hero, as a practical perfectionist, cannot gain any of our human sympathies. The Cecil of the beginning of this book is an inveterate and selfish coxcomb and puppy, and yet he interests us, because he is a man, and, despite of his coxcombry, has a heart, and a warm one. Any person, whose actions are fairly and fully revealed to us, engrosses our warm attention, whether he be an emperor in exile, or a queen's tire-woman in the captivity of a palace. Tittlebat Titmouse, deserted, poor, worldly, and contemptible, as we first meet him in his London lodgings, interests us because he is the hero of the narrative in which we find him ; and interests us much more than if he were as miserably perfect as Charles Grandison himself.

Cecil, however, besides being to his reader a man with a window in his breast, has a warm heart, which is sometimes permitted to beat beneath it. It is difficult to extract from the book ; but the passages following will, we believe, connect themselves well enough with each other, to form a little episode,

which will exhibit, in his “home relations” with his brother, the contrast between his coxcombry and his kind feelings.

“The very next day, Lord Votevilch, in taking some papers from my hands, congratulated me, that ‘his Majesty’s government was about to receive an accession of strength by my brother’s entrance into Parliament.’

“I said nothing, — I only smiled. — But my smile, I conclude, was significant.

“‘We have very high accounts of the abilities of Mr. Danby,’ added he, gravely, as if replying to my smile.

“‘From Lord Ormington, my lord? —’

“‘No, Sir. — His lordship recommended his second son to our attention; but he tendered us, at the same time, the services of his elder. He brings in Mr. Danby for his own borough. There was no occasion for overlauding him. The obligation is conferred on *us*.’

“I bit my lips.

“‘It is from Cambridge we have heard so much in his honor,’ persisted his lordship. ‘Mr. Danby distinguished himself nobly at the University; but he has distinguished himself still more, by subsequently devoting his time, in defiance of all the temptations of society, to a course of severe study. Your brother, Sir, has been brought up in the old school. Your brother brings more into the market than mere talent.

‘Ὡς οὐδὲν ἢ μάθησις, ἢ μὴ νοῦς παρῇ.’

“Old Votevilch, I saw, was vain of his own academic distinctions. The old fellow was slyly slipping on his crown of laurels, under shelter of my brother’s wing.

“‘I sincerely trust, my lord,’ said I, ‘that Danby may add another name to the catalogue of those who, to the honors of the University, have added the more glorious distinctions of public life. May your lordship not be disappointed in your expectations!’

“On the following Saturday, his Majesty’s lieges were acquainted by his Majesty’s Gazette, that

“‘For the borough of Rigmarole, John Alexander Danby, commonly called the Honorable John Alexander Danby, was returned to serve in this present Parliament, *vice* John Julius Fudge, Esq., who had accepted the Chiltern Hundreds.’

“I suppose I ought to have felt proud at this announcement; — I felt angry. Fate was heaping a great deal too much upon the Honorable John Alexander. He was beginning to monopolize the good things of this world. After being exiled to the nursery in his nankin frock, and to lodgings in his superfine

blue one, to be thus suddenly snatched into public notice! — Lady Ormington cared as little for him, as she had done three-and-twenty years before. But Granta, it seemed, ‘bragged of him, as of a virtuous and well-governed youth;’ and his Majesty’s cabinet ministers had been pleased to lend their long ears to her vauntings.” — *Cecil, a Coxcomb*, Vol. 1. pp. 89, 90.

“I was born without a genius for family affection. I am much inclined to doubt whether such instincts exist; or rather, whether the love of kindred be not the mere result of education. In mine, sympathy with any living thing, save Dash and Bibiche, had never been even hinted at by my mother. I might have been reared in a tribe of Iroquois with more exhortation to humanity. As to John and Julia, once or twice, when our respective nurses interfered with our fisticuffs, and inflicted upon Master and Miss Danby, on whom alone they were permitted to exercise their jurisdiction, the study of that pleasing lyric of the mellifluous Watts,

‘Birds in their little nests agree,’

my mother was sure to mar the business by carrying me off to Gunter’s or Wetten’s, and rewarding my domestic sufferings with pralines and maccaroons.” — p. 91.

“It was consequently an unlooked-for blow, when, one morning as I took my accustomed place at the office, that is, before the fire-place, with my hands under the skirts of my coat, I was beset with congratulations by the ‘seven other devils worse than myself,’ who shared with me in Downing-street the laborious task of cursing the climate, and inquiring how went the enemy, (I don’t mean the enemy in Spain, but the enemy at the Horse Guards; I don’t mean H. R. H. the Commander-in-chief, but the time-keeper of London and Westminster.) For a moment, I fancied I was going to be married; and longed to satisfy myself whether Emily or Lady Harriet was the favored fair; — more especially, as each of them brandished a morning paper, to give force to his felicitations, as the tragedians of England smite their bosom or touch their sword, in allusion to their conscience or their valor. The newspapers evidently contained the germ of my good fortune. The newspapers had probably hitched me into some announcement of ‘Fashionable Hymeneals.’

“I was wrong. The newspapers announced the apotheosis of the Honorable John Danby, not the demise of his brother! — The newspapers set forth, that his Majesty’s government had to congratulate itself on an accession of the most powerful na-

ture, in the person of the Member for Rigmarole. A new Chatham was born unto them, — a ‘heaven-born minister,’ — risen like a Phoenix from the ashes of him of whom port-wine and Austerlitz had deprived the British Empire.

‘ Could such things be,
And overcome me like a summer cloud,
Without my special wonder ? ’

Could I, Cecil the coxcomb, be wide awake, and Danby, the Honorable John, — the awkward, squinting boy, — have become a man, and a man of genius ? — My whole frame tingled with irritation at the supposition ! ” — pp. 92, 93.

“ To be immortalized by a leaf from the laurels of John Danby, — to be brightened by a ray from his luminous countenance, — ‘ O ! what a falling off ’ was there ! ’ — Was such the reward of all my labor ? — Was it for this I had excruciated myself in boots, agonizing as the shirt of Nessus ? Was it for this I had closeted myself for consultation with Stultz, with a degree of mystery, worthy of Guido Fawkes and Garnet ? — Was it for this I had abjured hunting, for the sake of my figure, and shooting, for love of my complexion ? — Was it for this I had anointed myself with the oil of Macassar above my fellows ? — Was it for this I had delivered to Hendrie, under the patent of my seal, the original recipe for the Danby washball ? — To be overcrowned by an elder brother, — a squinting elder brother, — a man unknown to White’s, ignored by Watier’s ; — whom, had he pleaded the loss of his ticket to the door-keepers of the Argyle Rooms, not a humanized being, from Colonel Greville to the linkboys, could have identified as a man of (dis-) respectability ! ” — pp. 93, 94.

“ One day, shortly after the sudden sprouting of the Danby laurels, I received a note from my Fee-faw-fum, Lord Vote-filch, begging me to look out certain confidential documents, the where-about of which in Downing-street was exclusively known to myself, and bring them to him at the House. The Opposition had thrown a hand grenade into the ministerial camp ; and it was necessary to clear away the wreck caused by its explosion.

“ Half an hour afterwards, backed by my Treasury counter-sign, I was in waiting, to make my way like other groundlings, as occasion offered, to the Treasury bench. There was a great hubbub. That tumultuous assemblage, which calls itself a deliberative body, was considerably out of order ; the light troops of the Opposition having been skirmishing like Pandours ! When lo ! as I stood writing in pencil on the back of my hat a

few lines addressed to his lordship the Hon. Sec., requesting instruction, a sudden lull succeeded to the raging of the billows : — ‘ after the tempest, a still small voice ! ’ —

“ In a moment, you might have heard a pin fall. There is always something awful in the self-stilling of a public assembly ; — a tribute from the passions of the many to the power of the one ; —

‘ The power of thought, — the magic of the mind, — ’

that power which no man could hold, ‘ unless it were given him from above ! ’

“ Even I, though thwarted by having my habits and privacy invaded by the dirty work of the nation, and who had arrived at the House in a bitter bad temper, even I could not refuse to hear the voice of the charmer, when I found him charming so wisely, that even the cunning old serpents of debate-shirkers, crept out of their holes in the lobby ; while the murmurs of the Opposition died away, like a night-storm at the dawn of morning.

“ It is an interesting sight, for people sufficiently catholic in their spirit to cast away party feeling and interest themselves in the lights and shadows of public life, to watch the gradual development of opinion consequent on a fine piece of oratory, in an enlightened assemblage. Such a public assembly as the Parliament of 1810, was an instrument that responded visibly, or rather audibly, to the touch of a skilful player. He, whose hand I found upon the chords, was a player less adroit than powerful ; the ear recognised at once the inspiration of genius. I was so placed that my eye commanded the Opposition benches ; but not a glimpse of the speaker. I saw him only as a divinity is manifested, — in the deep devotion of his worshippers, and the despair of the devils he hath cast out. The brows of the leading Opposition members were contracted, — their lips compressed ! — But not a vestige of scorn, not a gesture of levity. — They bore the sledge-hammer blows dealt upon them, with the surly, self-respecting desperation of an Indian at the stake ; and one may generally estimate the strength of an antagonist, by the attitude in which his attack is parried.

“ Could I have allowed it to enter into the possibility of things that I, Cecil Danby, was ignorant of any matter which it imported me to know, I should certainly have addressed myself to my nearest neighbour, to inquire the name of this powerful debater, this intellectual Milo, who had silenced the bellowing of John Bull, and was carrying him off upon his shoulders. But for worlds, I would not have committed a sin of ignorance on such

a point, in such a place! The voice of the speaker was new to me. Husky in the onset, perhaps from infirmity, perhaps from excitement, it gradually cleared, and

‘Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,’

as the soul of the orator expanded, and the moral overpowered the material in his sensitive nature. My heart thrilled as I listened. Half an hour before, I was not sure that I possessed one!”

* * * * *

“Joking apart, I was carried away, like the rest. Of the whole House, no cheers more enthusiastic than my own!

“On the subsiding of the uproar consequent upon this eloquent speech, (which embodied a reply as forcible as elegant, to a ferocious attack upon the foreign policy of government,) I found myself eagerly surrounded, — warmly congratulated.

“‘I have thanks to offer to yourself, my dear Danby, as well as to your brother,’ said Lord Votevilch, when informing me that my documents were no longer wanted; ‘for I am convinced that it must be *your* information, which has placed our invaluable champion in a situation to come forward thus readily. The finest reply that has been heard within these walls these ten years! — Not a living orator, Sir, has a chance against your brother! — The Napoleon of debate! — If an usurper, he knows how to make his usurpation respected.’

“I could have killed old Votevilch for the complacent crush of the hand, enforcing these effusions of his gratitude!

“There was a dreadful struggle in my feelings. Had I been left to myself, had there been no one but Cis Danby and the victorious gladiator under the roof of St. Stephen’s, I verily believe I should have thrown myself on his neck, as Benjamin on that of Joseph, and claimed fraternal fellowship with his nobleness. But amid the vulgar crowd surrounding us, this demonstration might not be! The warmth of others chilled me. The exaggerated enthusiasm chanting forth the praises of Danby, only that its own voice might be audible, reduced mine to silence. My heart was as hard as Pharaoh’s by the time I reached the pavement of Palace Yard!” — pp. 97–100.

The length of this extract, although it is not so brilliant as many passages which we might have selected, will render it unnecessary for us to give many more specimens of the style of narration, and its constant transition from grave to gay. The representation of a perfect coxcomb is

a favorite subject for novelists, but we remember none so successful as Cecil. It is a variety of representation on which we look with the more pleasure, because it exhibits to us a complete specimen of a class of which we have but few, if any, finished real examples. Say and the other political economists tell us, that valuable jewelry shows much less perfection of finish, than do the scissors and knives and such more useful implements of Birmingham. The first of these branches of art has improved very little for centuries, while the other has made rapid advances. The demand is so much greater for the scissors and penknives, that the manufacture is divided, elaborated, and improved accordingly. It is so with the different classes of men. While we have in life plenty of well-made statesmen, and farmers, and sailors, and lawyers, and other such, for whom there is an active demand, there is not competition enough to furnish finished dandies, and we almost always detect in them some alarming deficiency. For the ideal of the tribe we must look to the writer of fiction. The novel before us shows us this specimen as perfect as we can hope to find it. The selfishness and conceit of the hero frequently fail him, but the picture is not at all the less correct and perfect for that. He carries it as far as is possible with human nature. We speak here of the first part of the first series, rather than of the book as a whole.

The author tells us, that critics have found fault with the first series of his memoirs, as extremely irregular in plot. It would be very late in the day for us to announce again the conviction, that a plot, too regularly contrived, may be the ruin even of an able author. So far as the novel is intended to be the reflection of life, its aim is foiled by any arrangement, which renders a story entirely independent of all narratives or events, not tending to one object, — the carrying all its characters to a certain point, where, the ends of poetical justice having been accomplished, they are to be left for ever. "Homer's Epos," as has been well said, "is like a *bas-relief* sculpture; it does not conclude, it merely ends." Nor has it a formal introduction, but it begins. Any accurate representation of life must have the same peculiarity. The exhibition of the movements of the characters of fiction only in one particular course of action, the plan of which is so arranged, that some striking event shall occur, by which they are all, at the same moment, but in different

ways, seriously affected for life, so that they make their last bows to the reader in a *dénouement*, which is a *dénouement* to every character of the story, is as unnatural a supposition of the course of life as can be formed. Yet such is the regular plot of a regular and methodical novel.

Cecil tells his own story. He lays before us his most prominent adventures in the fields in which he has moved, in order and manner as they would really have occurred, and we take the interest of real life in them. The author has succeeded surprisingly in relieving from all sameness the host of flirtations, to which the hero gives himself up between the ages of twenty and fifty years, and the various half-romantic adventures into which he falls. We hardly remember a novel, which retains such a brilliancy from the constant changes made in the polished surfaces presented to us.

We have spoken of these volumes as illustrations of the history of England during these later times. And, if we remember, that the generations now entering upon life have not those personal recollections of the events of this nineteenth century, which we, who have lived through them, cannot fail to have, we shall not disregard them as adjuncts to the dry records of Annual Registers, or Continuations of Smollet. True, the coxcombry of the book is the greater part of it, but the constant allusions to contemporary history bring that history before the younger reader in a light in which he seldom views it. We have no desire to enter into a rhetorical exposition of the value of what the language-philosophers call "invented example," to show that it may be as useful in history as in philosophy; we would only say, that to the daily increasing class, whose personal recollections of the policy of England or of Europe do not run back more than ten or twelve years, these volumes are as satisfactory companions in their delving into annals, as is "Waverley" to the history of Sixty (or a hundred) years ago. We have spoken of the scenes in which Cecil is made to move. He is the younger brother, eventually the beloved brother, of one, who is represented as the purest and greatest statesman of his day. He is the reputed son of a peer of the realm. He is intimate with Byron, and subsequently with Rogers, Moore, and others like them. The illustration of English life during the period of the war, when England was obliged to do, what more than any thing else she dislikes,—to amuse her-

self at home, — has a much greater liveliness than we remember in any other book of the same class. We may give, as an instance of Cecil's political philosophy, the following passage.

“ And thus had the prognostications of my brother been categorically fulfilled ! The boa constrictor *had* roused itself from its lethargy to crush the despotism of old Europe within its coil. The stillness *had* given way to a storm, whereof the thunders still growled in the distance, while the foreground was encumbered by livid heaps of dead.

“ France was awake, — Belgium was awake, — and their sovereigns were fugitive before the face of the people. England was now awaking. What was to be the result ?

“ The Tory party declared its incompetency to defend the throne, by advising the King to refrain from a promised visit to the good city of London. Riots ensued, — further dangers impended ; but the good feeling of William the Fourth, and good sense of the Duke of Wellington, ceded to the pressure of the times, — and the capital was preserved from insurrection.

“ Such was the preamble of the Reform Bill. Of the personal refinements and mental acquirements of the King, it would require the tongue of a Sir John Harris to speak in terms of laudation. But let the honors of a warm heart and conscientious mind abide with the memory of William the Fourth, by whose concessions the country was secured from a revolution, and the cause of Civil and Religious Liberty advanced more surely than by the precipitate enfranchisements of all the revolutions in the world.

“ I hate to scribble about politics. Nine days in ten, one's dinner is spoiled by hearing them discussed ; and the wisdom of Parliament (like ghosts, a thing more talked about than seen,) might really spare one the trouble of speechifying on paper. Before, however, I resign my crowquill once more for a plume plucked from the downy pinion of Cupid, let me be permitted to say, that I rejoiced heartily in the change of men and measures.

“ Almost every change of ministers effects some good. The Constitution, if allowed to walk always with the same leg foremost, shuffles on and makes little progress. It is only by an alternation of the right leg and the left, the Whig party and the Tory, that the body politic is held in equilibrium !

“ A man was now lord of the ascendant, who was accounted lordly even among lords. Lord Grey, like his royal master, was a happy accident. So long as *he* retained the helm of

Government, the baffled Tories had no plea for raising an anti-democratic panic, nor could the Exclusives whisper the dam-natory epithet of 'vulgar,' which they applied without ceremony to the new Court. The Earl was too fine a specimen of the liberalized noble of the nineteenth century, to run any risk of involvement in the rabble of the radicals. To carry the Reform Bill, it was indispensable to throw dust in the eyes of those possessed of privileges to renounce; and the dust thrown by the hand of so well-bred a man was thrown with such stern suavity, if one may use the expression, that they mistook the refuse of the streets for sands of gold.

"Among those in whom this dust, whatever its quality, produced decided ophthalmia, was Lord Ormington. Thwarted through life in almost every bent of his nature, unable among the free-and-easy habits of the times he had survived to, when even the most pig-tailed of elderly gentlemen are exposed to the bantering of their coterie and badgering of their club, to maintain the moated and ramparted reserve of his earlier years, he was like some old fortified town, whose walls have been plucked down and fosses filled up and planted, — looking grimly cheerful and formally easy through the young plantations growing up under its venerable nose.

"One by one, all the strongholds of his Toryism had been demolished by the powerful arm of his son. It was like the *de-valuation* of some venerable traveller in a farce. First his coat was torn away, — then his doublet, — eliciting convulsive grimaces from the victim, and laughter from the spectators. And now to have to utter the 'ay' which was to place his darling borough of Rigmorle in Schedule A! — Since the days of Abraham no such sacrifice had been demanded of a parental heart." — *Cecil, a Peer*, Vol. i. pp. 131–133.

It is not to real contemporaries alone, that Cecil makes his allusions. Witness the following passage.

"What a strange thing it is, that no power of modern times, except the Yankees, can be induced to believe, that 'Union is strength!' Swift, the Dean, observes, in one of his letters to Pope, that 'every age contains half a dozen master-spirits, which, if they would only enter into combination, might drive the world before them.'

"I forget whether he adds, or whether it be my own suggestion, that the foresight of Providence endows them with incompatibilities fatal to all possibility of amalgamation. At the moment in question, there were half a dozen of us who might have revolutionized the coteries. At this present writing, there

are a score who might revolutionize the country,—viz. Cis Danby, Henry Pelham, Vivian Grey,—Brougham, Lyndhurst, Macaulay;—Rogers, Moore, Luttrell, Ginger Stubbs;—Morgan, Gore, Norton, Tussaud;—Lockhart, Fonblanque, Dickens;—Carlyle, Sydney Smith, Dicky Milnes, Dan O'Connell, and Lord Cardigan, who might form a tremendous battalion if they could only manage to shave in the same shop. Luckily, we abominate each other. I defy even the five-thousand-horse power of genius to force us into conspiracy." — *Cecil, a Coxcomb*, Vol. II. pp. 200, 201.

This mixing up of Henry Pelham, and some of his literary countrymen, with Lyndhurst, Macaulay, and a dozen others, who are mere visible heroes of the day, carries out, to a small extent, an idea which would effect, if fully developed, a great change, and, we believe, a great improvement in modern novels. When an author has taken pains to invent a character, to describe him so fully and clearly, that his reader is well acquainted with him, it seems to be quite a waste of labor, that he should be abandoned as soon as the two volumes are finished in which he made his *début*. Let him be introduced again, and the reader will meet him with the satisfaction with which he greets an old friend. We would, of course, take this method only with the second and third class of characters, the commonplace people, who are alike in all good fictions, because they are quite alike in life. In "*Cecil*," for instance, we are introduced to two or three hundred people in the fashionable world in which Cecil moves, and we have to bear in mind, throughout the book, their names and characters. How satisfactory it would be, when in another season, in another novel, we shall visit the opera or the ball-room again, to find before us familiar faces, and not to labor through a new course of introduction and acquaintanceship with those, who are only remarkable as they serve to swell the crowd.

Such are some of those more prominent characteristics of this very agreeable and powerful work, which are among our inducements for varying from our more usual course, to call the attention of our readers to a novel of English fashionable life. It has appeared to us more life-like, more sensible, more philosophical in its arrangement, than most of the class of novels to which it belongs. But in thus speaking of different impressions of its merit, which have been left upon us

after several perusals, we give a very incorrect idea of it. We give it the appearance of a work of consummate art, but we firmly believe, that it owes its power and interest to the absence of all art ; there is no *ars celans* nor any *ars celata*. The only rhetorical merit which its author may claim, is his knowledge of the secrets of omission and brevity. "*Le secret d'ennuyer est celui de tout dire*," is one of his own quotations, as he omits certain details of Cecil's Cambridge life; and, if he teaches that secret to other novelists, or to biographers, or indeed to all other authors, he will have done the world a great favor. He remembers, that, as nobody will know how good are those things which he has omitted, nobody will miss them.

A greater merit even than this great one is the sparkling wit of the whole book. It would be the fortune of a conversationalist in some English colony, if he could succeed in getting possession of a unique copy. There would be a temptation to take any measures for the suppression of all the rest of an edition. Of this constant brilliancy no extracts will give an idea ; we cannot produce any molar, or hoof, or horn, by which the anatomy of the whole may be detected. The extracts we have given, with a few additional ones, must serve, however, as specimens of the whole. Cecil never disappoints the reader. He tells us somewhere a story of a country manager, who could not afford to give the snowstorm in his Christmas pantomime with white paper when his audience was thin, and so frequently "snowed brown." He says, that his mother, when she was ill-tempered, often did the same ; but throughout the book, for in fact it is but one book, he never snows any thing himself but the brightest white.

The following passage is an amusing account of the final entombment of a flirtation, which had ended some five years before. The Sophronia alluded to had been Sophronia Vavasour, "a rare creature, whose mind had expanded as nature listed," beautiful as a heroine, and, indeed, for three or four months, the heroine of Cecil's life. His attention to her had been the indirect cause of the death of her sister, heart-broken ; and so an engagement between the two, which he proposed, had been broken off.

"One Sunday, Lady Phœbe having whispered to me a request to meet her and her father at the Zoological Gardens, I

found it impossible to refuse ; and, having found Arthur Cornwallis at the gate, took his arm to go in search of Lord Ashby, whose phaeton was in waiting. We soon joined the party ; and, had I addressed my observations touching the leader of that morning's ' Examiner ' to one of the bears in the pit, instead of to the surly Earl, the growl that answered me might have possessed more suavity. For Phœbe's sake, however, I persevered ; and with the more virtue, that, while I was talking about Irish municipalities to the father, the daughter was prattling about water-parties with Arthur. At the hazy extremity of life to which I have now attained, it often strikes me, that the sum total of time lost by a professed coxcomb in the propitiation of duennas, fathers, and husbands, deducts a cruel per-centage from his small account of mortal existence !

" We were sauntering on from bird to beast and beast to bird, the Earl snapping at me in monosyllables, while the *roucoucoulement* of Arthur and his fair companion served as a running accompaniment to his *staccato rinforzato* notes, when, as we stood for a moment to examine the goings to and fro on the earth of a den of wolves, I was struck by a somewhat familiar voice talking very sensible sense indeed, to two young children, who ought to have been wondering whether the wolves before us were any relation to Red Riding-Hood's. I am not fond of seeing strong meat administered to babes. It makes *them* sick, and it makes *me*. This learned parent inflicted as severe a dose of Buffon on a poor feeble little boy of four years old, as might have produced a shock upon the constitution of a Professor of the Royal Institution.

" This over-physicking with knowledge had evidently undermined the system of the poor little things. That luckless boy and his sister were two yellow-complexioned creatures, that looked as if they had been crammed with information, like turkey chicks, from the very egg-shell.

" Lord Ashby, however, seemed as much edified by the lady's natural-historical lesson, as if she had been reciting one of Peter Parley's little books ; which would probably have conveyed all the information available either to his lordship or the infants.

" For *my* part, I felt as restless as one of the wolves. My presentiments had not deceived me. The Sir Hans Sloane in petticoats was Sophronia, — not Vavasour, I trust, — for the infant martyrs of science called her ' Ma ! '

" I was horribly afraid lest dear Lady Phœbe should see me familiarly recognised by such a party ; more especially with the probability of a fainting fit, that might have caused the grebes or otters to be disturbed from their aquatic recreations, in order

to procure a sprinkling of water. But I stole a glance round at Sophronia, and was terror-struck to perceive what havoc eight years and a tropical climate may effect in the human countenance. The complexion of a cresson pear, — teeth resembling those of the beaver in the adjoining hutch, — and wrinkles *ad infinitum*, like one of the old portraits of Denner! And then the sharp, shrill voice, that seemed accustomed to convey only reprehension or instruction. How dreadfully well she was bringing up her children! What a rational mother, — what an admirable member of society, — and what a bonnet, — and what a pair of boots!

“I fancy I must have looked aghast as Clarence waking from his dream, when I turned towards Lady Phœbe from the awful spectacle of the woman I had wanted to make my wife; for Arthur Cornwallis asked me what was the matter, and swore the nondescript female, near whom he had been standing, smelt so strongly of camphor, that she had given me a vertigo. I was greatly relieved when Lord Ashby (perceiving that Phœbe, guarded betwixt me and Lord Arthur, was unapproachable to Devereux, who kept hovering round us like a moth,) made his way towards the gate. I had a sort of horrific impression, that Sophronia was a widow, and that the serpent near the bread-fruit tree was, after the lapse of years, coming to enfold me in its scaly coil! Nay, I woke next morning from a hideous dream to that effect, screaming, like the people in Matt. Lewis’s tale, — ‘The anaconda! — the anaconda!’”

Cecil, a Peer, Vol. II. pp. 156 – 158.

His account of his return home after Peninsular warfare is amusing.

“‘I beg your pardon, Sir, — but pray is my Lord expecting you?’ inquired the butler, while the two standards gazed at each other for an explanation, which neither was likely to afford.

“‘Be so good as to pay the man, and see the valise taken off,’ said I, not altogether aware of the perplexities I was exciting.

“‘This is Lord Ormington’s, Sir, — number eighteen; — I fancy there is some mistake,’ persisted the butler, bowing back towards the house, and evidently about to close the door in my face.

“‘I will thank you to have my luggage carried up to my room, Sir, — to Mr. Cecil Danby’s room,’ — said I, by way of explanation.

“‘SIR!’ ejaculated the man, receding in consternation, as I prepared to jump out, attributing his dismay to remorse for his

ungenerous reception of his master's son, returning from the perils and dangers of foreign service.

"‘Is Lady Ormington at home?’ said I, following him nimbly up the steps.

"‘Shut the vestibule door, John! — shut the vestibule door!’ cried the butler, in an authoritative tone, when he found himself *tête-à-tête* with me in the hall. ‘Shut all the doors!’ And instead of replying to my question, he proceeded to whisper in the ear of the said John a message, in which I thought I could distinguish the words Marlborough Street and Bow Street runner. It was clear, that my identity was a matter of suspicion.

"‘You seem to entertain some hesitation about admitting me,’ said I: ‘excusable enough; for you are all new since I quitted England. But there must surely be some person left in the household, who can identify my person.’

"‘Young man,’ said the butler, whose mind was running upon his plate-chest, ‘it is a massiful thing for us all that the family happened to be in town to defeat your nefarious pupposes. I am under the necessity of keeping you in custody till —’

"‘Blockhead!’ cried I, out of all patience, ‘I tell you again that I am Colonel Danby, Lord Ormington’s younger son!’

"His reply was an insolent laugh, echoed, of course, by his familiars, John and Thomas. He even added something about his eye, which would be no ornament to these pages.

"‘As we happen to be in mourning, my fine fellow, for the only son as ever my Lord had, with the ’ception of Mr. Danby, the membero-parlament, —’ John was beginning.

"‘In mourning, — in mourning for *me*!’ cried I, in spite of all my irritation bursting into a laugh. ‘And where was I killed, pray? Stay; as you appear to be more idiotic one than the other, beg Mrs. Ridley, the housekeeper, to walk this way, — or Mademoiselle Aglaé, if still with Lady Ormington. Even Bibiche would recognise me, and set your minds at ease.’”

Cecil, a Coxcomb, Vol. I. pp. 179, 180.

After the fact of his resurrection had been broken to his mother, her emotions were singular.

"‘Since the mischief’s done, Sir, may be you’d better come up with me at once,’ said Ridley; and, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or cry, I followed her into the presence of my mother. The room smelt powerfully of burnt feathers. *Why* they had been committed to the flames, I can scarcely take on myself to say; for certes I never saw any one further from a fainting fit than Lady Ormington. She reclined in her *fauteuil*, indeed, with her arms pendent over *its* arms; but her two cheeks were

as red as pomegranates, or as Mademoiselle Martin's *végétal superfin*.

““ Was there ever any thing so shameful as the carelessness of the War Office, my dear Cis!’ cried she, as soon as I had convinced her by an embrace, that I was substantial flesh and blood. ‘Lord Ormington saw the return “KILLED” with his own eyes, at the Horse Guards! This is the third instance I have known of a similar blunder. We have been in black ever since the returns. How glad I shall be to throw it off! The weather is getting very close for bombazine. But, gracious Heaven, Cis! how you are altered! You are as brown, I might almost say as black, as a Spaniard. I hope you mean to shave off those horrible mustachios? You will drop the dragoon-officer now, I trust! By the way, do the French women of *ton* wear the chimney-pot bonnets imported by the Duchess of Oldenburgh? I cannot persuade myself that any thing so extravagant is *du bon genre*; and, after all, the Duchess, though the Emperor’s sister, can’t be called a criterion of fashion. But you don’t ask after poor Bibiche!’

““ I don’t ask after her, because I want no news; her effigy yonder cries “*Circumspice!*” as loud as the monument of Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul’s. The naturalist has done her justice! Except at Guildhall, I never saw a finer specimen of stuffing. Only that she looks rather more animated than when alive.’

““ Ah, Cis, you were always shamefully unjust to that poor dog! It is only two months since she was taken from me! I assure you I feel her loss sensibly. There are times when I am obliged to throw a handkerchief over the glass case. When Miss Richardson is out of the way, and I am sitting here alone, I often fancy I feel her scratching my gown to be taken up. Blaine attended her through the winter. But he said from the first, it was a lost case! She was in years, poor little creature! She would have been thirteen years old, had she survived till Michaelmas. In fact, she died of old age. Blaine called it asthma; but it was old age. They always talked about asthma, when Zaimé, her mother, grew infirm. But *I* knew it was old age.’

“It was painful to interrupt these important family communications, with inquiries after Lord Ormington, my brother, and sister.” — pp. 182, 183.

These volumes were published, and in this country republished, several months since. We do not believe, however, that it is a novel which is to have but a few months’

existence. Very much to his readers' satisfaction, the author promises future publications. The book has in itself so life-like an appearance, that the reader unconsciously considers it as he would a record of real experiences, and fears that the author can never invent any thing half so good. A good autobiographer need not be a good novelist. We believe, however, that there is so satisfactory evidence, that it is really a work of fiction, that we have reason to hope for more of the same kind.

ART. II. — *Thoughts on the Present Collegiate System in the United States.* By FRANCIS WAYLAND. Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 1842. 16mo. pp. 160.

FEW subjects, that are really of great importance and general interest, are less frequently discussed in this country, than that of college education and the proper conduct of the establishments in which it is dispensed. Politicians and legislators are not willing to waste much breath in advocating the claims of institutions, the effects of which on the whole body of the people are not immediately visible. Common schools are eminently democratic in their nature. They constitute, after all, the only great engine for the elevation of the laboring classes. For this end laws are comparatively powerless; and the fair-weather promises of aspirants after office, about a more equal apportionment of wealth and taxation, are found to be wearisome in their repetition and nugatory in their results. Public schools tend to equalize social advantages, because they enable all men to start fair in the race. Instruction in them is felt to be a help in the acquisition, and an ornament in the enjoyment, of riches. The schoolmaster is a despot himself, but he is an efficient laborer in a republican cause. Accordingly, when it was ascertained a few years since, that some monarchical governments in the old world had actually got the start of us in improved and enlarged means of primary instruction, the zeal of many was quickened, and a vigorous effort made at least to copy the improvements, which we had lost the honor of inventing and first bringing into practice. In many parts of

the country we can already see the good results of this movement.

But the higher institutions, which dispense what the French call *secondary* instruction, do not profit by this newly awakened ardor in the cause of learning. The number of persons, who expect to reap advantages from these establishments, is comparatively small. The nature and conduct of such seminaries is seemingly aristocratic. Few are concerned in their management, because few are competent to the task. The acquisition of several languages and of the higher branches of science, and the thorough culture of the mind in all its faculties, preparatory to a direct application of them to any particular pursuit, require an amount of time and money, which most persons cannot or will not afford for their children. The immediate advantages of a good system of college education affect but a small part of the community, though its more remote and equally certain results are felt throughout the social and political system. These touch the welfare of men, who never heard the lecture of a professor, and who hardly know what a University means. In the colleges is determined the character of most of the persons, who are to fill the professions, teach the schools, write the books, and do most of the business of legislation, for the whole body of the people. The general direction of literature and politics, the prevailing habits and modes of thought throughout the country, are in the hands of men, whose social position and early advantages have given them an influence, of the magnitude and permanency of which the possessors themselves are hardly conscious.

How much, for instance, of the present aspect of English literature, of the conservative tone of British politics, of the actual direction of the wealth and power of the mother country, is to be ascribed to the influences at work within the walls of the two great universities of England, and to the nature of the education which is there given. We do not refer merely to the number of authors, politicians, and public men, who were educated at Oxford and Cambridge. It is rather the great body of the English gentry, the wealthy, influential, and intelligent classes, who really hold the reins of power in the country, and to whom books and speeches are addressed; who hear what authors, politicians, and reformers have to say, and then decide upon the character of what they have

heard. The tendency of national literature, the tone of public sentiment, is rather determined by people who read books, than by those who write them ; by men who vote, rather than by those who speak in Parliament or Congress. The nature of the supply will always be directed by the demand. It is by overlooking this important distinction, and by attending only to the alleged fact, that the graduates of colleges do not, after all, monopolize the prizes in science, literature, and public life, that men are led to underrate the influence of the great seminaries of learning. A cultivated taste, a fine appreciation of scholarship, a regard for scientific pursuits, a nice sense of honor, an attachment to existing institutions, are some of the qualities which English gentlemen acquire in these venerable establishments ; and, though the education there given is far from being the best possible one, though the *alumni* may often win less distinction in after life, than men of ardent temperaments and brilliant talents, but of irregular training, who start forth from the mass of the people, yet these last would find their progress impeded and their efforts fruitless, if they were not understood, encouraged, and supported by the wealthy graduates of the universities. A century ago, the aid, thus given, assumed the offensive form of individual patronage, which it has now happily lost, because a taste for literary and scientific pursuits has spread through a larger number, and manifests itself in a more delicate and effectual way.

In this country, the want of an influential and highly educated class, able to appreciate the studies and productions of scholars, discoverers in science, and laborers in the less popular departments of literature, is likely to be felt in a serious degree. Such a body of men can be trained only in colleges deserving of the name, where a large and generous scheme of instruction is prosecuted with ample means and lofty aims. An institution, which is intended to be popular in the lowest sense of the term, which is dependent for support on the majority of the people, and must therefore flatter the prejudices and follow the guidance of that majority, cannot send forth graduates, whose acquirements, tastes, and opinions will tend to elevate and refine the feelings and judgments of the community. The utmost they can do will be to preserve the standard of taste and learning where it is ; they cannot raise it. There is encouragement enough for

workers in the lighter and more pleasing branches of literature and science. In proportion to the population, we have probably more readers of books than any country in the world. Works intended to make science popular and intelligible, treatises on its elements, schoolbooks, works of imagination and fancy, poetry, and novels, — of these we have a good share, and the stock is daily increasing. The English works, which are selected for republication in this country, indicate the taste and inclination of the community more clearly than the books written on this side of the water ; for publishers and booksellers, in reference to these works, blindly follow the public demand, with less regard to local causes, which sometimes give to American books a factitious and ephemeral popularity. English novels are most in request. Elementary treatises on science are in some demand for the use of schools. Biographies and works of travellers are sometimes, though more rarely, appropriated by American publishers. Nearly all the reviews and magazines devoted to light literature are reprinted here, but not one scientific journal. More elaborate works of recent date are out of the question. It would be a sacrifice of labor and money to attempt their republication. Older publications of this character, the reputation of which has long been established, occasionally appear, but the risk is too great for modern productions. And, if the public taste does not require such books, when they are of foreign origin, and can be had here at cheap cost, there is surely no call for those of domestic manufacture. The power of appreciating these things will appear in due time, it is said ; it will increase with the natural growth of the country. So it will, if due attention be paid to the institutions, whose business is to foster it ; — to the higher seminaries of learning, that are now forming the taste and judgment of the next generation. But, if colleges are neglected and badly managed, and common schools absorb all the attention of the public, we must always remain in a state of tutelage and dependence on the intellect of the old world.

If we look only at the number of establishments in this country, which bear the name of colleges and universities, it may seem that any fears on this head are very unnecessary. We are better provided with them than the inhabitants of any other region in the world. The last number of the “*American Almanac*” contains the names of one hundred

and three American colleges, in which there are 765 instructors and 9,936 students. Even this enumeration is not complete, embracing only those institutions which are of some note. According to the census of 1840, there are in the United States 173 colleges, containing 16,233 students. According to a table, which is copied from a German journal into the "*American Almanac*," it appears, that there are but one hundred and seventeen universities in all Europe, and they contain 94,600 students. New York, with a population of two millions and a half, has twelve colleges or universities, — the names in this country are used indifferently, — and 1285 students; Prussia, with a population of fourteen millions, has seven universities, and 5,220 students. That is, the former has a college for every 200,000 inhabitants, and every 107 students; the latter has one for 2,000,000 inhabitants and 373 students. In Prussia, one out of 2,682 inhabitants is a university student; in New York, one out of 1,946. It is hardly necessary to say, that the universities of Prussia are among the best in the world; those of New York are better than most other American colleges.

If we take other countries in Europe, the disproportion is quite as striking. France has fourteen colleges and 12,180 students for a population of thirty-five millions; Pennsylvania has twenty colleges and 2,034 students for a population considerably less than two millions. The New England States, with a population of about two millions and a quarter, have nineteen colleges, and 2,857 students; Great Britain, with a population of twenty-seven millions, has nine universities and 17,750 students.

The importance of these statistics, and the connexion which they have with our subject, will appear sufficiently obvious, when we remind our readers of one evident fact; that, if the money, which has been distributed by legislative grants and private donations among the one hundred and seventy-three colleges in this country, had been divided among only twenty of these institutions, we should still have a larger number of universities in proportion to the population, than any country in Europe, and they would be as wealthy, as well provided with buildings, apparatus, libraries, and all the means of instruction, and as able to command the services of the most eminent professors, as any of the noble

establishments of the old world, excepting perhaps Oxford and Cambridge. As matters now stand, it is melancholy to compare the scanty endowments and insufficient means of the best of our colleges with the least flourishing of those, which exist in Great Britain, France, and Germany. Take the single particular of libraries. There is but one college library in the United States, which contains more than fifty thousand volumes. Three others contain each from twenty to thirty thousand; fifteen have from ten to twenty thousand; and far the larger portion of the other hundred and fifty colleges have less than five thousand. All the college libraries in the country, so far as we have ascertained, present an aggregate of about five hundred and twenty thousand volumes, — not quite so many as those contained in the *Bibliothèque du Roi* at Paris, or in the royal library at Munich. But the disproportion becomes more glaring, when we consider, that, as the aggregate here is made up of so many different collections, there are probably not more than seventy thousand volumes of distinct works to be found on the shelves of all the colleges in the country. But if the money already appropriated to this object, had been given to a few institutions, instead of being scattered among nearly two hundred, we might now possess five noble collections each of more than a hundred thousand volumes.

How much the efficiency of a college depends on the stores in its library, is known to all who have had any experience in these institutions, or have given any reflection to the subject. Among all the wants of these seminaries, that of books is the most evident and the most pressing. Till ampler provision is made of these indispensable materials, it is vain to hope for any great improvement in the system of scholastic education in the United States, or for any great progress in the higher departments of literature and science. Some recent English publications painfully remind one of our deficiencies in this respect. Hallam's "Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries," one of the most valuable works that have appeared in Great Britain during the present century, may be cited as an instance. There is not a library in the country, by the aid of which this work could have been written; there is not one, which will enable the reader to verify the numerous quotations and references, which it contains.

This is a small matter, it may be thought, as Mr. Hallam has finished his task so well, that there is no occasion to retrace the ground. But the power of appreciating such works, the taste for reading them, the ability to understand them, can exist in those communities only, where a relish for literary pursuits is created and kept alive by vast repositories of intellectual wealth designed for public use. Mr. Hallam's book will not excite half the interest, which it might create in many minds, if there were means at hand to follow his progress step by step, to review his judgments, criticize his opinions, and examine the correctness of his statements. Great libraries do not merely supply the seed for future products, but they form the atmosphere in which alone the plants will grow, and the fruits ripen to full maturity. They do more. They create the appetite, besides affording the means for its gratification.

We have spoken of the higher ends which colleges subserve, because they are too often founded and supported in this country on wrong considerations. They are patronized with mistaken views of the good, which they are calculated to produce. The great evil is the multiplication of colleges; and their number will continue to increase, because they are established not to promote the higher interests of learning and science, but to assist the growth of a city, to favor the population of a particular region, or to help the progress of a party or a religious denomination. A spirit of rivalry in this respect exists between the several States, aided by a natural desire of parents to have their children educated near home, and by the importunities of teachers who cannot find employment in the older institutions. Universities are established on speculation, to increase the value of house-lots in their immediate neighbourhood. They form part of the machinery by which each religious sect endeavours to strengthen its position and increase its numbers. They are built as subjects of experiment for theorists in the science of instruction, whose plans and opinions the established seminaries obstinately refuse to adopt. The charter of an institution, it is said, is a small boon for a State to grant, and legislatures are required in common fairness to permit all parties, sects, and districts to share alike, and to have a college of their own. Thus the liberality of the public, which is enough to insure success, if it were concentrated on a few objects, is wasted

and rendered fruitless by excessive division. We have a multitude of poor and inefficient establishments, but hardly one of such ample endowments and liberal means of instruction, as to merit the name of a University. There is not one, that occupies such a commanding position, that it can establish a standard of liberal education, to which the others may be obliged by public opinion to conform.

In searching after the causes of the low state of the colleges and of college education in the United States, we are at once struck with the fact, that it is not the disposition of the public in general, which is in fault. There is no insensibility on the part of the community to the claims of these institutions. The statistics just given show, that a larger proportion of youth here seek the advantages of what is called a liberal education, than in the most enlightened countries of the old world. And there is no lack of money. In this respect a liberal, even a munificent spirit exists. If the whole sum could be ascertained, which our countrymen have contributed for the support of colleges, especially during the last fifty years, it would probably exceed the aggregate funds appropriated to similar institutions in the same time in any country of Europe. The greater age of the establishments in the old world cannot be the sole cause of their evident superiority. Colleges do not grow like oaks ; every year does not necessarily add to the stoutness of their trunks, and the breadth of their foliage. Rather, like common dwelling-houses, the older they are, the more inconvenient and uncomfortable they are likely to become. Harvard College cannot advantageously be compared with the University of Berlin, nor can Yale be put beside that of Gottingen ; yet age, we believe, is in favor of the American colleges, and, at one time or another, perhaps quite as much money has been expended upon them as upon their German sisters. The cause of their inferiority in numbers, equipments, and efficiency, must be found in their mismanagement, not by the authorities, who have the immediate charge of them, but by the community, which should have fostered them with more care and discretion.

American legislatures are far more willing to found new colleges, than to make any attempt to improve the condition of old ones. Public aid is loudly invoked in the outset ; but, as soon as the institution is fairly under way, any cen-

sorship, any criticism on its management, any suggestion for its improvement, is apt to be resented as officious intermeddling with the concerns of a Corporation or a Board of Trustees. The establishment ceases to be a public one. Commonly it is in the hands of a sect, or a party. It is supported by their donations, and filled by their children, and any efforts of the public to control it are successfully resisted;—supposing always, that the public ever makes the effort, which it is not likely to do, because no pecuniary or political gain can be expected from the interference. A German university, on the other hand, is the child of the state. It is a great public institution, in the welfare of which the government and the people are as deeply interested, as in the good condition of the finances, the laws, the schools, or the roads. A constant oversight is maintained, and such changes are made in the constitution of the seminary, and such persons appointed to office in it, as the altered circumstances of the times, and the public voice, may require. Though the creature of a despotic government, the institution is eminently a popular one, and as such is controlled by public opinion; for there are no politics in learning and science, and the interests of the constituted authorities, in regard to such establishments, must coincide with the views and feelings of that portion of the people, who are competent to consider and decide upon such matters. Thus the prosperity and the sphere of action of the university are coextensive with the liberal spirit, the enlightened mind, and the powerful resources of the nation to which it belongs. American colleges are generally close, private corporations. Each institution is controlled entirely by its private board of trustees or other officers, and this board is responsible only to the *clique*, the district of country, the political party, or the religious sect, which called it into being. The interests of this party or denomination form the leading object of effort, and to this end the more general and lofty aims of a university are sacrificed. No wonder, that the institution's sphere of usefulness is contracted, its management wavering, and its influence small.

But in this country, it is said, there would be danger in committing the direction of a college to the public authorities, among whom the mutations of party, the eagerness to obtain office, the restless spirit of innovation, and occasional fits of parsimony, destroy all harmony of action and uniformity of

management. Nothing could be more fatal to the welfare of a seminary, than to convert its offices, which should be the rewards of scientific activity and thorough scholarship, into the prizes of political ambition. We confess, that there is hazard of this kind under a popular government, to which the more stable institutions of the old world are not subject. But, in avoiding this danger, there is no need of rushing into the opposite extreme, and regarding all interference on the part of the community as an encroachment on private right. The people can have no sympathy with an institution, in the management of which their voice is of no weight. Uniformly to repel their criticisms, and reject their suggestions, is to convert them into lukewarm friends or open enemies. The sorest evil of the whole system, the vast multiplication of colleges, may, among others, be traced to this cause. Men, who were indignant that their voice should never be heard in the management of the established seminaries, have sought to carry their views into effect by creating new ones. Parties and sects, whose attempts at interference have been too hastily rebuffed, have revenged themselves by starting an opposition. What should be a generous emulation in promoting the great ends for which all colleges are endowed, thus degenerates into a narrow exclusiveness in the dispensation of favors generally, and especially of appointments to office, and a petty contest in obtaining the largest number of students.

The duty of all managers of colleges, in respect to maintaining them on a broad foundation and with a public character, coincides exactly with their true policy. They may be private establishments in regard to the directing power, but they were endowed for public uses. The funds were given in trust to increase the means of public instruction ; and there is, therefore, no member of the community, however humble, who does not suffer positive wrong, when these funds are perverted to other uses, or ill applied, or the benefit of them confined to any class, district, or denomination. The trustees are properly accountable to the public, as to the body for whose benefit they were bound to act, and any attempt to avoid this responsibility by shunning public discussion, or acting without reference to the public voice, is a direct violation of the confidence reposed in them. Publicity of action and accounts, as the only mode of acknowledging this

responsibility, is the first duty of their office. We should not insist on this point so strongly, if it were not for a firm conviction, that in this respect the directors of colleges have mistaken their true interests, and that, by too great shyness in their conduct, and a morbid dread of legislative interference, they have essentially injured the authority, influence, and claims of the institutions, of which they have charge. It is impolitic even to restrict this accountability to a smaller body, considered as the representatives of the community at large ; — to their own *alumni*, for instance, or the inhabitants of their own vicinity, or the members of their own denomination. It is due to the whole people, — to every youth, who may be desirous of a good education, and to every parent, who would secure the most liberal opportunities of instruction for his son. As these affairs are now directed, the community very seldom hear any thing about the management of a college, except when they are called upon to contribute something to its funds. There is no cause to wonder, that the application should very frequently be unsuccessful.

Full illustration and proof of these remarks may be found in the early history of Harvard College. During the first eighty years of its existence, it was in every sense a public institution, closely united with the government of the colony, and established in the respect and affections of the people. It was the child of the legislature, the pride of the clergy, and the venerated “school of the prophets” for the mass of the community. All ranks were interested in its management and its fortunes, as all had contributed to its support. The poor farmers brought to its treasury a tithe of their harvests, and householders gave their few articles of plate, their silver spoons and jugs, for the same end. These offerings, small in amount, but strongly indicative of the good-will of the donors, swelled the slender capital, which had been created by the liberality of the General Court, and the munificence of him, whose name is perpetuated, though he left no child, and the spot of his burial is unknown. And, though the means of the College were still very small, and the education given by it was defective in many respects, yet they probably bore a higher proportion to the wealth of the community, and the general state of letters and science, than they have done at any subsequent period. The instructors, the Corporation, the Overseers, and the General Court, acted in

perfect harmony with each other, except when the pressing necessities of the College caused demands to be made for assistance, which the colony was too poor to grant. Harvard College was the child, even the first-born and the dearly beloved, of the colony, and the whole people regarded its interests as identical with their own. Honorable, in many respects, as the progress of the institution has been in later times, never was its growth so rapid, its efficiency, when compared with its means, so great, or its popularity so universal, as during the first eighty years of its existence.

About the year 1720, a great change became manifest. The child had grown to man's estate, and repudiated the authority of its parent. The College having increased so much in means and power, a contest for its management arose between the Corporation on the one hand, and the Overseers and the General Court on the other. The former, a small, resolute, and energetic body, having the entire command of the funds, and the exclusive privilege of nominating to office, and being thus, as it were, in possession of the ground, proved more than a match for the unwieldy strength, and violent but desultory efforts, of the Overseers and General Court. After a long struggle, the Corporation established its independence, and reduced the visitatorial power over them to the mere shadow, which it has ever since remained. It is no part of ours, to trace out the theological or other causes, besides the love of power, which led to this contest, or to determine which party was in the right. We are only concerned with the results of the change, which were such as might have been expected. The College fell entirely into the hands of seven men, filling the vacancies in their own body, holding offices for life, and placed under only a nominal accountability. The legislature ceased to cherish an institution, which it could no longer control. It gave a cold approval to the measures of the Corporation, or disregarded its proceedings altogether, or began an active opposition by withholding money, which it was bound to furnish, or by chartering new colleges. In these measures the legislature acted in strict accordance with the feelings of the people, of whom they were the representatives. A small class, composed of the graduates, the immediate friends of the officers, the parents in the vicinity, who had children to be educated, and a few far-sighted observers of the progress of letters and science in the country,

continued to wish well to the College, and by all feasible means to aid in its advancement. But the body of the community lost all interest in the progress of the institution, and not a few, in the contests of parties and sects, learned to regard it with suspicion and positive dislike. The College soon assumed too much of the character of a private establishment. It has partaken of the improvements of the age ; it has rendered noble services to the cause of learning. But, relatively to the means of the country and the demands of the times, it has declined. It was far beyond what could reasonably be expected of it in the seventeenth century ; it falls short of the impatient spirit and lofty expectations of the nineteenth.

In his excellent "*History of Harvard University*," President Quincy alludes to the fact, that "the general policy of our community at the present day is, to bestow the whole amount of public bounty on the means of common elementary education, and to leave the greater seminaries dependent almost entirely on private munificence." He observes, and we cordially agree with him, that "no policy could be more mistaken ; for, although it is true, that it is a great interest of a state to distribute far and wide the streams of knowledge over the lower grounds, it is no less its duty to open and enlarge the fountains in the upper country." But the cause of this unequal and unwise distribution of public favor is not mentioned, though it is equally evident with the fact itself. The people patronize, because they control, the common schools ; every dollar appropriated to this object, is spent under their eyes and their direction. But the money bestowed upon colleges passes away from their view entirely, and seems only to increase the power and patronage of a knot of individuals. No wonder that it is reluctantly given.

The peculiar constitution of American colleges, by which the whole directing power is placed in the hands of a few men, and those not the persons who do the work within the walls, is the cause of another evil that is frequent in the application of the funds. As the Trustees or Corporation are not directly responsible for the character of the instruction given, that care resting entirely with the Professors and Tutors, they are naturally anxious to leave some token of their active and successful management in the outward appurtenances of the college. The buildings, books, and appa-

ratus, form their peculiar province, and the additions made are tangible proofs of their contributions to the prosperity of the seminary. Unluckily, a given sum of money will buy more bricks and mortar, than books and telescopes ; and it will make more show, too, if expended on the former articles, for to unlearned eyes the utility of the latter is not very apparent. One may readily imagine, therefore, how a large portion of the college funds will be appropriated. An architectural mania appears to have seized all the college trustees in the country. Huge dormitories are erected, even when the institution is situated in the midst of a city, for students who would be far better accommodated in boarding-houses and private families. A building is constructed, in dimensions and external ornaments like a palace, to furnish recitation rooms, of which the furniture consists only of pine tables and benches, and the sole occupants are a teacher and a small class of boys. This mistake is no less common, than it is striking. We know of very few colleges, in the country, in which the disproportion between the size of its public rooms and the number of persons who occupy them, is not extreme. At least a hundred and fifty, out of the hundred and seventy-three colleges in the United States, might find ample accommodation each in a single dwellinghouse. We are tempted to hope that no legislature will ever grant a charter to another institution, without expressly prohibiting the Trustees from purchasing a foot of ground or erecting a single edifice. Let them lease one or two private buildings for a term of years, and then, if the movement of the population, or other causes, should ever make a change of site advisable, the institution will not be fast anchored to one spot by the possession of edifices, which have cost a vast sum, but which are found inconvenient for its own objects, and wholly unfit for any other purposes whatever. With admirable prudence and foresight, the founder of the Lowell Institute in Boston inserted a proviso of this character in his will, and, excellent as his other arrangements were, this one is superior to them all, for it guaranties the long-continued usefulness of his princely gift. To show the magnitude of the evil, against which this establishment is effectually preserved, we have only to mention the name of the Girard College.

It is instructive to look at the several steps, by which a new

college is usually established at the present day. A considerable sum having been obtained by legislative grant or private donation, the whole is at once expended, and very often a large debt is contracted, in erecting one or more buildings. A high-sounding name is adopted, and a president and professors are appointed, whose salaries are to be paid out of the fees to be received for tuition. Thus far, all is well. The university is a very good university, only it has no students. The measures which are next taken are most injurious to the cause of sound learning and the whole system of college education in the United States. Students must be had at all risks ; and every gain, that the new institution makes in this respect, involves a loss of honor and profit to the older seminaries. The most flattering proposals are made, and every temptation is held out, both by private and public means, to call recruits round the new standard. Old abuses in instruction and discipline are to be done away, and the best possible scholars are to be manufactured in the shortest possible time. The education given, both in quantity and quality, will be of the highest character, and it is offered on the lowest terms. We are sorry to use these commercial metaphors, but no other language will give a correct idea of the proceedings. Certain qualifications are required for entrance, but the examination is a nominal one, and pupils are really admitted to matriculation on any terms. The course of studies, and the mode of pursuing them, are modified in all possible ways, so as to suit the tastes and wishes of every individual. Popularity is the great object sought, and the institution thus blindly follows, without attempting to guide, public opinion. In consequence, a college degree falls in value every day, and the course of liberal studies necessary to obtain it is quite as limited and unsettled, as that which is pursued in the seminaries of humbler pretensions.

This picture may appear overcharged, but it is strictly applicable to a great majority of the colleges in the country ; and the course of the older institutions is such, that we cannot expect them to afford much longer any exceptions to its truth. With such a number of rivals, and with the impression, which exists very generally in the community, that a college education is the same thing, wherever it may be obtained, it is vain to hope, that the course of any one establishment will long continue to differ widely from the rest. They

are all more or less dependent for support on the fees received for tuition ; and the reliance which each might have on its immediate neighbourhood for a supply of pupils, with whom proximity to their homes is always a great consideration, is constantly lessened by the appearance of a nearer competitor.

The number of instructors required in so many institutions is immense, and the continual increase makes it necessary every day to lower the standard of qualification, and thus to lessen the dignity of the office. The teachers employed in ninety-four colleges, from which we have accounts, amount to seven hundred and seventy-six ; which makes a little more than an average of eight for each institution. If the other seminaries employed a proportionate number, there would be an aggregate of one thousand four hundred and twenty-seven college instructors in the country. But as those from which we have accounts are far the most considerable in respect to the means of instruction, it is probable that the institutions not reported employ a much smaller number, and the aggregate is therefore considerably diminished. The best appointed have one instructor for every ten students ; others have not more than one for every thirty. This comparison alone shows how unequal must be the tuition given in the several colleges. If we had the means of comparing the number of branches of science and letters professed to be taught, with the number of professors, the inequality would be yet more manifest. But it is plain enough already, that the fact of having graduated at a college supplies a very insufficient test, not merely of the scholarly attainments of an individual, for that must be the case everywhere, but of the degree of instruction to which he has had access. In some of the States, a college degree is still required before one can be admitted to practise certain professions. But, in many instances this qualification is not requisite ; and it can hardly be expected, that a diploma will be of use much longer in this, or in any other case.

During the infancy of the college system in this country, the presidents and professors, for the most part, were graduates of the English universities ; and they brought with them the idea of what constitutes a liberal education, and the standard of scholarship which existed in those great seminaries. The course of studies, which they introduced, was

very limited, but it was pursued with an exactitude and thoroughness, to which no pretension is made at the present day. It was complete, so far as it professed to go. Classical learning, of course, was the chief object of pursuit; and we presume the graduates of those days were better scholars in the languages than any of their successors. On the accession of one of the English monarchs, Harvard College published its volume of congratulatory verses, in emulation of Oxford and Cambridge; and the Latin and Greek odes were thought to compare not unfavorably with those which came from the parent institutions. Sapphics and hexameters are not in fashion under our present college system, and whether we regret their obsolescence, or not, yet when they did appear, they afforded honorable proof, that the instruction professed to be given in these seminaries was complete, accurate, and profound. After the first generation passed away, American graduates were elected to fill the chairs in their respective institutions, and the love of general scholarship was somewhat modified by their zeal for theological learning. When the ecclesiastical contests lost their vigor and general interest, colleges had multiplied, and rivalry sprung up among them, not in respect to the efficiency and completeness of their respective systems, but in regard to popular favor, on which they were all dependent. The graduates of one generation became the teachers of the next, and the rapidly increasing demand for instructors precluded any great nicety in the selection. The qualifications for the office thus necessarily sank lower and lower, as the classes successively passed off the stage, and as each new college came into being. Each institution entertains a natural preference for its own children, and the range of selection by this means is still more diminished. Under these circumstances, college instruction must necessarily and continually deteriorate, and a knowledge of this fact has led, in a few instances, to the choice of a foreigner of distinguished attainments to fill a professor's chair. The precedent would be more generally followed, if the choice were not naturally an unpopular one. When the University of Virginia was first established, a large proportion of its first board of instructors were foreigners. But this course did not add to the prosperity of the institution, and the vacancies have since been filled by American scholars.

The preceding remarks had been prepared, when Dr. Wayland's little book came into our hands ; and we were glad to find, that the views which we have advanced are in substance confirmed by his authority. The work bears all the marks of ability, which characterize his former publications. He has bestowed much thought upon the subject, and has brought to it the fruits of careful observation and long experience. Being himself the President of a college of high standing, which owes its present prosperity in great part to his able teaching and skilful management, and having studied carefully the university systems of the old world, during a visit to Europe, he is probably as well qualified as any person in the country, to make known the errors and defects in our own institutions, and to suggest the proper remedies. And he has the rare merit of speaking his sentiments on a delicate subject without fear or reservation, though in no harsh or offensive spirit. The tone of the work is singularly bold and uncompromising. He has probed every part of the college system in the United States, showing its general weakness and inefficiency, laying the fault where it is due, and calling for reform and improvement with the ardor of a generous mind, but at the same time with the caution of a reflecting and philosophical temperament. The "Thoughts" are not designed to set forth a new theory of education, to recommend an untried scheme of instruction or discipline, from which the most brilliant results are prophesied. There are enough of such ingenious and sweeping speculations already before the public. Dr. Wayland's views, founded on a close and comprehensive examination of the system as it is, and as it ought to be, are extremely practical ; and, if they fall into right hands, and are considered in a proper spirit, they cannot fail to produce immediate and highly important improvements. In the remainder of what we have to offer, we shall follow the course of his remarks.

Our author's opinion of the college system in its present state may be inferred from the following extract.

"From the preceding facts, I think we are warranted in coming to the following conclusions. First, that there is in this country a very general willingness both in the public and on the part of individuals to furnish all the necessary means for the improvement of collegiate education. Second, that the present system

of collegiate education does not meet the wants of the public. The evidence of this is seen in the fact, that change after change has been suggested in the system without however any decided result, and still more from the fact, that although this kind of education is afforded at a lower price than any other, we cannot support our present institutions without giving a large portion of our education away. Third, that this state of things is neither owing to the poverty of our people nor to their indifference to the subject of education. Our citizens seem really more willing to educate other men's sons than their own, to provide the means of education rather than to avail themselves of them after they have been provided. Now, do not these facts indicate the necessity of some change in our education system?"

—pp. 16, 17.

Among the experiments that have recently been tried, Dr. Wayland notices the one on which we had occasion to offer some remarks in a recent number of this Journal. It is apparent, that he regards the scheme as a total failure.

"It has been said, that the course of study in our colleges was formed in a remote age, and that it is adapted only to a state of society very different from our own. Specially has it been urged that the study of the *classics* is at best but useless, that it has no relation to our present duties and every day engagements, and that the time devoted to it had much better be employed upon the study of the Modern Languages. Besides, it has been said, that our collegiate course should extend its benefits to merchants, manufacturers, and every class of citizens. These persons desire the honors of a degree as much as others. They do not, however, wish to waste their time in the study of the classics, and therefore the studies required of the candidate for a degree should be accommodated so as to meet these their reasonable wishes. It was predicted, that as soon as this change should be made, our colleges would be crowded with those who were anxious to avail themselves of these advantages and to obtain the honor of a degree.

"In obedience with these suggestions a change was made some years since in the studies of some of our colleges. Both a classical and scientific course were established, the first requiring the study of the Learned and the other substituting in their room the Modern languages. Teachers were engaged, classes were divided, each student had his option, and all who wished were invited to become candidates for a degree upon these modified conditions. But what was the result? No one came to accept of what was thus freely offered. The system

dragged for a few years, and then perished from mere inanition.

“Very much the same course has been pursued in regard to the higher mathematics. The same objections were made to this branch of a liberal education, and it has been proposed to substitute in their place the study of history or of natural science. To a considerable degree this experiment has been combined with the other, and with very much the same result. The colleges so far as I know, which have obeyed the suggestions of the public, have failed to find themselves sustained by the public. The means, which it was supposed would increase the number of students in fact diminished it, and thus things gradually, after every variety of trial, have generally tended to their original constitution. So much easier is it to discover faults than to amend them; to point out evils than to remove them. And thus have we been taught, that the public does not always know what it wants, and that it is not always wise to take it at its word.” — pp. 12, 13.

In reviewing the whole plan of college education in the United States, the first topic that attracts notice is the constitution and mode of action of that board, apart from the body of the instructors, which has the general direction of the institution. They are variously denominated the *Trustees*, *Directors*, or *Corporation* of the college; but as a part of their functions coincide with the duties of the visitor of an English college, Dr. Wayland calls them the “visitorial (?) power.” They form the most powerful, but the least active part of the government. They hold the property, appoint and remove the officers, confer the degrees, and determine the course of studies and the general plan of instruction. Thus, if the practice coincided with the theory, they alone would be responsible for the success of the institution. But usually they form a very large and inert body, which meets only once or twice a year, and then only for the purpose of listening to the advice, or ratifying the measures, of one or two active members, or of the president and professors. In a few instances, however, their number is very small, and they really exercise all the powers confided to them, without being obliged to consult the officers of instruction, or to render any thing more than a nominal account of their proceedings. It is difficult to say, which is the worse scheme of operation. We copy Dr. Wayland’s pregnant queries respecting the conduct and efficiency of these boards of management and visitation.

"1. Are the boards of colleges chosen simply in view of their qualifications, for this peculiar office? Are they, in general, capable of judging of the qualifications of the persons whom they appoint, or of their success after they have been appointed. Are they specially interested in the subject of education? Do they, in consequence of their appointment to this office, make the subject of education their particular study? Do they as a matter of duty devote any portion of their time to this particular labor? Are they chosen for political, or sectarian, or other reasons, instead of those which have been here suggested? The answer to these questions it is not necessary that I should suggest. Every one acquainted with the practical working of our collegiate system, can answer them as well as I.

"By these remarks I hope it will not be supposed that I am capable of the least feeling of disrespect towards those of my fellow citizens who hold this office. I know them to be frequently chosen from the best men in the land; and I believe that they will be the last to take offence at any suggestions which are necessary to a full discussion of this subject. I speak not of the men but of the system. They have rarely if ever sought the places which they occupy; and have generally accepted them at the wish of the friends of the institutions which they represent. They were not expected to perform any labor, and they have not supposed that it was their duty to perform any. It is the error not merely of boards of visitors, but of the community. The importance of the subject has been forgotten, and hence every one of its departments has suffered the effects of that forgetfulness. — pp. 53, 54.

It is vain to hope for any great improvement in our system of college education, till the constitution of these boards is entirely changed. They are clothed with powers, which they are wholly incompetent to exercise. They have the management of affairs, with which they have as few opportunities of becoming acquainted, as any other persons in the community. If imbued with an active and innovating spirit, innumerable experiments are tried, the course of the institution is vacillating, and the officers of instruction are reduced to a state of dependence upon them, to which no able and high-minded man will submit. They prescribe the textbooks and the general plan of instruction for a professor, when, very frequently, they are hardly qualified to become his pupils. An able and diligent teacher is hampered in all his movements by their regulations; a feeble and incompetent one is freed from all responsibility by referring his ill

success to their bad management and positive injunctions. If, on the other hand, the board is indolent and dilatory, the college languishes, evils of all kinds become inveterate, and still the instructors receive no blame, because nominally they have not the power to act. The institution quietly drops far behind the age, and the public complain without knowing whom to censure.

For the improvement of the visitatorial power, Dr. Wayland suggests, that the members should be chosen for a term of years, and not for life, should be few in number, and be "elected by some body out of themselves." The reasons for these changes are obvious. When office is permanent, the holders of it become remiss, especially if their duties are not continuous, and occupy but little of their time; and a single inefficient colleague, whom it is impossible to remove, forms a clog on all their proceedings. But, as experience is a necessary qualification, and time is required to show the effects of new measures in the administration of the college, the period of office ought not to be a short one, and the members should be eligible for a second term, if their conduct merits approval. Fewness of numbers is absolutely essential to keep alive the feeling of responsibility, and to insure energy and despatch in action. The evil of allowing such a board to fill its own vacancies is, that the college is apt to fall entirely into the hands of a *clique* or a sect, and to preserve for a long period the same principles of management. The members naturally prefer those persons, who agree with them in opinion, and the body, by every fresh appointment, erects new intrenchments against the improvements of the age, and fortifies itself in error. We lay no stress on the fact, that a close corporation perpetuating itself, while it has the sole direction of a great public interest, is not consonant with the genius of our republican institutions; for establishments of learning have nothing to do with politics, and democratic principles are as much out of place in the board of management, as in the interior of a school-room. But catholic principles, and facilities for introducing improvements, are essential to the welfare of all institutions, whether of government or education; and in a republican country, it is surely no objection to any measure for securing these ends, that it conforms to the general policy of the state, and acknowledges the authority of public opinion.

But, after all the changes recommended by Dr. Wayland, we think the constitution of the visitatorial power would still be radically defective, unless the powers and duties of the office were lessened, or the qualifications for it increased. The management of the funds might properly remain with this board, for the members are often chosen with special reference to this end, and their financial measures have frequently been very successful. But the great abuse on which we have commented above is a sufficient reason for restricting the board from purchasing any land, or erecting any building, without special permission from the legislature, or some other numerous and popular body. That the course of studies and the general plan of instruction should be under the control of this body, we consider as a great evil, and even as a violation, in most instances, of the spirit of the charter. The chief objects of this board are the management of the college property, and the appointment of the teachers. The officers of instruction are thus entirely in the power of the Trustees of the corporation, and whenever this body is active and chooses to assume its authority, it has entire control over the discipline, the choice of text-books, and the whole plan of education. In some cases, the opinion of the instructors respecting a proposed alteration in the studies is never asked; and, if they resist the change, they are turned out, and more compliant individuals are put into their places. It is surely a great anomaly, that persons, who have had no practical experience in instruction, who have never made a special study of the science of education, who meet but a few times in the course of a year, and who are usually distinguished rather by wealth, professional success, or high standing in society, than by great learning or scientific attainments, should arrange the general scheme and the details of the work to be done in a literary and scientific institution, without being obliged even to consult the men, who are to carry their arrangements into effect, who are constantly engaged in teaching, and who are most eminent in the very respects, in which the former are often most deficient. It is no sufficient palliation of this evil, that the visitatorial power is usually wise enough to wave this exercise of authority, and to rely wholly upon the judgment of the instructors. The responsibility should rest where the power is actually exercised. It is wrong that the Trustees should possess this authority, and

absurd that they should attempt to wield it. The only excuse for putting it into their hands is the danger lest the teachers, if allowed to parcel out and regulate their own work, should consult their own convenience and love of ease, rather than the good of the pupils or the welfare of the seminary. There would be some force in this reasoning, if the professors in a college belonged to the same class, and were actuated by the same motives, as the day-laborers on a canal or a railroad. But they are commonly supposed to be influenced by higher and more disinterested motives, — to have some regard for their own reputation, and some zeal for the progress of learning. If found deficient in these important respects, the remedy is still an easy one, and wholly within the sphere of the legitimate duties of the visitors. Let them be at once removed from office, and more competent and faithful persons be elected to their place. The theory hitherto has been, that there can be no hope of efficient action on the part of the instructors, unless they are kept constantly under the supervision and control of the trustees or overseers. But the question naturally arises, *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes*; — Who shall be answerable for the activity, the diligence, the faithfulness of the trustees themselves? A body of men are more apt to perform their duty well, if it is their daily office, and their reputation depends upon it, than if they are required to act only at long intervals, while their constant attention is absorbed by other concerns. But put them under a supervision, which is only nominal nine tenths of the time, and vexatious the other tenth, and the feeling of responsibility will be wholly lost, and the task will surely be imperfectly and carelessly done.

We quote a few remarks from Dr. Wayland on another and the most important function of the overseers or visitors, — the selection of proper persons for the offices of instruction.

“And first, as to the mode of securing the best men for instructors. In order to accomplish this result, the appointing power should most properly reside with the visitorial corporation. They have no interest to subserve, and if they are able and willing to perform their duty, all that is needful can be done. But supposing this be the case, how shall they ascertain the desert of the candidate. In Scotland, elections to professorships depend, I believe, mainly on family, or political, or ecclesiasti-

cal interest. In England, professors are generally appointed by such persons as the statutes of the founder may have ordained, and their offices are generally bestowed as the reward of successful scholarship, and are not considered as a part of the working system of the university. In France, all appointments, in most of the departments, are made to depend upon a rigorous and searching examination of the candidates by a competent board; and on the examination, which the candidates conduct, of each other. In Germany, as every graduate may obtain a license to teach in the University, every one has an opportunity of showing to the public his ability, and of thus enforcing his claim to the honors of a vacant chair. What mode should be adopted with us I pretend not to decide; but that it should be such as to secure the highest amount of talent and skill, is, I think, evident. It should therefore be such as to allow free competition, and it should involve such tests as would inevitably secure the public against imposition, and it should be conducted with perfect impartiality. Were professorships in all our colleges open to competition, and were every candidate sure that the election would be decided upon the merits of the case, the stimulus to intellectual cultivation in this country would be greatly increased, and the honor of an academical appointment immeasurably augmented.

“Secondly. The tenure and the emoluments of office should, as far as possible, be made to depend upon the labor and the success of the incumbent. A small salary might properly be guaranteed to him, and the rest should depend upon himself. This might be accomplished by authorizing him to receive payment for tickets. This would however be of no avail if every person were obliged to take a ticket who was a candidate for a degree, unless parallel professorships were appointed in case the regular incumbent failed to satisfy just expectation. Were professors appointed in the manner I have suggested, they would be placed under the same motives to labor as any other man. Every one knowing that his emolument and distinction would be increased in proportion to his exertion, would throw his whole soul into his work, and the public would thus derive the benefit of his full and concentrated mental effort. Were this the case also, there would be no difficulty in equalizing labor. Where labor brings its appropriate reward, it is rather sought after than declined. Every man, in such a case, is desirous of doing all in his power, and of doing it as well as he can. In this most important point, therefore, the necessity of visitation is to a considerable degree removed, since the system is so arranged that it will go of itself.”
— pp. 63–65.

We cannot agree with our author in the opinion, that the appointing power ought to remain with the visitors. The French and German method, as he explains it, seems to be far preferable, and we incline to think there is no insuperable difficulty in the way of its introduction into this country. And, if the appointment is to be the result of a fair trial open to all competitors, it is surely too much to suppose, that any one body of men, brought together mainly for other purposes, will be equally competent to act as judges in every case, whether the contest relates to philological, literary, or scientific attainments. We apprehend there are few boards of Trustees in this country, that could decide the question of superiority between half a dozen eminent mathematicians. It is not necessary, that they should be qualified for such emergencies. The umpires in each trial should be a committee specially appointed for this purpose, and naturally including the men most distinguished in the particular study, who did not choose to enter the lists themselves. This course would insure the utmost publicity and fairness in the proceedings. No disappointed candidate could impugn the decision of such a tribunal, though he might well question the judgment of men, who made no pretensions to extraordinary attainments in the science, which was the object of the trial.

Dr. Wayland concedes, that the appointments to the professorships are now made in the most hurried and injudicious manner. The vacancies are always filled by the visitors, sometimes relying entirely on their own judgment, and sometimes yielding to the suggestions of the other instructors. But in no case is competition admitted, nor are the candidates examined, nor are any means taken to ascertain who is the most competent person, that will accept the office. The electoral bodies are usually so constituted, as to be open in the greatest degree to the influences of *coteries*, parties, and sects. They have enough confidence in their own judgment to appoint a man to office, but not to remove him from it, if he prove unworthy. The latter step, indeed, would evince their own want of discretion in making the appointment, and for this reason, if for no other, we would keep the power to elect distinct from the power to remove. Any body of men will be slow to displace those whom its own action has raised to office. On the evil of allowing an incompetent person to continue in the office of instructor, we again quote from Dr. Wayland.

"But suppose the case to be reversed. Suppose that an unsuitable man has been appointed, and that he is unable from want of talent, learning, or industry to discharge with effect the duties of his office. His instruction is known to be almost worthless. He goes through his routine of duty mechanically, and every student in turn is obliged to attend upon his appointed exercises. He performs the least possible amount of labor consistent with physical obedience to the law. The college suffers. The indolence originating in his department either spreads into all the others, or must be counteracted by the increased effort of his associates. In the mean time the number of students, in consequence of his inefficiency, diminishes, and the means of the institution are impaired. He is not only supported by his associates, but they are, by his failure, rendered less able to support either him or themselves. Suppose all this, and what, I ask, is the remedy?

"It may be said, that the corporation has the power of removal. True, but for what cause except incompetency? And who does not know that this is one of the most difficult things to be proved? Where is the standard of competency, and how is it to be applied in this case? That he does not do his duty, everybody knows. That the college is suffering from his incompetency, no one doubts. But is he so incompetent that he must be dismissed, and his living taken away? What can he do if he is removed? These are the questions that would be asked at once, instead of the question whether it be right for a man to get his living by wasting the time and ruining the intellectual habits of all the young men who are so unfortunate as to come under his charge."— pp. 70, 71.

"But suppose all this to have been overcome, and the case to be honestly brought before the visitorial power. The incumbent is incompetent. But he was appointed without examination. Is he more incompetent than he was when appointed? His sins are sins of omission, how shall these be proved. If, then, he be a man destitute of honor and public spirit, and determined to hold fast to the emoluments of an office while incompetent to the discharge of its duties, it may be very difficult to relieve the institution of the incubus. In the face of all these obstacles, is it remarkable if a Faculty bear for life an infliction of this sort, and see their labors rendered comparatively useless, and the young men committed to their charge wasting a large portion of their time, and look on in hopeless despondency, because they know of no practicable method of relief? I have myself known of a case in which a gentleman utterly unfit for his office was

appointed to preside over a very important department of college education ; for more than twenty years he kept that department down under the intolerable pressure of his own inefficiency ; and thus more than twenty classes of young men were sent out into the world without any adequate instruction in one branch of their education ; without the mental discipline which this portion of study ought to have afforded ; by so much unfitted for the study of a profession, and prepared only to depress the standard of education whenever they were employed as instructors. I think that any sober man will agree with me, that this is a serious evil. But, I ask, where, in our present collegiate system, shall we find the remedy ? And is it not time that a remedy be provided ? ” — pp. 72, 73.

The danger of injudicious and hurtful appointments is hardly lessened, when great weight is given to the recommendation of the Faculty of instructors. There are parties, and rivalships, and jealousies in the literary and scientific, as well as in the political world. The choice by the professors will also be influenced by those personal qualities of a candidate, which may, or may not, render him a pleasant colleague in office. Nepotism, moreover, is the easily besetting sin of a body, that is empowered to fill its own vacancies. Friends, sons, and relatives are to be provided for ; and the assent of one's colleagues to their election is easily obtained by an intimation, that the favor will be reciprocated on the next occasion. Nothing can be more hurtful, than such jobbing, to the interests of the college. The appointing power ought to be free even from the suspicion of partiality and undue bias, and therefore the choice of one of their own number, however high may be his attainments and reputation, is always an injurious precedent. The disappointment of the unsuccessful candidate is embittered, his complaints find a ready hearing, and public confidence is greatly impaired. Under no temptation, therefore, ought a person who looks towards a future appointment in the college, ever to become a member of the electoral body.

In answer to these objections to the common modes of appointment, an appeal may be made to experience, to prove that the system works well, and the professorships in our colleges are now filled, in many instances, by as eminent men as the country affords, and in most others by instructors quite as able as such an office could be expected to command. We acknowledge the fact, and readily endorse the

statement of Dr. Wayland, that our colleges "are in the main well officered, and the incumbents are generally able and industrious men." There are exceptions, it is true, and every one must desire to see their number diminished. But supposing that the offices were all well filled, are the teachers chosen in such a manner as to enhance the dignity and importance of the station, and to increase the number of those, who are willing to accept a similar post? Does the situation gain or lose respectability from the circumstances under which it is occupied? Are the public always satisfied, after each nomination, that the best person has been selected? We think these questions must be answered in the negative. Many of the present incumbents, however well qualified, owe their appointments to some accident, which, on occasion of a vacancy, suggested their names to the electors. The range for selection is a very limited one; no public announcement calls forth the applications of all who may wish for the place, and the success, which was unsought, is little prized. As regards pecuniary emolument, the situation is not a tempting one for those who have already acquired eminence in the professions, and if the appointment promises no distinction, they will not accept it when offered. The inferior offices of the college form a good school for training professors, but these posts are usually held by young men only for a short time, and the want of age and reputation makes a selection from them extremely hazardous. The effect of inviting all comers to an open competition would be to induce many persons to prepare themselves sedulously for this particular employment, and thus the offices would no longer be so often filled by those whom accident or caprice had caused to leave the professions, and who enter upon untried duties with all the rust and tarnish contracted by long exercise in very dissimilar pursuits. If this liberal system is found to work well in France and other countries of the old world, it certainly deserves a fair trial in republican America.

It will be further objected, that, if a *concurrence* were proclaimed under the present state of things, but very few would care to engage in the trial, — that the most competent persons would also be most reluctant to appear in the contest. We admit the probability of such a result, and can only say, in reply, that the new mode of appointment must form only one link in a chain of improvements, the effect of which

would be to raise very high the character of our colleges, and to render a situation in them extremely desirable. Let the number of these institutions be greatly diminished, and their wealth and appurtenances for study proportionally increased ; let them assume more of a national character, and cease to be mere private establishments ; let the officers in them be freed from their humiliating dependence on bodies, who have only an occasional connexion with the college, and no permanent interest in its welfare ; and let them assume all the responsibility of their own acts ; finally, let these offices, greatly increased in emolument and respectability, be thrown open to free and honorable competition, and they will be more coveted than the most distinguished and lucrative posts in the professions, or under the government. It is true, that much time will be required to carry into effect these sweeping and important improvements. But this is no reason against holding them constantly in view, as objects that can and ought to be obtained, and which will be obtained, sooner or later, if henceforth every step taken be a step in advance. It is not too much to affirm, that nearly every important measure, adopted by the managers of colleges in this country for the last twenty years, has been, in reference to these ameliorations, of a retrograde character. The older and more distinguished institutions were reluctant for a time to enter on this backward course ; but lately they have begun to take the lead in it.

The number of colleges is now much too great for our population ; and this evil is, of all others, the most far-reaching in its effects, and the most difficult to be remedied. But if a check be put upon the creation of new establishments, as our population increases, the evil will gradually cure itself. And farther, if public attention be drawn to the mischievous consequences of multiplying these seminaries, legislative grants and private donations will soon be confined to those of older date and ampler means, and the younger and feebler ones will be allowed to die out. The former will be placed on a more independent footing. They will be enabled to project and execute bold and generous measures for improving the quality of liberal education without being haunted with the dread of losing support, through a diminution of the number of their students. In view of the crowd of other colleges of recent origin, wavering character, and weak ap-

pointments, their course is even now a plain one. Instead of entering into a petty rivalry to obtain more pupils by rendering the course of studies more limited, practical, and popular, lessening the requisitions for admission, and diminishing the expenses of residence, they ought to adopt measures in which the lesser institutions cannot pretend to compete with them, — to aim at raising the standard of scholarship to the highest point, adopting the most comprehensive and generous scheme of studies, and rendering the instruction exact, thorough, and profound. Make the difference between the two schemes of education as wide as possible. Let the standard for admission at one college be as high as that of graduation at another. The community will be apt to perceive the difference thus created, and the advantages of either plan, and the two classes of institutions will soon find their appropriate level. Those who have the means and the inclination to give their children a “liberal education,” properly so called, will send them to an establishment, that will merit the name of university. Those who prefer a cheap education, because they have not time or money for a better one, who are contented with a short course of practical studies, will attain their object at the smaller seminaries, which will gradually assume the office and the title of high schools or preparatory academies. No doubt there are more pupils to be found of the latter class, than of the former, just as there are more children in common schools than in private academies. But colleges were not instituted for their benefit, since they can obtain all they require at institutions of a lower rank. If there is no reason, even in this practical and money-saving community, for changing the studies of all academies into those of common schools, there is quite as little cause for reducing the character of a college education to the high school or academy standard. Yet such has been the tendency of late years in this country. From the great number of institutions, which are empowered to grant degrees, and which are dependent for support on the fees received for tuition, they have sought to rob the high schools of their pupils by reducing the requisitions for admission, the expenses of residence, and the scheme of studies, to the measure of the inferior seminaries.

The competition between the colleges has led in some instances to a great diminution of the severer studies, and a substitution for them of those which are more light, practical,

and agreeable. That this change, to a certain degree, is an improvement, we are not disposed to deny ; but it is carried to an inordinate and mischievous excess. Having argued at some length in a recent number of this Journal* in favor of retaining the Classics and the Mathematics as a chief object of attention in the college course, we shall not renew the discussion now, except by commenting on the number and variety of the studies, which are now taking the place of those solid branches of learning. The present question is, not whether a knowledge of Latin, Greek, Geometry, and Algebra, is or is not preferable to an acquaintance with any of the sciences that are now substituted for them, but whether that education can be called liberal, exact, and profound, in which thorough instruction in the old substantial elements of a college course is altogether, or in part, sacrificed for the sake of hurried and superficial study of a dozen or twenty different branches of learning, to be completed within the space of four years. Dr. Wayland tells us, that, when in conversation with English and Scottish instructors he stated the amount and number of studies pursued in American colleges, he received the uniform reply, “ The thing is impossible. You cannot do that work in that time.” We copy from Dr. Wayland’s book the enumeration of studies, which elicited this remark.

“ In order to illustrate the nature and amount of the studies pursued in a New England college, I here abridge from one of the catalogues published within the present year, 1841–2, the statutory course prescribed for a candidate for the degree of A. B. In Latin, select portions of Livy, Tacitus, Horace, Cicero de Oratore, Juvenal ; — In Greek, select portions of Xenophon’s Anabasis, Memorabilia, the Iliad, some of the tragedies of Sophocles and Æschylus, with Demosthenes’ Oration for the Crown ; — In Mathematics, Geometry, plane and solid, Algebra, Trigonometry, plane and spherical, and its applications to Practical Mathematics, and Analytical Geometry ; — In Natural Philosophy, Mechanics, Pneumatics, Hydrostatics, Optics, and Astronomy ; — In Natural Science, Chemistry, Vegetable and Animal Physiology, and Geology ; — In Intellectual and Moral Science, Rhetoric, theoretical and practical, Logic, Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, Political Economy, Butler’s Analogy, and the American Constitution. Many of these studies, besides being pursued by means of a text-book, are illustrated by full courses of lectures and ample experiments.” — p. 35.

* See *North American Review*, Vol. LIV. pp. 35 et seq.

In Harvard College, in addition to the branches here enumerated, we may mention Electricity, Magnetism, and Acoustics, Ancient and Modern History, the Differential and Integral Calculus, Mineralogy, Anatomy, the Application of the Sciences to the Arts, and the Hebrew, French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, and German languages. Some of these subjects, however, are pursued only by lectures, and the study of some others is not obligatory, but the student may select those which are to his taste, and obtain time for them by abandoning more laborious and unpleasant exercises. It should be remembered, that the question is not, whether a knowledge of any one or all of these branches is not essential to a perfect education, but whether it is advisable to include all of them in an undergraduate course to be completed within four years. It should be remembered also, that the students are from twelve to twenty-two years of age, far the larger portion of them being under eighteen. It matters little, that these studies are not *all* obligatory, that the pupil has the option of pursuing a portion of them at the expense of the rest. The greater portion is absolutely required, and we conceive that the student himself is very incompetent to decide which of the others will do him the most good. The effect of the whole system on the intellectual well-being of the youth will be, it seems to us, what the effect on his bodily health would be, if he were taken away from a plain dinner of beef and pudding, and turned loose into a confectioner's shop, to gratify his appetite on a hundred different kinds of pies, cakes, and sweetmeats. We like the beef and pudding fare best, — the Classics and the Mathematics as the substantial part of the dinner; and, if need be, the course may be garnished with a few vegetables, — with some of the physical sciences, and one or two modern languages. The result of *cramming* a boy in so short a space of time with all the abovementioned studies, or with only his own selection from them, can be nothing but a mental dyspepsia.

Even if it were possible, within so brief a period, to become thoroughly acquainted with all these branches of learning, we should still say, that the system was radically vicious and unsound. It is not the sole object of college instruction to carry the pupil over the most ground, but to give him the power of travelling by himself. The true end of his undergraduate labors is not so much to acquire one or more lan-

guages and sciences, as to learn the method and the habit of studying all language and all science. It is not so much to put something into his mind, as to be able to draw something out of it. It is to strengthen his judgment, to sharpen his perceptions, to form his taste, to develop all his faculties, to fit himself "for all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war." This end cannot be obtained, while the memory is burdened, and the attention distracted, by ten or a dozen different objects of study. The pupil is hurried in rapid succession from one exercise to another of a totally different character, the effect of each being little more than to neutralize or dissipate the result of the one immediately preceding. He attends in the morning, perhaps, a recitation in physical science, and soon afterwards restores the tone of his mind by a copious dose of metaphysics. During the next hour, he recites a portion of a Greek tragedy, and then hurries away to a lecture on the useful arts. These exercises have occupied nearly all the morning, and an hour of the afternoon is given to the Italian or German instructor. The remainder of the day and the evening he can devote to preparing himself for a series of quite as heterogeneous performances for the morrow. Any one can judge what habits, what mental discipline, what power of deep and continuous thought, he will derive from such employment of his time. Even if he acquired a kind of mechanical knowledge of the subjects studied, the labors of his college life would be worse than nugatory in their results. He might become a learned man, but never an able one.

But even this lower purpose is not answered. It is perfectly evident, that, under such training, the pupil will only acquire a smattering of the different sciences, — a feeble insight into them, which he will find it difficult to preserve, and impossible to use. The remembrance of one subject is banished by the study of another, and only confused and misty ideas are retained of both. The old system of including nothing but the learned languages, and a small portion of mathematics and physical science, in the round of college studies, was certainly unwise and defective. But, in its general effects upon the student's mind, we believe it to be far preferable to the preposterous variety and complication of mental exercises, which are in vogue at the present day. So far as the question can be decided by experience, a compari-

son of the intellectual stature of the scholars of those days, with that of their successors in our own times, fully sustains this opinion. On this point, we again fortify ourselves with the authority of Dr. Wayland.

“The question here forces itself upon us, are our colleges at the present day, better or worse instruments for effecting mental cultivation, than they were before the Revolution? The circumstances of the community are so changed, that probably it would be difficult to form a correct opinion upon the subject. Yet if we suppose that the object of such institutions is to cultivate and develop to the highest perfection the best minds of the country, and if we estimate their success by the degree in which this result has been attained, and compare this portion of the public mind before and during the Revolution with the same portion now, no one can contemplate the earlier literary institutions of this country without the most profound respect. Compare the pulpit for fifty years before the Revolution, as it appears in the press, with the pulpit fifty years after that event. Look at the bar in all the colonies, read the speeches and discussions, to which the revolutionary struggle gave occasion; observe the ripe learning, the acuteness, the sagacity, the knowledge of law, of the philosophy of human rights, which is manifest on every page, and compare these with the discussions on many similar topics as they are found in the various conventions for constitution-making, with which our age abounds, and I must say that our fathers, if they blush, must blush for their descendants. Chatham declared, that nothing in Thucydides was to be compared to our revolutionary papers. ‘There were giants in those days.’ In looking back upon them, we sympathize with Nestor, who always referred to the period, three generations ago, when he was the friend and coadjutor of heroes and demigods. If these men are a true exponent of the character of the instruction given at our older colleges in the first period of their existence, these institutions have surely no reason to be ashamed of their alumni.” — pp. 79, 80.

To remedy the evil, on which we have commented above, Dr. Wayland recommends that the college course should be extended, so as to include five or six years, or rather that an amount of knowledge, which a student of fair capacity might obtain within this period, should be required for a degree. He advises, that the requirements for a degree should be high, but that they should relate rather to the actual amount of knowledge and mental discipline, than to the number of

things to be individually learned. The old theory of a college education required the pupil to spend seven years within the walls, thus giving the same time to the Muses, that would be required for an apprenticeship, if he were destined to one of the mechanical trades. This is the term fixed, even now, for proceeding to the second degree, though during the last three years the student is allowed to quit the college, and to choose and manage his own pursuits. But if general and liberal culture of mind be an object as important and as difficult to be obtained as the art of a silver-smith or a joiner, we see not why the same period of service should not be required for each. Let those, who are to go forth to the community with the certificate of having completed a thorough course of education, spend the time required in order to merit the diploma. Those who are pressed for time may leave the college sooner, and be contented with inferior testimonials. But let the diploma of full standing become what it now falsely purports to be, — the proof that the person, whose name it bears, has received all the instruction, which could be obtained in the highest seminaries of learning, and under the most favorable auspices. The change would not require the addition of a single study to the present course, or of one instructor to the present Faculty. Those who can remain in the institution but four years, should be required to limit their attention to those substantial branches of learning, which they can thoroughly master during that period, and which form the best general preparation for the duties of a scholar or a professional man. Those who could stay out the whole period, would acquire something more than a pretended knowledge of the rich scheme of studies, in which the college now professes to give instruction.

Dr. Wayland justly observes, that, under the present system, the endowment of new professorships in a college, beyond a limited number, is at least but “an ambiguous benefit.” All that a class of young men can learn thoroughly within four years, can be thoroughly taught by a few instructors. To add new members to the faculty of instruction is only to increase the temptation to swell the amount of exercises beyond the strength and the capacity of the learners, — to diminish the accuracy with which the other branches are taught, in order to add one more profitless study to the list. In the University of Edinburgh, where there are more than

two thousand students, there are but seven instructors, whose exercises the candidates for the first degree are obliged to attend, and five or six other professors, who give instruction to those who choose to receive it, and are paid only in proportion to the number of their volunteer pupils. In University College, London, recently established under the patronage of the most liberal and enlightened men in England, and which, we may therefore suppose, is not fettered by ancient customs and prejudices, but partakes of all the improvements of the age, about the same number of branches is taught by as small a body of teachers. On the other hand, Harvard College, with less than two hundred and fifty undergraduates, has fifteen instructors, attendance on each of whom is obligatory, and half a dozen others, who teach other branches to those who wish to learn. Yale College has more students, and nearly as many instructors.

It is quite evident, therefore, that there is no call for new professorships in these institutions. On the contrary, if the funds were not tied up by the will of the founders, it would be well to abolish several chairs, and to devote the money thus saved to the more pressing wants of the college. When the consent of the donor's heirs at law can be obtained, we see not why, by the joint action of the college and the legislature, this change might not still be accomplished, due regard being had to the wishes and the fame of the founder, by devoting the money to purposes parallel with those contemplated in the original deed of gift, and connecting his name with the work that is achieved by his bounty. The object of a person in establishing a professorship is probably to promote the study of a particular science, and if this object can be better attained by buying books and apparatus, and creating scholarships, called by the name of the founder, than by the instructions of a teacher, it may fairly be presumed that, if now living, he would consent to the alteration; especially as it must be supposed, that the general welfare of the college was one of the ends contemplated in making the gift.

These remarks lead to the consideration of what we regard as the most pressing want in all our colleges; — the establishment of scholarships, similar in character to those which exist at Oxford and Cambridge, and to the bursaries in the Scotch universities. Appeals to the public are made from time

to time for contributions to support indigent youth in their studies ; and they are seldom wholly unanswered, though it is to be feared, that the money is sometimes ill applied. Dr. Wayland justly observes, that, if a liberal education is worth any thing, it is worth paying for ; though, in fact, even to students who are not avowed beneficiaries, it is furnished at a price much below cost. We see no reason, why the public should educate, gratuitously, persons of no marked abilities, to fit them for entering professions, which are already too much crowded. It is quite notorious, that very many youths are supported by beneficiary funds at our colleges, whose talents give no promise that they will become useful and distinguished members of society. The charity is too indiscriminate. Mediocrity and indolence are maintained, as well as struggling talent and earnest endeavour. The truth is, the public are asked to contribute to the beneficiary funds, which are lavishly bestowed only to swell the fame and the income of the institution by increasing the number of students. Instruction is offered by so many rival establishments, that it cannot be sold ; it must be given away. Instances are mentioned, wherein, one child out of a family appearing not remarkably well fitted for any thing, the parents, at a loss what else to do, have resolved to make a scholar of him, the great inducement to this course being, that his support and education would cost them nothing, for the whole expense is assumed by a generous public. It is difficult to see what return the public has for its money. There is surely no need of supporting two of the professions in this way, for they are overstocked already ; and it may well be doubted, whether this course is the most judicious way of supplying the pulpit. As for the interests of general scholarship, and the standard of education in our colleges, it is evident, that the results of these measures are positively injurious.

We would have careful discrimination exercised in applying the public bounty. It ought to relieve indigent talent ; to educate those, whose educated abilities would afterwards repay society a hundred fold for its munificence. Feebleness, and indolence, and waywardness should not be permitted to waste its stores, — to fatten on undeserved charity. It ought, moreover, to exercise a powerful influence in elevating the standard of learning, in awakening emulation, in fostering the true spirit of scholarship, in raising the character of our col-

leges. No drones should be fed in the learned hives, but the working bees should have plenty of flowers. We would have all the beneficiary funds united for the support of scholarships, admission to which should be by open trial and examination, and the income of each should be enough, not merely to defray the most necessary expenses of the student, but to support him with ease and comfort. The office should be one of honor and emolument, — at once the fit reward of past exertion, and the stimulus to future effort. However early obtained, it might be held even to the end of the seven years' course, which we still hope will be made the common term of residence at the University ; but, at the end of every year, the incumbent ought to renew his title by inviting all competitors into the ring, and proving to the satisfaction of the examiners, that his own claims are still superior to all others. The hope of wresting from others the honors and the profits of such offices, would wake the energies and support the efforts of every pupil in the institution. The stimulus might be made to act upon the whole college, even on those whose circumstances did not require the pecuniary aid, by conferring the title and the honor of the scholarship on the individual most distinguished in the examination, while the emoluments might pass to the next highest competitor, who was really in need of them. The benefit of his exertions and success should be insured to him for as long a period as possible, by inserting in the annual and triennial catalogues the names of all present and past incumbents of the scholarships, and the period during which they maintained themselves in office. In this way, the distinction would soon be drawn between the poor students whom it was worth while to support at the college, and those whose inferior talents and industry ought rather to be directed to other pursuits. The former would be sure of soon obtaining an easy and honorable maintenance, for the first trial might take place at the end of one year's residence, when the pressure of circumstances would compel the incompetent and unsuccessful to withdraw from the institution.

Dr. Wayland remarks in strong language on the want of stimulants to exertion in our colleges, a want which we see no means of supplying, except by the method just proposed. The rich endowments of the English universities enable them to hold up numerous scholarships, fellowships, and sit-

uations in the church, as the fit and even magnificent prizes, that await distinguished scholars ; and, defective in other respects as the system of these establishments is, the good actually accomplished by them must be attributed almost entirely to these noble rewards of industry and talent. In France and Germany, numerous and honorable offices in the seminaries themselves and under government are the almost sure recompense of distinguished pupils. In the United States, we have nothing of the kind. A scale of rank, it is true, is kept in the interior of the college ; but it becomes known beyond the walls only on Commencement day, when the high standing of a pupil at the completion of his course is felt as a transient pleasure by his relatives and friends, though it is productive of no solid or permanent results. Even the first honors of a class are perceived to be a flattering, rather than profitable distinction, and destined to be soon forgotten. No wonder that many students of considerable ability decline to engage in such a fruitless race, and even refuse the honors when offered to them. But let a sufficient number of scholarships be endowed, and the spur would be felt by every member of the institution. The cost of founding one would not be more than one fifth of the expense of establishing a professorship, and the name of the donor would be for ever connected with the most efficient means of promoting the welfare of the seminary, and advancing the interests of letters. To preserve the importance and respectability of the scholarships, they should be rather few in number, than small in profit ; but the beneficial effects of their establishment would not be perceived to the full extent, till they were numerous enough to exert an influence through the whole body of the students. Founders who are much interested in a particular science, might confine the benefit of their funds to pupils distinguished only in their favorite study ; but the best interests of letters and education require, that the bulk of the prizes should be given for general scholarship. If this scheme could be carried into effect, we believe that a new spirit would be awakened among the students, and a new chapter commenced in the history of American colleges. The operose machinery of exhibitions and commencements, affording very insufficient proof of industry and learning, might be done away, and rigid examina-

tions, closed by the formal award of the merited scholarships, be the only public, as they are the proper tests of the efficiency of the institution.

Our remarks are already extended to such a length, that no space is left for the discussion of an important branch of the subject,—the discipline or internal regulations of our colleges. That the system calls loudly for reformation in this respect is manifest from some facts, that have lately appeared in the public prints, and which have shocked the moral feelings of the whole community. That one professor should be shot dead on his own doorstep, and another nearly blinded by nitric acid thrown into his face, and a room in a valuable public building be shattered at midnight by the explosion of a bomb, are events calculated to deter every judicious parent from sending his son to a seminary, where such fearful crimes are perpetrated, and followed by no punishment. It is high time, that the young men in these seminaries should be taught by striking examples, that college punishments are prepared only for ordinary college offences, for indolence, waywardness, and insubordination; while there are courts of justice, and prisons, and even the gallows for crimes, that affect property and life. No consideration for youth, or respectable connexions, or momentary excitement, ought in such instances to screen the guilty from the vengeance of the outraged laws. The principle to be adopted is a perfectly obvious one,—that every offence committed within the college walls, which is cognizable by the laws of the land, should be at once referred to the civil tribunal. The faculty of instruction have nothing to do with it, except to use their best efforts to aid the officers of justice in ferreting out the criminal. The public expect, and we are confident they will not expect in vain, that no fear for the good name of the institution shall prompt them to avoid giving publicity to the crime, or to wink at the perpetration of it by affixing only a nominal penalty, or not to use any clue for detection which may be in their hands.

On the subject of discipline, as well as on most of the other points discussed in this article, we must refer our readers to Dr. Wayland's book, with the assurance that, although they may not coincide with him in all his views, they cannot but admire the candor and spirit with which they are presented. We have deemed it a duty to speak with

equal freedom, believing that the time has come, when important reforms must be effected in our colleges, or they will cease to benefit the cause of sound learning and to command the respect of the public. The remarks are general, applying not to one college, except by way of example, but to all, for essentially the same system of administration and instruction exists in all. The faults noticed belong to the system, and not to individuals, for, in most instances within our knowledge, the gentlemen having charge of these institutions, so far as they are able or are expected to act on the established plan, do honor to their trust. We believe they will be glad to have the public attention turned to the difficulties of their situation, and public discussion excited on the measures and changes, which many of them are desirous to effect. From their own connexion with the seminary, they cannot speak out in all cases without suspicion of bias from fear, interest, or favor; and this consideration ought to induce those, whose position is more independent, to write with the greater freedom. There is little need of reminding them personally of their duty, which, — in the nervous language of President Quincy, — “is to yield nothing to any temporary excitement, nothing to the desire of popularity, nothing to the mere hope of increasing the numbers in a seminary, nothing to any vain imagination of possessing more wisdom than the Author of the human mind, as if we could exclude the influence of those motives and passions, which he implanted as aids and stimulants to man’s progress, and which it is the design of education to regulate, but not to extirpate.”

- ART. III. — 1. *WALTON and COTTON’s Complete Angler; with Lives of the Authors*, by SIR JOHN HAWKINS. 12mo. London.
2. *Sporting Scenes and Country Characters*. By MARTINGALE. London: Longman, Orme, Brown, Greene, & Longmans. 1840.
3. *The Moor and the Loch*. By JOHN COLQUHOUN, Esq. 2nd Edition. John Murray. London. 1841.
4. *The Rod and the Gun; being Two Treatises on*

Angling and Shooting. By JAMES WILSON, F. R. S. E. Edinburgh : Adam & Charles Black. 1841.

5. BLAINE'S *Encyclopædia of Rural Sports ; or a Complete Account, Practical, Historical, and Descriptive, of Hunting, Fishing, Shooting, Racing, and other Field Sports of the Present Day.* 8vo. London. 1840.

THE English are peculiarly a sporting people. Not a schoolboy, but has tried his hand among the field-fares ; not a laborer, but can trap a mole ; not a cockney, but boasts his proficiency as a “ whip ” ; not a peer of the realm, but has sometime shot into the rookery ; not a borderer, but can tell every trout-brook that murmurs to the Tweed ; not an M. P. but knows the season for wild-fowl, for grouse, for pheasants, as well as he knows his politics. Even his Royal Highness keeps his beagles, and skates once a fortnight ; and Her Majesty has of late joined a stag-hunt in the royal park, to the great disturbance of all true sportsmen. It would be strange if, in this general love of field sports, the more attractive were not reduced to something like a science. And they have been so reduced, that the city stripling needs but a certificate, and the instructions of Colonel Hawker, to fill his bag, or his pannier, save in that most difficult of all arts, — trout-fishing. Scarce a month passes, but some new code of precepts, or narrative of sporting adventures, is announced to the English public. We have placed at the head of this article the titles of a few, which embrace the variety of the whole, and are among the most popular of such issues.

Here we have first, the text-book of the Divine Izaak, (known to the American public chiefly as the biographer of Dr. Donne, and Herbert, and Hooker,) illustrating by the aid of engravings, that would have been a wonder in his day, the beauties and niceties, the dexterities and maxims, of his gentle craft. Next is a crown octavo, filled with homely, life-like picturings of country sports, from the young lordling, trying his aim to the top of the rook-tree, to the wooden-legged catcher of rats. Next is a volume from Albemarle Street, full of experimental teachings of a Scotch esquire, and his hair-breadth adventures amid the Moors and Lochs of the Highlands. Then follow the recorded experiences of Wilson with gun and line, setting forth, with scientific accuracy, the habits and the make of his water victims ; every page

and chapter of the fly book rich in entomological researches, the mechanism of the line, and hook, and rod ; their history traced back to the prophesyings of Isaiah ; the manners of the dog and its game, from the roe-buck to the red-wing, with the whole art of gunning reduced to quaint and invaluable maxims. Finally, we have a veritable *Encyclopædia* of all that its title expresses.

With this super-secundity of British sportsmen in book-making, we are not aware of the existence of a single American work in the same department. The reason is obvious. Sporting is with us, for the most part, not an art but a trade, and needs no teacher but personal experience. In strictness of speech, sporting may be said to have comparatively no existence with us, since it begins properly only where hunting ends.* The pursuit of animals for support, for purposes of domestic economy, or because of their noxious propensities, is properly hunting ; but sporting, signifying *amusement*, involves no idea of recompense, save in the pleasure of the act. Such we understand to be, in general, the grouse, pheasant, partridge, and wild-fowl shooting of England ; with the fox-hunting, deer-stalking, and hare-coursing of the United Kingdoms. But with us, as from the first, the bison, the bear, the deer, the otter, the raccoon, are hunted either for the profit accruing directly from their skins or meat, or for protection from their destructive habits. Salmon-fishing, which in British waters affords amusement to only a few, and is practised with the fullest accomplishments of the angler's craft, is, with us, pursued by those, who, during the proper seasons, derive from it their entire support. The perch also, and the roach, and the multitudes of smaller fishes, which in the British Isles are lured by every device of the sportsman's art, are in multitudes ensnared by the degenerate New-Englander, after the manner of those, who once "cast their nets" in Galilean waters.

It will be readily seen, that there is little need of pointing out the niceties of the angler's craft to him, who scruples not to stretch his seine across the brook for the daily supply of his table ; as there is no need that the Abyssinian should study the rumps, and sirloins, and briskets of the shambles,

* The modern English sense of *hunting* is a chase with dogs, in contradistinction from shooting.

while he cuts his steak, fresh and juicy, from the carcass of the living ox. Still there are those among us, who, like ourselves, love to catch a respite from the cares of professional life, or the details of the counting-room, or, far easier, from agricultural employments, to stroll with gun or rod among the hills or valleys, if it be only to glean the harvest of him, who has passed on to the Western wilds, to drive his slaughter traffic with the unerring rifle. For the good-will of all such, we propose to employ a few pages, in (to us at least) a pleasing survey of what English sporting was, and is, comparing it with what merits the name on our shores, the number, and habits of our tribes of victims, along with occasional notes of the fearful tendency of our equal privileges, soon to annihilate every vestige of the sportsman's art.

The first historian of our Saxon ancestry attests their hunting propensities ; — *cibi simplices ; agrestia poma*, RECENS FERA, *aut lac concretum* ; and again, *victui herba, vestitui pelles, cubile humus*.^{*} In 950, King Edgar the Tenth, after the Heptarchy, drove wolves from England, and levied a tribute on his neighbours, the Welshmen, of three hundred wolves' heads, to be counted down annually. The Danish monarch, Canute, established laws thought to be highly equitable, for the protection of the royal forests ; which forests, though numbering sixty-eight on the accession of William the First, were extended even to the laying waste of thirty-six townships. William Rufus was yet more arbitrary than his father, making the killing of a stag in the royal demesne a hanging matter ; whereas, in that day, the murder of an ordinary subject, was punishable only by a fine. In King Richard's time, it was established ; — “ *Qui arcus vel sagittas portaverint, vel canes duxerint sine copulâ, per forestam Regis, et inde attaintus fuerit, erit in misericordia Regis.*” From his brother John was wrested, together with the *Magna Charta*, the *Charta de Forestâ*, which, being drawn up by the malecontents, restrained kingly arbitration, and placed the royal rights in the field upon a more limited footing. Still, it was the royal prerogative to hunt undisturbed, in the old forests of the realm ; it being founded, as well as the privilege of selling certificates at the present day, on the quite gratuitous assumption, that all game, as having no especial owner, re-

^{*} Tacitus de Mor. Germ. cap. 23, 46.

verts to the hands of the monarch. In support of this right, the following oath was administered to every young man within the precincts of the royal forests ; —

“ You shall true liege man be
Unto the King's Majesty ;
Unto the beasts of the forest you shall no hurt do,
Nor to any thing that doth belong thereunto ;
The offences of others you shall not conceal,
But to the utmost of your power, you shall them reveal
Unto the officers of the forest,
Or to them who may see them redrest ;
All these things you shall see done,
So help you God, at his holy doom ! ”

It will hardly be supposed, that in such days, deer were as now, “uncarted” for the amusement of the royal sportsman, or that the shot for a king's dinner was made through a loop-hole of the park wall. Tough green bows, with “Spanish staves from the Groyne,” were sure weapons for the stag ; and the falcon probably was employed for flying game, from the days of Martial * down to the reigns of the Georges. Drivers, with greyhounds, it seems from an old ballad, were employed in deer-hunting.

“ The drivers through the woods went
For to raise the deer ;
Bowmen bickered upon the bent,
With their broad arrows clear.
The wylde through the woods went,
On every side shear ;
Greyhounds thorough the groves glent,
For to kill their deer.” — *Chery Chase.*

It seems to be quite uncertain when the fowling-piece first came into use ; probably not when first fashioned, for the matchlock was but a poor representative of what the detector has become ; the archers, too, were perfect masters of their craft, and a couple of hundred yards was a small shot, even for a novice.

With the improvements in firearms, and the introduction of gins and nets, the old regulations for the protection of game were found insufficient, and they have increased in number and definitiveness, though not in severity, until the present

* “ Prædo fuit volucrum, famulus nunc aucupis ; idem
Decipit, et captas non sibi mæret aves.” — *Mart.* xiv. 216.

time. Thus, in Richard the Second's day, none but a landholder of forty shillings rental, could keep "any greyhound, hound, dog, ferret, net, or engine to destroy deer, hares, conies, or any other gentleman's game." In the reign of Charles the Second, an individual was required to possess a freehold with £100 per annum, to insure to himself the use of "any guns, bows," &c. Landholding qualifications are now abolished, and the killing of game taxed at three guineas and a half. Licenses are also sold to the marketers of game, and heavy fines imposed on their dealings with any others than certificated individuals. Snares and traps were reputable in Queen Anne's day, before the fowling-piece became the gentleman's companion; they are now only employed by poachers. Thus by parliamentary enactment, by the accumulation of large landed hereditary estates, and by the force of public opinion, the last probably not less strong than either, there is preserved upon the English Isle, not seven hundred miles in its greatest extent, a variety and an abundance of game, which no equal portion of the early-settled United States can furnish.

First and foremost, they yet retain upon their sea-bound realm, the red, the roe, and the fallow deer, — those noblest objects of the sportsman's pursuit. But the days of the bow-bearer, the ranger, the forester of Cœur-de-Lion's day, and them of the green frocks, "merry men all," have passed by, and the "fat buck of the pasty-loving friar," that once roamed free from Sussex to Northumberland, is all but domesticated wherever he yet remains south of the Tweed; and it is only upon a few large tracts of Scotland, that the red deer runs wild, and offers to the daring sportsman, that finest of all sports, deer-stalking. Many private parks, as well as the royal one of Windsor, are still well stocked with fallow deer, and kennels of stag-hounds are retained in several of the southern counties; but Martingale's picture of a run will serve to show how unlike it is to that sport of Earle Piercy's, which makes "Chevy Chase," at this distance of time, to ring like the blast of a trumpet.

"The deer are generally caught in parks by means of a couple of lurcher dogs, aided by a man, who is expert in throwing the lasso; or they are driven by the lurchers into a barn, or shed, left open for that purpose. When required for hunting,

they are fed exactly like a hunter, upon oats, the best white peas, and hay. Their turn for being hunted is about once in a month, with the exception of a few instances of very strong constitution. In loading a deer in the cart, which conveys him to the place appointed for the turn-out, much difficulty exists with one unused to ride in *his own carriage*. The deer is driven into a shed or loose box ; the cart is then backed against the door ; two men, with *large shutters*, then attempt to drive him into the cart, either by means of persuasion, or hunting whips. The turn out is at twelve o'clock ; the deer is taken in an hour, or an hour and a half (except in a few instances of recorded long runs), and then home to a good fire-side dinner, or the enjoyment of those refined pleasures, which the immediate vicinity to the metropolis of the meets of the royal stag-hounds bring within the reach of those who follow them." — pp. 124, 125.

Such is stag-hunting in merry England ! The deer-shooting is still more degenerate. Carefully are they watched by the lynx-eyed keeper, until some unfortunate buck has decked his brain with bay and tray antlers and points at top, when some device is employed to lure him to a loop-hole of the park wall, that he may be shot down after the notable method, which drove Shakspeare to the city of London from the wrath of Justice Shallow. If these do not succeed, the game-keeper has but to climb an oak, taking advantage of the wind, and send his attendants to drive the deer down, when a volley from his double rifle is sure to maim fatally, if not kill upon the spot. Away then fly the frightened herd, till, gaining boldness and security, another "full buck" goes to supply the table of my lord. Deer-stalking has yet something of the true nobility of hunting in it, and stirs the blood of many a forest ranger in the wilds of Scotland, as the "uncarting" of a fallow can never do. We give a beautiful sketch of this highly esteemed, though little pursued diversion, from the book of Mr. Wilson ; offering, however, first, the dimensions of the Athol Forest, a Scotch haunt of the wild deer, that our readers may see, that this is not the same sport with deer-shooting, in the "tame and hedge-bound counties" of the South of Britain. "The forest," says our author, "is forty miles long by eighteen broad ; of which thirty thousand imperial acres are devoted to grouse ; fifty thousand partly to grouse, and partly to deer ; and there are reserved solely for deer-stalking fifty-two

thousand imperial acres." Truly a sport, that might be named to the prairie hunter without exciting more than a smile !

" The anxiety attending this sport must be as intense as the pursuit is laborious. After climbing for hours the mountain side, with the torrent thundering down the granite crags above him, and fearful chasms beneath him, the stalker, with his glass, at length descries, in some remote valley, a herd too distant for the naked eye. He now descends into the tremendous glen beneath, fords the stream, wades the morass, and, by a circuitous route, threads the most intricate ravines to avoid giving the deer the wind. Having arrived near the brow of the hill, on the other side of which he believes them to be, he approaches on hands and knees, or rather vermicularly, and his attendant, with a spare rifle, does the same. A moment of painful suspense ensues. He may be within shot of the herd, or they may be many miles distant, for he has not had a glimpse of them since he first discovered them an hour ago. His videttes, on the distant hills, have hitherto telegraphed no signal of his proximity to deer ; but now a white handkerchief is raised, the meaning of which cannot be mistaken. With redoubled caution he crawls breathlessly along, till the antlers appear ; another moment and he has a view of the herd ; they are within distance. He selects a hart with well-tipped, wide-spreading horns. Still on the ground, and resting his rifle on the heather, he takes a cool aim. His victim, shot through the heart, leaps in the air and dies. The rest of the herd bound away ; a ball from another barrel follows ; the ' smack ' is distinctly heard ; and the glass tells, that another noble hart must fall, for the herd has paused, and the hinds are licking his wound. They again seek safety in flight ; but their companion cannot keep pace with them. He has changed his course ; the dogs are slipped and put upon the scent, and are out of sight in a moment. The stalker follows ; he again climbs a considerable way up the heights ; he applies the telescope, but nothing of life can he behold, except his few followers upon the knolls around him. With his ear to the ground he listens, and, amidst the roar of innumerable torrents, faintly hears the dogs baying the quarry, but sees them not ; he moves on from hill to hill toward the sound, and eventually another shot makes the hart his own."

Here is another picture of the same diversion from Colquhoun.

" There is no sport, which more calls into play the sports-

man's pluck, and endurance of fatigue. He first climbs to the ridge of the hill, where he is at once seen by the hawk-eyed driver, who has taken his station near the foot, or on the opposite brow, and marked, with his glass, every herd at feed or rest on the face below. As soon as he has selected one, he attempts to drive it up the hill toward the sportsman, either by hallowing, or showing himself; at the same time giving warning, by the manner of his hallow, which way they are likely to take. The sportsman must be thoroughly acquainted with all the passes, or have some person with him who is; and, running from one 'snib' to another, in obedience to the signal below, catch sight of the horns of the herd, as with serpentine ascent they wind their crazy way. From the zigzag manner in which they often come up, it is very difficult to make sure which pass will be the favored one; and I have been within a few hundred yards of the antlers, when a prolonged shout from below has warned me, that I had an almost perpendicular shoulder of the hill to breast at my utmost speed before I could hope to obtain the desired shot. If the wind is at all high, so determined are the deer to face it, that, unless there are a great number of drivers, one herd after another may take the wrong direction; but if the day is favorable, with only a light breeze, a knowing driver or two will generally manage to send them up to the rifle. When the deer have selected their pass, should you be within fair distance, with both barrels cocked, beware of making the slightest motion, *especially of the head*, until you mean to fire. Even when perfectly in view, if you lie flat and do not move, the herd are almost sure to pass. One or two hinds generally take the lead. The fine old harts, if there are any in the herd, often come next; but sometimes, if very fat and lazy, they lag in the rear. When the first few hinds have fairly passed, the rest are sure to follow, until their line is broken, and their motions quickened by a double volley from the rifle. When stalking, last September, in Glenartney Forest, by the kind permission of the noble owner, I had as fine a chance, as man could wish, spoiled by the scarcely audible whimper of a dog. I was placed in a most advantageous spot, within near distance of the pass. Presently an old hind came picking her stately steps, like a lady of the old school ushering her company to the dining-room. Next her came a careless two-year old hart, looking very anxious to get forward, and perfectly regardless of danger. All was now safe. I felt sure of my shot; when, horror of horrors! a slight whimper was heard. The old hind listened, halted, and then turned short around upon the young hart, who instantly followed her example, and the whole herd ran helter-skelter down the hill."

It may be worth while to glance for a moment, while upon this subject, at the deer of this country. The elk and the moose, both vastly superior to the transatlantic species, and once the inhabitants of this whole country north of the Chesapeake, have been mostly driven, the former to its home in the north, and the latter beyond the Mississippi; though occasionally the elk is still found eastward of the great valley, and moose are killed on the frontier of Maine and Canada. The red deer (*cervus Virginiensis*, of naturalists), known to the hunter from the St. Lawrence to the Orinoco, has been latterly driven from most of the Eastern States westward. This species, which, we should premise, is similar to its representative, the red deer of the British Isles, (and scarce any species of game quadrupeds are common to both countries,) is spotted as a fawn, loses its white during the autumn, and in winter inclines to gray.

To open the entire book of American deer-shooting would be out of our power, as well as encroach too much on our limits; it has become mostly the property of the professional hunter, and as such we choose to dismiss it very briefly. Deer are never run down in this country, as in the old, and a dog is never slipped upon them by the practised deer-slayer, unless in case of an ineffective shot. In place of the double-barrelled detonant rifle of Mr. Scrope, the western hunter contents himself with a weapon of an older date; he loves to pick his flint in his moments of leisure, and a sight elsewhere than over the muzzle would strangely perplex his aim. His other equipments are in keeping; a pouch for balls, a knapsack, a tinder-box, a deerskin cap and dress, and he is ready for a quarter's campaign in the wilderness. His person is strangely *one* with his pursuits; a frame unyielding as his weapon, hair grizzly and short, that not a lock may stray before his eye, features harsh, and brown as the furze he treads, — these make the true hunter of the West, the original of Hawkeye and of Irving's Beattie. Thus formed and equipped, our hero is not alone the deer-slayer; but the bison and the elk, if his march is far enough to the West, fall before his murderous aim; the bear also, if his course leads him by the confluence of the great lakes; and the otter and the beaver, in the thousand streams that rally, in the hills around him, for their journey to the queen of waters; while the prairie hen escapes not his deadly fire, nor that noblest of feathered game, the wild turkey of the West, which neither England

nor the whole East can match, but which now, alas, is yielding to the progress of civilization, and, with the deer, will soon be beyond the reach of the hunter's aim for ever.

Fox-hunting is peculiarly English ; the Scotch books do not so much as mention it. "But," says the English author, who knows not the high enthusiasm, the unyielding perseverance, the stern anxiety, to be succeeded by the burning flush of triumph, in the deer-stalking of the North, "Fox-hunting is the most exciting of all sports. It is the truly noble sport." And yet the full enjoyment of it is dependent altogether upon the agency of the huntsmen, the whipper-in, and the humble earth-stopper. In short, the English fox hunt is the most *made up* of all sports. First, the fox must be bestowed in a burrow fortified by stone coping, to insure his tranquillity from all foes, in his seasons of rest. Next, a pack of hounds, under the constant regimen of a huntsman, must be dieted for an effective run. Even the horses must be taught their course of action, and a bevy of crimson-coated esquires, half of whom are no riders, must be sought out to give zest to the diversion. The earth-stopper must have been deputed the preceding night to exclude the fox from his earths ; the huntsman must turn the hounds into cover, (he alone being competent, and holding the entire mastership *de facto*, the owner contenting himself with the *de jure*) ; the whipper-in must next be ready for all truant followers, and, with a dexterity he alone possesses,

"let his lash

Bite to the quick, till howling they return."

Two hours of a bright summer's morning pass away with the preliminaries necessary to a good run ; and it is, perhaps, ten o'clock when the fox breaks cover, that is, leaves the wood, and the cry, "Broke away ! tallyho !" rings along the field, the signal for the start. Then away break youngster and veteran, on brown and dapple-gray ; and away skims the fox, a thousand feet in advance, and a score of howling hounds in his track. In three hours' time, perhaps, the race is done, the *mort* is sounded "who-oo !" and unless some rider has been peculiarly fortunate, the huntsman himself has the honor of the "brush." For half an hour, the laggards straggle up, one panting with fatigue, another besmeared with mire, and another to tell of a companion fast in the morass, and all, only to see the "woodland green, stained

with the purple dye." Thence flock hounds, hunters, all, to a smoking dinner, which, after all, to the true English gentleman, we fancy, is the most exhilarating part of the sport.

Turn we here, awhile, to see in what standing the fox is held with us. Itself needs not to be cared for, by any surveillance of its breeding ; it seems fully capable of transmitting its virtues to posterity for a long season to come. As we have already intimated of all quadrupeds, our fox (*Canis fulvus*) is found to be different, as the classification implies, from the British (*Canis vulpes*) ; but the difference is probably very slight. The fox-hound in this country, is generally far inferior to the English, from the manner in which it is kept. The instances of dogs among us, who will run down a full-grown fox, are somewhat rare. Nor are there many genuine hounds retained for this sport ; for it is found rather more difficult to bring a fox to extremities among the rocks and glens of New England, with half a dozen dogs, and no huntsman to keep them to the track, than with the advantages of the English flats, added to the very essential one of effectually shutting the fox from his earths. Hence the gun or the rifle is an indispensable appendage to this class of our sportsmen ; and even thus equipped, it requires much prudence, and an intimate knowledge of localities, so to place themselves as to intercept the run of the fox, in order to a fair shot. Further, such objects of general persecution are no man's property ; they are equally exposed to the death *slot* of any man's dog ; and it is sad satisfaction to find the object of one's sport, tediously followed up for two or three hours, butchered by a laborer with the edge of his spade. The farmer's boy, too, may be on the alert, his quick ear detecting the cry of the hounds for miles, and a crack of the old musket may sound the *mort* with a vengeance. The farmer himself rallies his youthful buoyancy to defend himself from the attacks of Reynard, and is perhaps foremost in the destruction of this depredator. His method is unsportsmanlike, yet sure, and emblematic of his character. He cautiously observes, upon the fall of the early autumn snows, the footprints of his foe, till, fully assured of his passing at certain points, he chooses a still, clear morning, upon which the scent lies well, and putting his dog (a single one) upon the track, he waits for his appearance at the expected point. The bark of the hound is his only guide, and, with aching ears, he hears

it die away in the distance, as the fox leads his pursuer far from his old haunts. Then comes the trial of the hunter's patience. Is the cold piercing? still he must wait. Have the clouds blackened over the sky, assailing him with merciless blasts? he must wait. Does he hear the report of a gun far away on the supposed route of Reynard? yet he waits; soon again the encouraging voice of his favorite rings over the hills; louder and louder grows the cry; he forgets his fatigue; soon the nearest cover rustles with a tread; the fox is far in advance; the musket is brought to an eye that never flinches; the unsuspecting victim dashes up the ascent upon which stands our yeoman, nor scents him until nearly opposite; he looks up a moment, and bounds like a deer, but too late; a charge of buckshot from the old piece, dated in Seventy-six, is a sure quietus, and Reynard lies in his death-pang.

Beside the ordinary red fox, there lives in the North, as, indeed, in the same latitudes of the other continent, the white fox (*C. lagopus*), the black (*C. argentatus*), the crossed fox (*C. decussatus*), and, peculiar to the West, bordering the Pacific, the *Canis velox*, a small animal, of amazing speed.

In noticing the next quadruped, important in English sports of the day (*lepus*), we are troubled to establish its identity with any American species, as also to point out the just distinction. It is more than probable, that we have not in this country the true English hare; although a rabbit of superior size, — perhaps a *hybrid* of the *L. cuniculus*, common in all our woods, — with the white hare of the North, frequently occurs, and is well worthy the attention of sportsmen. Hare-coursing, as once practised in England, during the time of Queen Elizabeth, has been almost entirely discarded, and the greyhound is no longer the favorite he once was with the English gentleman. “Hare hunting and shooting,” says our Doncaster friend, who has assumed the *nom de guerre* of Martingale, “is still practised by the respectable class of farmers. The field of sportsmen is not so numerous as in fox-hunting. Nevertheless, so far as mere *hunting* goes, there is more diversion in the one than in the other; and the riding is less desperate, less dangerous, and less bursting.” Somerville's portrait of the race is accurate for the modern diversion. With us, a thousand rabbits are snared, where one is shot. Their strange instinct of returning to their

forms, made familiar to all by a couple of lines in "The Deserted Village," —

"as the hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from which at first he flew," —

renders it easy to obtain a shot, where there is a possibility of finding their first retreat. But the thick underbrush in which the rabbit conceals himself during the day, through the wooded parts of New England, renders the shooting of them a more difficult matter than would at first be supposed. They feed during the night; of course the best trail is offered very early in the morning.

The hare has been known for many ages. Pliny says, that the flesh of the hare, properly cooked, causes sleep; and that those, who partake of that favorite dish, look fair and lovely for a week afterwards. And that it was a favorite with the Romans, we have the testimony, first, of Martial, *Inter quadrupedes gloria prima lepus*; and next, of Flaccus, — rather equivocal, it is true, without the context, — *secundi leporis sapiens sectabitur armos*. Charles Lamb, too, in one of his later whimses addressed to an unknown country friend, who had favored him with a basket of game, says, the birds he is barely thankful for; "but a hare roasted hard and brown, with gravy and melted butter!" — he has even learned to prefer to his *quondam* favorite, pig.

Such is the whole mammalian order of British game, if we except the mole and the rat, objects treated of in the works before us, but hardly worth a remark (in a country where they live and multiply unnoticed) when compared with the bison, the bear, the panther, the raccoon, the opossum, (*marsupialia, spec. didelphis*, peculiar to America, and an object of pursuit in the South,) with innumerable lesser animals, which live and die in our forests. These all, as belonging to the professional hunter, we pass by; but shall make bold to digress from the books before us, to pay a passing tribute to a small though deserving animal, of no inconsiderable importance to American sportsmen.

We refer to the American squirrel (*Sciurus*), of which the species are not well distinguished.* Black and gray in color, they vary in weight from twenty to fifty ounces. Their cun-

* *Vulpinus, Cinereus, Carolinensis*, embrace all to which we may refer.

ning and agility are proverbial. Hence it is impossible to effect any thing in pursuit of them, without a well-trained dog ; the terrier is perhaps the best. Their meat is delicious ; although for the sportsman, as we have remarked, this is a secondary affair. The excitement of the pursuit and capture is unsurpassed by that of almost any forest game. On the first approach of danger, which he apprehends with astonishing precision, the squirrel betakes himself to instant flight ; over rock, bush, and brier, he is gone, before the bark of the faithful attendant has announced his proximity. With indefatigable zeal, Tray scents every stump, rock, and trunk, till bounding away with the trail, and a ringing voice, he leaves the shooter to follow as fast as his double-barrel and morning walk will permit. Meantime the game is resting in imagined security, just where some aged oak-limb joins the parent trunk, hoar with a century of years. But Tray is most likely true to his nose, and is even now circling the tree to make sure of his victim. Yet have we seen a right worthy dog balked even then of his prey, and the tree-puss scamper down the trunk (careful to keep out of sight) within a foot of where the terrier sat, eyeful as the guard of the golden fleece.

But other methods of escape are resorted to, when the bark has brought the sportsman to the spot ; and, if he be an inexperienced gunner, he may look over the tree from top to bottom, and discover never a trace of his game. Ten to one, he attempts to call off his dog ; but, if the same be properly instructed, he will find it a very difficult matter. The affair begins to excite his curiosity, and he renews his gaze more perseveringly than before ; he catches a glimpse of a gray tuft, which may be moss, or, though he barely hazards the idea, a part of his cinereous prey. He walks around the tree with his eye upon the object, — still nothing but the tuft ! If his reason here be not drowned in the passion of the sport, he will find that the object of vision has been changing its *locale*, in a most singular unison with his own movements. He creeps around more stealthily ; and there, fifty feet above him, hugging the bark with wanton ease, lo, the object of the morning's pursuit. No sooner seen, however, than gone. Then comes the trial of artifice, and skill, and experience. The sportsman must either be ready to snap at a second's warning, and at great disadvantage, or he must lure the squirrel into sight, or he must crack away at

the mere tuft of his tail. The farmer's boy will hang his coat upon a bush, and march to the opposite side of the tree, choosing the surer method of outwitting the wizard; the practised shooter may perhaps bring him down by the first mode; and we have seen those so intoxicated with excitement, or so uninitiated in the sport, as to waste their powder on a mere line of fur! Such is squirrel-shooting now-a-days, in southern New-England woods. Their number, in other quarters of the country, institutes what may be better called slaughter, than sport. 'T is a small animal to tell so long a story of; yet the measured tone of the foot-fall on the dry leaf, the ceaseless murmur of brooklets, the hoarse sigh of the winds, just making the tops of old oaks nod, the loud, full ring of the terrier's bark, breaking solemn silence by a hundred echoes, the unearthly yell of the owl, with the loneliness, and yet the delightful converse with Nature in the green and living things around,—these all, as belonging to the sport we note, conspire to make it one of the most exhilarating character.

Grouse, pheasant, pigeon, partridge, quail, woodcock, snipe, and wild-fowl shooting, make up the sum of the feathered hunter's diversion in Britain. Of these, the pigeon and the varieties of the sea-fowl, alone dwell with us under similar name and aspect. True, we have the quail, partridge, woodcock, and snipe; but the caprice with which these names have been bestowed in different quarters, renders it difficult to identify our own species with their transatlantic namesakes. The English pheasant is wholly unknown to us, and the nearest family connexion is perhaps the turkey. Several attempts have been made to naturalize it, but, so far as we have learned, they have all failed. The grouse, of the order *Tetrao*, embracing three species on British ground, is the grand object of the fowler's diversion. The capercallie (*T. urogallus*) is confined to the mountainous districts of Scotland, as also the next in importance, the black fowl (*T. tetrix*). But the red grouse (*T. Scoticus*), by far the most numerous, and peculiar to the British Isles, abounds on every moor, and draws to else untenanted heaths, thousands of every rank and order. The morning of the twelfth of August ushers in the shooting season; the moor fowl have bred, and fattened for months, undisturbed save by the poacher. Every approach to the grounds has been thronged for days;

the Houses, upper and lower, have disgorged their wearied voters, on a new *game*; university men, and literary fledglings of King Williams; cockneys of every stamp; they who have perturbed each basin and loch unavailingly for months, and the bettor upon heats at Derby; — all have taken their station at the moor taverns, —

“Probably some isolated tavern, ‘old as the hills.’ The place, humble in character, has been the immemorial resort of sportsmen in August, although, during the rest of the year, sometimes many months elapse ere a customer, save some itinerant salesman calling for his mug of beer, ‘darkens the door.’ There he will find all the keepers, and poachers, and young men from the country round assembled, amounting in the whole to not more than some eight or ten persons, each anxious to display his knowledge of the number and localities of the broods, but each differing, wide as the poles asunder, in his statement, except on four points, on which all agree, viz. that the hatching season has been finer than was ever known before! — that the broods are larger and more numerous than were ever counted before! that the birds are heavier and stronger than were ever seen before! — and that they will, on the following day, lie better, and afford more sport than they ever did on any opening day before! They manage to breakfast at three, (calculating the time by their watches, and not by the house clock, which may have a way of going peculiar to itself,) and to be on the ground before four, as the greatest number of birds are killed between four and six. If the moor is strictly preserved, and no guns are expected but their own, they determine not to disturb the birds until seven or eight, since birds lie better during the day when not disturbed early in the morning. The morning dawns, — the morning of the Twelfth, — and ‘heavily with mists comes on the day.’ The occupiers of benches and chairs are first on the alert, — the landlady is called, — breakfast is prepared, — the dogs are looked at, — all is tumult, noise, and confusion; — reckless must he be that can rest longer in bed; — the ‘cootie moorcocks crouselly crow,’ little fearing that many a bold mountaineer amongst them must, ere night, be

‘whistled down with a slug in his wing!’

The dram-flasks are filled, — the sandwiches cut, — some provision is made for the dogs, — the shot-belts are buckled on, — a multitude of other matters are arranged, and orders given. Next is heard the howling and yelping of dogs, — the cracking of whips, — the snapping of locks, — the charging, and flashing, and firing

of guns, — and every other note of preparation ! The march is sounded and away they wend, — an emulous band, each endeavouring to eclipse the other in the number and size of birds killed. On that day there is a universal scramble for game ; almost every person, who carries a gun, then strives to fill his bird-bag, to the exclusion of every other object, — regardless for a while of companionship, or personal comfort, or of the ‘savage grandeur’ of the scene before him, and indifferent whether an undeviating level bound his view, or whether

“ ‘Lakes and mountains around him gleam misty and wide !’ ”

Better still is Wilson’s picture of the disappointed cockney, “who boasts of his acquaintance with London gun-makers, and talks of his feats in the shooting galleries.”

“He is out of training and cannot walk. His equipment is incomplete. His pivots are choked up. His caps will not fit. His wadding and cartridges are cut for a gun of very different gauge. His dogs, never having seen any other winged game than partridges and pheasants, will not point grouse ; they are wild, not being any longer under the eye of the keeper ; one of them scours the country half a mile in advance, and the other will not suffer a bird that can be put up to remain on the ground ; on being thrashed, one of them turns sulky, and the other dashes away full cry after sheep. Birds are wild, and the shooter has no shot larger than No. 5. His shoes are thin, and cling to his feet like so much whit-leather. It is excessively hot, he is overladen with shot, and his India-rubber gaiters will not absorb the perspiration, nor suffer it to evaporate ; his stockings are consequently soaked with wet. His hat is heavy, — it will neither resist wet, nor is it ventilated. He is, when the sun shines, half roasted, and, when clouded, half starved ; or he is lightly clothed, and caught in a thunder-shower. He wears thin stockings, and is foot-sore. He is lost in the mist, for the want of a guide, a pocket-compass, or a previous *intimate* knowledge of the localities, and inadvertently becomes a trespasser, when a glorious row ensues, ending, perhaps, in a struggle for the encroacher’s fowling-piece !”

The grouse has kindred with us ; such as the partridge of the North, and the pheasant of the South (*T. umbellus*) ; also the prairie hen, or pinnated grouse (*T. Cupido*) ; but how differently treated from the inhabitant of the Scotch muirland ! Subject is our partridge to persecution at all hours, from the time it is a nestling, to sober maturity ; and,

as if the implements of the fowler were not sufficiently destructive, the farmer's boy stretches his bush fence by the road over their forest walks, snaring them by the hundred. As the cold of December approaches, the opportunities of the gunner are better ; but the game grows shy as the season advances, and the number actually shot in New England is, we presume, far less than that of the victims upon British sporting ground.

As grouse-shooting is at the head of British gun sports, woodcocks* may be reckoned of prime importance to the American shooter. Not that other game is inferior in size, in flavor, or in difficulty of attainment, — for this latter, paradoxical as it may seem, adds much to the interest of all fowling diversions, — but because, from its size and habits, it, more than any other, escapes the notice of the professed hunter, and the snares of the school-boy, — the American poacher. The woodcock, as well as the snipe, from their migratory habits, are, in some measure, beyond the protection of legislative enactment ; “but,” says the Oakleigh Code, “the killing them out of season is declared unsportsmanlike,” and the declaration seems to have passed *nem. con.* into all the force and rigor of a law. The same is not true as regards the unfortunate migrator to our shores. The country squire shoots him by moonlight, when, in early spring, he woos his mate ; and the farming lad pelts him with stones in his day-dream, till night comes to him for ever. Yet, as we have said, the woodcock is more fortunate than his “fellow tenants of the air,” and through our corn and potato fields, in the middle of August, a well-taught pointer, twenty yards before the gun, will give “snap shots” in abundance. The woodcock of the continent of Europe is said to be larger than our own ; how it compares with the English we are unable to say ; probably it is the same. The springer, or spaniel, is, if we may trust Martingale, the favorite dog for woodcock shooting. We quote from him ; —

“The best dogs to be employed on these occasions are springers ; low in height, with long, bushy stems, and large, drooping ears. It is worth a day's long ride to see the unwearied diligence and perseverance, which these little creatures display in

* Ord. *Grallæ*. Fam. *Longirostres*. Gen. *Scolopax*.

hunting, provided they have been well trained. They seldom leave the gunner beyond the space of twenty or twenty-five yards, and should never give mouth. It is surprising, too, how readily they meet the wishes of their master. The encouraging expressions, 'Seek 'em, Sprightly,' — 'Go along, Tom,' — 'Find 'em out, Rover,' — 'Good dogs,' — are constantly responded to by these untiring creatures with renewed activity. Not an inch of ground escapes them; whatever game lies concealed, the little springer is sure to raise it. A very superior dog of this description has been known to sell for thirty guineas, — a fact, which presents sufficient proof of the estimation in which the little springer is held for the purpose. On some occasions the pointer is used instead of the spaniel; a small bell is then attached to his neck, by the sound of which in a close covert, his position can be ascertained. When the sound ceases, he is pointing at his game, and the shooter, of course, prepared for the anticipated rise. The practice, however, of using pointers, is objectionable, as wood hunting spoils them for the open field or moor. When a bird is flushed, the cry is uttered by the assistants, 'Mark, — Cock;' — bang goes the fowling-piece, and the echoes of the wood, as the mottled favorite falls, dance merrily to the sprightly tune of the sportsman's heart, who, as he secures his prize, feels reanimated for further exertion."

Partridge, quail, and wild-pigeon shooting, are the subjects of interesting chapters in the works before us, but we must deny ourselves the pleasure of presenting them to our readers. The methods of taking them with the gun, are not materially different from those employed in shooting the quail and pigeon with us; — with this exception, that the English method is more regular and successful, inasmuch as they meet with no fearful competitors of the mesh and snare. Seasons, too, are set apart; parks, and heaths, and woodlands are sedulously guarded from every encroachment; and such is the disposition of grounds, of copse, and hedge, and hill, that a stanch dog, on whose education months of toil have been lavished, will present game at the very muzzle of the piece. Compare the English wall-bound park, with ash and oak that have fattened on the soil for centuries, beneath which, in hazels uncropped by the mower, the pheasant, the partridge, and the quail breed unmolested, — its wilderness of pines, where the wood-dove makes his annual visitings, — its marsh, fed by rills conducted by human artifice from distant mountains, for the snipe and woodcock to feed upon, — its game-keeper, and

ranger, to destroy, in the season of their breeding, the hawk, the weasel, and the ferret, — compare this, we say, with the shooting-ground of the New England sportsman, — here a morass impenetrable, — there a wild wood, but hewn upon for its strongest timber, and broken speedily by a clearing, leading away to mountainous ledges, and all overrun by scores of trappers, the popping urchin, the school-boy sportsman, and a hundred “whelps of low degree,” — and we understand how “The Honorable Augustus Frederick Fitz-Fulk, at the Battue of the Marquis of So and So, killed, with his own gun alone, the astonishing number of seventy-five head !”

Wood-pigeon shooting has, and still does, afford considerable diversion to our Eastern sportsmen ; but it encourages him little for lying hours of a cool autumn morning in the thick underbrush, waiting the approach of cooing mates, to find them offered at his door plucked, and ready for the spit, at a mere trifle the dozen. Yet, to such an extent is the amateur gunner circumvented by the artifices of the trapper. So is it with the quail, as with the partridge and the pigeon ; the boy that can reach to the muzzle of his father’s musket, bangs away from under the lee of a wall into the centre of a covey ; or, piping their silver whistle, he draws the unsuspecting brood within reach of his murderous volley, and spits them for a holyday dinner.

Wild-fowl shooting is regarded, as would appear from the following adventure of Colquhoun’s boyhood, with more favor than with us.

“My first attempts at shooting were in pursuit of wild-fowl, when quite a boy ; and I still consider it superior to any other sport. In those early days, however, I had no idea to what perfection a retriever might be trained ; if the dog took the water well, and was close-mouthed, I expected no more. As I was always obliged to lead him by my side, he often spoiled my best chances, either by showing himself, or hampering me when crawling over difficult ground. I was at last so disgusted with these incumbrances, that I generally dispensed with their services, and trusted to my own resources to recover the killed and wounded. The consequence was, that the greater portion of the latter always escaped ; and, unless the wind was favorable, not a few of the former were drifted away. On one occasion I was foolish enough to swim a hundred yards into the loch, in the mid-

dle of winter, after a golden-eye, and had some difficulty in regaining the land. I had watched it for some time, and at last succeeded in getting to the nearest point on the shore. The golden-eye, however, was diving a long shot off, as these shy birds not unfrequently do; without once considering that the wind was blowing strong from the shore, I fired, and the bird dropped dead. To my great chagrin, it was blown rapidly out into the rough water. What was to be done? Had it been able to make the slightest effort to escape, I would have allowed it; but there it lay, still as a stone. So, throwing off my shooting jacket and shoes, I plunged in, waded up to the neck, and struck out for my prey. By the time I reached the bird, it had floated fully a hundred yards; but getting its leg between my teeth, I wheeled about for the land. My difficulties now began, for the waves were very high, and dashed right into my face. Several times during my slow progress I determined to leave the golden-eye to its fate; and as often braced myself up again, unwilling to have so cold a bath for nothing. At last I reached the shore, got into calm water, and, after sounding once or twice, struck ground, and reached *terra firma* with my prize, the leg of which I had nearly bitten through during my exertions. It was an intensely cold day about the end of December, with frequent snow showers; and had the golden-eye not been the most valued of the diving race, I should never have made such a fool of myself."

Privileged decoys, within whose precincts it is a penal offence to fire a gun, protect the thousand varieties of the web-footed tribe on British shores. Yet what would avail Lieutenant Colonel Hawker's accuracy of aim, his punt, his mud-boards, his setting-pole, his stanchion-guns, blazing by night, in comparison with those amphibious bipeds, which throng the little coast-indenting inlets of our shores, paddling a one-oared skiff, and bearing a huge shoulder-piece, whose recoil would throw a man of less than extraordinary nerve, a full yard from his footing?

The London gun, the London cartridge, the London "treble-sealed," and the London "Instructions," must be aided by the London "certificate," too, before they will enable the American sportsman at all to compete with the American poacher. Sporting is one of those dear prerogatives of birth, which the Englishman respects in others, and glories in for himself. But so soon as the clay-walls of hereditary distinction become mined by searching reform, the game of air, field, and water lose almost entirely their distinctions of

season, and of owner. Hence, all laws for the due protection of game must be somewhat despotic in their nature, since they must deny the privilege to the greater number, for the sake of ample security to the less. And hence, it is probable, that no legislative enactment will ever render us sportsmen by profession. Lands with us being divided into small tracts, subject entirely to the control of individual holders, no tacit agreements upon times or methods of capture can ever generally obtain. But we would suggest in behalf of zealous sportsmen, and the interests of small landholders themselves, that they (the landholders) scrupulously guard their estates, large or small, against the encroachments of all vagrants of the snare or seine, and secure a safe retreat for fish or fowl within their grounds. Thus they will enjoy the privilege of occasional pastime, or, what will more encourage the method, they can sell privileges to the town sportsman, securing to themselves the full worth of the preserve, at the same time that they offer new inducements to the shooter. By these simple means, a stock of game will be preserved in the country, whose value will constantly increase the resources of the landholder, while a new and beautiful pastime will supplant, it may be hoped, the thousand dissipating pursuits of the metropolis.

A large portion of the books before us, as well as the entire one of Walton, is devoted to angling ; which practice of " casting angles into the brook," is, as would seem, of no very recent date, since the prophet Isaiah makes mention of them, and Shakspeare puts them *in the mouth* of the Egyptian queen.

" My bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws, and, as I draw them up,
I 'll think them every one an Antony."

We have lingered so long over the shooting details of our authors, that we shall be obliged to despatch more briefly than we could wish, salmon and trout, perch, and eels. Walton, Wotton, Wallaston, and Wilson, (an alliterative quartette,) have given a dignity to the angling craft, which we trust will long survive ; nor should we forget in this matter the distinguished author of " Salmonia." In this art, as in shooting, the large private lakes and well-stocked ponds of English gentlemen offer such opportunities for minute and constant observation and assiduous practice, that it far out-

strips in nicety any thing akin thereto, to which we can lay claim. Still, as here, their finest fish love best, the wild, romping brooks, that gurgle through the wildest passes, and offer their tribute, unchecked by opposing, uncouth barriers, to their parent waters.

English angling divides itself into fly-fishing, float-fishing, and trolling; the first, employed chiefly in the capture of trout and salmon; the second method, for perch, roach, carp, eels, and the like; and the third, for pike, eels, and sometimes the lake trout.

Salmon fishing is first in English angling, both as regards the excellence of the captive, and the sport of the capture. They are taken chiefly on their ascent to the spawning ground, and being now protected to a great extent from the *leisterer*, large numbers are captured annually with the fly. Yet how poor an exchange, this taper rod, with its sixty yards of line, and huge brown hackle, for the simple wire sieve, with which the American leisterer, at the river rapids, with dripping garments, nets them by scores! The weight and habits of this fish, as described by naturalists, seem to be the same with those belonging to the occupant of British waters; and they are doubtless near of kin, if not of the same family. Wilson enters into a long and tedious discussion, — relieved, however, at intervals, by his irresistible comicalities, — to establish the identity of the *paw* with young salmon. Our sportsmen have probably not observed enough, nor our fishermen thought enough, to have distressing anxieties on this point; if, however, they have done so, we beg leave to refer them to the observations of Mr. Shaw, as recorded in the Edinburgh book, where the matter is apparently set at rest. *Apropos* to this subject, we may mention the naming of young shad (*clupea*) by our inland fishermen with many and unlike appellatives; and may further hazard the remark, that, if these mammoth herring should ever incline to disport in British waters, the fly-fisher would open a new leaf in his book, and a new order be made immortal with the angling craft.

Salmo eriox, commonly called the *Bull trout*, ranks next to the Linnæan *Salmo salar*. This we understand to be identical with the famed *finsters* of Waquoit Bay; and there are those, to our honor be it spoken, who can so successfully administer the *coup de grace* to these, as to vie in bulk of pannier with the wildest smuggler of drag-net or seine. Wil-

son mentions yet another sea trout, — *Salmo trutta*, — the name almost universally given, though erroneously, to our common brook trout. We are not aware that two distinct species have been identified upon our coast. The common trout, — the trout *par eminence* of all disciples of Walton, — the *Salmo fario* of Linnæus, and the *Salmo fontinalis* of Dr. Mitchell, — is frequent with us. Yet, alas, the mill privileges of the day have driven them from many of their finest haunts; and it is only here and there, that a truant brook, noiseless in meadow, babbling through bush and over rock, gathering its way-side tributaries, lispings from green weeds, growing in depth and blackness,

“Gurgling in foamy water-break,
Loitering in glassy pool,”

yet shows its myriads of “spotted fry.” But not alone are we indebted to him whom the “sounding mill-stream” haunts like a passion, for the destruction of this chief of American water sports. The farmer’s boy, in spring time and summer, builds his little brush wood seine across the brook, and scoops out hollows in the sand, where, in the drought of summer, he finds a pebbly basin, perturbed with scores of fins. The worm and the fly are both used in their *lawful* capture; the latter perhaps the more unfrequently. Thomson’s rules for trout-fishing are good, and are familiar. We quote from Wilson, a page or more, which will give a fair idea of the general tone of his instructions, and may be of advantage to the trout-catcher. At all events it will amuse.

“The largest trout are usually killed by trolling or spinning with paw or minnow, and it is a matter of great science to raise and hook, and of equal skill to ‘play’ and complete the capture of one of these giant fishes. We never ourselves had the good fortune to slay a very large fresh water trout of the common kind, but we certainly think, that those of lakes and rivers are stronger and more tenacious of life, when under the angler’s hands, than sea trout of the same dimensions. The feelings of these two beings, when hooked, differ somewhat in the same degree as did those of Wellington and Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo. A gentleman (?) having stated his belief, that the Duke was ‘surprised’ on that momentous occasion, Professor Wilson (the author of fly fish, p. 232) replied, with his accustomed readiness, that the Duke might indeed have been ‘surprised,’ but assur-

edly Napoleon was '*astonished*.' So it is with the subjects of our somewhat discursive exposition. A sea trout, when first he feels the barb, is so exceedingly astonished, that he flings himself repeatedly head foremost into the air, and flounders about upon or near the surface of the water, in a most lively, versatile manner (as the delighted angler deems), but then he soon succumbs to fate, and after a few more impetuous bounds, and fine, vivacious, unsuccessful splashes, a well-sized fish may very speedily be drawn to land. But your river trout, even your simple two-pounder, though much *surprised*, is also greatly enraged, and will make repeated runs in every direction, rather than run ashore; he will take, perhaps a single spring or so, as if to ascertain exactly what has happened; he will dig his way towards 'the bottom of the nether world'; he will try the diagonal dimensions of a deep and sombre pool; he will go helter-skelter down a rocky rapid; he will run continuously along a lengthened, smooth expanse, and make a mighty flourish with his tail at the end of it; he will seek to hide himself (and break the line, even of the imperial guard) among the tangled roots of old, fantastic trees, or will sneak beneath gloomy, overhanging banks, like a 'denn'd damp, disagreeable body,' ashamed of being seen. It may easily be conceived, that, with this pertinacity and determination of character, the capture of a large river trout is by no means easy; and it often happens, that, in spite of all the angler's art, the said trout is seen waddling away, with his tongue in one cheek and the fly in the other, while the line, like a 'knotless thread,' comes sneaking back towards its master, who takes off his hat, not so much to salute the departing fish, as to make room for the sudden elongation of his own ears, which are sure to assert their prerogative on such occasions. But let him replace his beaver, and not despond, nor utter a single hasty or discordant word (whether it begin with *a*, *b*, *c*, or *d*——; the last the worst of all); rather remembering the advice of old Markham, already quoted, 'with pleased sufferance to amend errors, and think mischances instructions to better carefulness.'

"The most generally approved method of casting for trouts, is to throw the fly across and rather a little up than down the stream, and then to bring it sweepingly across and downwards. We have not seldom found it a good plan to throw above and beyond any large stone toward the middle of the river, to allow the fly to sink several inches under water, and then to drag them pretty rapidly toward ourself, and close by the lower side of the stone. Good fish often lie thereabouts, and they seem to take your flies for some kind of eatable aquatics, which are about to conceal themselves beneath that stony covering. We

have killed many a good trout, too, just by throwing our flies high and dry upon the stone itself, and then allowing the wind or the weight of the line to drop them floatingly upon the surface. But there is, in truth, no end to the variety of pleasing small manœuvres by which the finny tribes may be successfully entrapped; and we intentionally refrain from mentioning them, that the reader may experience the greater pleasure of deeming himself a discoverer, when he finds them out himself. Besides, it would be about as easy to tell an attorney all the various modes of catching clients, as to teach an angler each device by which he may entangle trouts."

The lake trout (*Salmo ferox*) is somewhat of a rarity over ten pounds' weight on the other side of the water, though with us it is a small lift. Throughout the thousand lakes that gem the "great interior," they have revelled long, and we rejoice in the assurance, that they will revel for centuries to come. What says Professor Wilson, or his fun-loving brother, to a veritable *Salmo ferox* of a hundred and twenty pounds' weight, in the bright, glad waters of Huron? Yet to this enormous size do they actually attain in our Western lakes. Their flavor and external appearance vary considerably with the waters they inhabit.

Of other fish marshalled by the veteran Scotch angler upon his pages, —

"The bright-eyed perch, with fins of Tyrian dye;
The silver eel, in shining volumes rolled;
The yellow carp, in scales bedropped with gold;
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains," —

beside innumerable lesser ones, — char, minnows, dace, — few are of much importance to the Western sportsman, if we except the perch and pike. The eel is taken in general with the spear and 'pots'; and the others, beside being in themselves inconsiderable, are netted in great numbers, in the early spring, by whoever has a will so to do.

The carp (*Cyprinus carpio*) of England is nearly identical with the American *Cyprinus teres*, vulgarly termed the *sucker*. And it would seem, that their flesh is in much higher esteem abroad, than with us. The golden fish, as well as the brook minnow and the chub, are of this order.

Perch abound in New England, and are caught, as also from British waters, by means of the worm and float. It is chiefly the sport of school-boys. The pike is a prized fish;

he escapes, to a great extent, the ravages of the netter, nor can he be hedged in the brook ; still, in common with every other object of the sportman's pursuit, he falls a secure prey to the vigilant hostility of the country lad ; since he is by the waters at all hours, nor cares for a wetting of a stormy day, or an empty pannier in the sunshine ; and, in the winter season, has but to cut his holes in the ice, — one, two, or forty, — and directly he has the finest pike of the pond.

Two methods of capturing pickerel in the British waters are subjects of dispute, as to the sportsmanship involved ; the one with the snap-line and dead bait, the other with the live bait. In the former case the fish is secured by the barb of the hook so effectually as to be lifted ashore by it ; in the other mode, the landing net is made use of, which, we may here remark, is always in the hands of the English angler. And this accounts (that is, the absence of the net) in some measure for our want of success with the fly, inasmuch as the light tackle, which is essential to an adroit “ cast,” is not sufficient to lift the fish from the water ; and the heavy tackle, which does suffice for this, is of course too bungling to practise any material deception upon so wily a fish, as the trout.

The smaller fish, to which we have referred, abound, and, together with the perch and pike, conspire to make agreeable an afternoon's idlesse on the bosom of one of those fairy lakes, which, though they be not christened with the romantic euphony of Lochs *Ta*, *Craig*, *Ness*, and *Awe*, possess equal charms within and around, and are scattered like pearl-drops all over the surface of New England. On an August day, when every element was sleeping, the trees not breaking their picturesque line upon the sky by the faintest motion, — the water placid, — nothing stirring save the summer bird, peeping and leaping by the shore, and the gauze-winged fly, —

*Τὸν λάλον λαλόεσσα, τὸν εἰλάτερον ἃ πτερόεσσα
Τὸν ξένον ἃ ξένα, τὸν θερυνὸν θερυνά, —*

on such a day, ere yet it was fairly broke into the sky, have we paddled a rolling canoe into the centre of one of these same fairy water-spots, and angled the live-long day, with no companions but the tall hills climbing round, and the old gray

tree trunks, stretching through their dark and heavy foliage, and we wished no better. Though nothing save the minnow and roach played about our hook till night, yet we found it, withal, "a rest to the mind, a cheerer of spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness."

We have thus noted what we conceived to be of general interest in the works before us, from their connexion with sports in this country; of which latter we have by no means attempted a full summary, or a very accurate account, but only such observations as occurred to us in a survey of sporting across the waters.

The mechanical appearance of these volumes is elegant in the extreme. What book would not the pencil of Dickes, of Aiken, of Sanderson, and the graver of Branston make elegant? Yet the popularity of such volumes must be limited here; there is too much apathy in regard to sporting matters, notwithstanding our opportunities have been, and are, so great. Scarce an enactment, which bears any resemblance to a game law, is in force in any of the States; with the game it is a constant strife for life, and with the *gamesters* a strife for giving the leaden death. Though admirers of true sporting, we are no friends to indiscriminate slaughter. Though we cannot subscribe to the prejudices of those who totally reject the pursuit of winged game, yet, with the similar caprice of Thomson, can "twitch the barbed hook" deep into the delicately formed jaw of the golden-scaled swimmer, still we abjure the spirit that destroys at all seasons, and by all methods; and it is perhaps well, that our equal privileges, by inviting to this, should soon put out of reach the power to do violence to every feeling of humanity by entire extermination.

We like sporting as a healthful pastime, drawing away by its fascinations from pursuits neither innocent nor manly. We like it, because it encourages to a love and a study of nature in her every aspect. We like it as a generous relaxation for the faculties, exhausted by the cares of business, or study; and because, more than any other, it refreshes and invigorates the physical powers, by the glow which the excitement of the hunter, the angler, or the fowler, diffuses over the whole frame, stimulating to increased activity every

vital function, and thus insuring and confirming that best of mere temporal blessings, — Health ;

Ἑγίεια, προσβίστα μακάρων.

ART. IV. — *The Monthly Review*. Vols. I. and II. for 1842. London, Old Bailey : G. Henderson.

“WHO reads an American book?” Some lieges of her Britannic majesty, it seems, do so now-a-days, without being aware of the fact.

The editor of the English “Monthly Review,” whoever he may be, is, we doubt not, a strictly honest person, as be-seems his gentle vocation. But he is cruelly imposed upon by some of his correspondents, who get his money for contributions, which they take from our pages, and of which he, being unfortunately not a reader of the “North American Review,” does not detect the source. Possibly his publisher’s residence in the Old Bailey exposes him to the practices of ill-disposed neighbours. He should look carefully at parcels received from over the way.

In the “Monthly Review” for March, 1842, the fourteenth article, on the “Italian Historians,” is a reprint of the paper on that subject in our forty-eighth volume. Some of our introductory matter is omitted, the piece, as it stands in the “Monthly,” beginning with the fifth line of our page 333. Two paragraphs are omitted, occupying our pages 335 and 336, and two at the close of our remarks. With these exceptions, our essay is copied, with scarcely a verbal alteration.

The next Number of the “Monthly,” contains a piece (Art. II.) on the “Correspondence of Dr. Bentley,” of which the first three pages are the three closing pages of ours on the same subject six years ago, with only a slight transposition. (Compare “North American Review,” XLIII. 493–495, with “Monthly Review,” for 1842, I. 446–448.) The only difference of any consequence is, that, referring to Bishop Monk’s sketch of Bentley’s domestic character, we said, “Did our limits permit, we would extract the passage.”

The Monthly Reviewer's limits permitted, and the passage was extracted, and a series of further extracts nearly make up the rest of the article. How odd, that an American periodical should be pilfered for a sketch of the English classical Aristarchus.

The next Number of the "Monthly" contains an article (Art. IX.) on "Literary Property," which, by way of forcible illustration of the doctrines therein laid down respecting the sacredness of that kind of possession, is stolen word for word from our forty-eighth volume (Compare "North American Review," pp. 257-264, with "Monthly Review," for 1842, II. 66-72), with only the disguise of a single original paragraph at the beginning of the piece, and another at the end.

This forty-eighth volume of ours was quite a god-send to the user. It also contains a piece upon Arabic Literature and Lexicography, which, with some occasional abridgment and trifling alteration of phrase, constitutes the fifth article of the next following Number of our learned English brother. (Compare "North American Review," XLVII. 462-473, with "Monthly Review," for 1842, II. 193-201.) Besides the omission of some strictures of ours on the early lexicographers, and of our list of Arabic historians, (pp. 468-474,) the two principal deviations of the "Monthly Reviewer" from his original are, that he begins with our third paragraph, and inserts our second afterwards in another place ("Monthly Review," p. 196); and that, from the point (five pages short of our conclusion) where he ceases to copy us exactly, he interweaves detached periods of ours in his remaining fraction of a page. We had said, for instance, (p. 475,) "The only merit, which he [Freytag] can claim over Goliath and Giggæus, arises from a more accurate reading of the text, a truer translation, and a solution of some difficulties by comparing them together;" where our admirer is so good as to remark (p. 201), "*It is maintained by scholars*, that the only merit which he can claim," &c.

Another article, the first, in the same Number of our accomplished fellow-laborer, is on "American Antiquities, and Researches into the Origin and History of the Red Race." This is a somewhat more elaborate composition, the scissors having been used for it upon two of ours. First the critic gives three introductory paragraphs chiefly copied from our Review of Schoolcraft's "Algonic Researches" (com-

pare "North American Review," XLIX. 355-356, with "Monthly Review" for 1842, Vol. II. pp. 141, 142); then he takes us up with "Mounds and ditches very conclusively show the sites of ancient labor" ("Monthly Review," p. 143, "North American Review," XLV. p. 34), in our article upon the second volume of the "Archæologia Americana," and follows us with only such changes as "We incline to think," for "It cannot be denied," through one paragraph; then he applies again to the Review of Schoolcraft for a paragraph, ("Monthly," p. 143, "North American," XLIX. 358), changing our "There is no doubt that language is," for his own "Language we hold to be;" then he reverts to the other paper ("Monthly," p. 143, "North American," XLV. p. 35), and copies us in those general remarks upon Mr. Gallatin's great work from which we proceeded to more particular strictures; then, avoiding these, he recurs to our notice of Mr. Schoolcraft's "Algie Researches," and copies, with a few omissions and abridgments, but no additions, our abstracts of, and comments upon, several of the tales that make up that curious collection ("Monthly," p. 147-152, "North American Review," XLIX. 359-372).

Having been led by accident to observe these striking coincidences, presented in only three Numbers of the "Monthly Review" for this year, we had the curiosity to extend our observations to some of the Numbers of the last four years, in which similar phenomena occur. To spare words, we will set down in a table such as, in a cursory examination, have caught our eye.

Articles in the "North American Review."	Conveyed into the "Monthly Review."
1. Vol. XLV. "Balbi on Libraries," pp. 116-129, 131-134, 143-146.	1838. January. Art. I. pp. 1-11.

A rather bolder larceny than common, as several catalogues in our article make a show on the page, such as to facilitate detection.

2. Vol. XLVII. "Fifty Years of Ohio," pp. 1-56.	1838. November. Art. I. pp. 305-319.
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The fourteen pages relating to Ohio, in the paper in the

"Monthly Review," are made up of detached passages of our article upon the history of the first half century of that State.

3. Vol. XLVII. "Sparks's 1834. January. Art. VII. Life and Writings of Washington," pp. 88 - 100. pp. 318 381.

Our article is five times the length of the other. But the latter is made up of passages copied from it, sentence after sentence, and word for word. Let the reader compare "Monthly Review," pp. 90, 94, 95, 96, 99, with "North American Review," pp. 333 - 337, 340, 361, 363, 375.

4. Vol. XLIV. "Writings 1839. June. Art. III. pp. of Victor Hugo," pp. 133 - 163. 167 - 187.

Here the copyist spares scarcely any thing. He only condenses five pages of our introductory matter into one, with no more change of the language than the selection makes necessary, and omits a page ("North American Review," pp. 139, 140,) in one place, and a half page in another (*Ibid.*, p. 163). His fidelity to his original is the more remarkable, as our article contained a number of metrical translations from Victor Hugo, by the author of the Review.

5. Vol. XLVIII. "Dupon- 1840. December. Art. XIV. ceau on the Chinese Language," p. 274. pp. 579 - 589.

Here, with the occasional omission of a page or two ("North American Review," 277, 278, 280 - 284, 288), the British critic adopts our sentiments and language with the most edifying exactness till he comes nearly to a point, where we begin to use Chinese types; and then (his printer's font failing him, probably), he brings his, or our, strictures to an abrupt close ("North American Review," p. 294, "Monthly Review," p. 589), appending only a page of remark (p. 590), taken from the conclusion of our own article (pp. 307 - 309), on the difficulty of acquiring the Chinese language.

6. Vol. XLIX. "Holbrook's 1841. June. Art. XII. pp. North American Herpetology," 269 - 277. pp. 145 - 155.

This again is a copy made with verbal precision through-

out, except that our introduction, of fourteen lines, and close, of eight, are omitted, and that one short paragraph of ours is altered as follows.

"He has probably never had opportunity to examine that curious and very rare tortoise, the *Sphargis coriacea*, or *leather tortoise*, a specimen of which, more than seven feet in length, was, in the year 1824, captured asleep upon the surface of the water in Massachusetts Bay. This is the only specimen we have ever known to have been taken on the coast of the United States. Upon dissection, its œsophagus was found to be thickly studded," &c. — *N. A. Review*, p. 146.

"Dr. Holbrook has probably never had opportunity to examine that curious and very rare tortoise, the *Sphargis coriacea*, or *leather tortoise*, whose œsophagus is thickly studded," &c. — *Monthly Review*, p. 270.

We, on our part, will copy some forcible remarks from the "*Monthly Review*," giving credit for them, however, and throwing within brackets some proposed emendations of ours, the like of which, under the hand of our ingenious contemporary, would be disposed in a different manner.

"We cannot avoid alluding to those harpies of literature, the republishers [*read*, reviewers] of the United States [*read*, England], who defile the banquet prepared by the writers of England [America], as well as rob them of their property. While touching upon this subject, we cannot forbear calling attention to the importance of the establishment of a law, enabling writers to obtain a copyright for their works in foreign countries, especially America [Great Britain], at the same time that they are published here. The subject is now beginning to attract public notice. Several of our journals have expressed themselves in favor of such a copyright. We shall not pretend to offer here all the arguments in defence of such a law. Our wish is, to state the case as simply as possible, with the hope of engaging the attention and interest of others, who are better qualified to conduct the debate.

"It is probably known to most readers, that writers of this country and other foreigners are not allowed to take out a copyright for their publications in America [Great Britain]. Any American [Englishman] has the liberty of republishing,

abridging, altering, and adding to a foreign book at his pleasure, without any reference whatever to the author. This liberty affords great advantages to their publishers. Within thirty days' sail of us there is a great country, where our language prevails. If a new book [or old periodical] is well received here, the American [English] publisher has only to reprint and sell it [or parts of it] as his own. The copyright costs him nothing, and he therefore enjoys without risk, as its success has been tested abundantly in this country, the double profits of author and publisher. We say nothing of the injustice which is thus done to American [English] writers, not because it is of small importance, but because we wish to view the subject exclusively as it relates to English [American]; for it must be obvious to every one, as long as this state of things lasts, and while there are so many writers and publishers in England [the United States], the American [English] publishers will have quite enough to occupy them in reprinting our works. An American [Englishman] would not be so foolish as to pay a native writer a fair price for his copyright of a work which he is not sure of selling when printed, if he can obtain for nothing the work of some English [American] author, of such well-known popularity, that the sale of an edition is certain. It is in this way, that it injures American [English] as well as English [American] writers." — *Monthly Review*, for 1838. Vol. I. pp. 59, 60.

ART. V. — *Correspondence of WILLIAM PITT, Earl of Chatham, edited by the Executors of his Son, John, Earl of Chatham, and published from the Original Manuscripts in their Possession.* 4 vols. 8vo. London: John Murray. 1838 – 1840.

Clarum et venerabile nomen — *Gentibus*, said Edmund Burke, when paying his beautiful tribute to the memory of Lord Chatham; and nobody at this day repeats the quotation, who does not associate with it a vague feeling of admiration for that statesman and orator. Yet it is a singular fact, that his fame has been left to take care of itself more than that of any celebrated man of modern times. Such were his habits of seclusion, that, of his private life, the public, even of his own day, knew little or nothing. Of his

correspondence, no collection has ever been made till now, excepting a small volume published by Lord Grenville, in 1804. And of his great eloquence, the basis of his political fortune and the source of his fame, nothing remains but what the casual industry of contemporaries, eager to gratify the curiosity of the hour, has partially preserved. We gather our ideas of the orator rather from the almost marvellous accounts, given by witnesses, of the effects which he produced, than from any data submitted to our own judgment. For a long time after his death, the principal source of information about him was a collection of anecdotes, published by Almon, on very questionable authority, which doubtless served to disseminate both the false and the true, of which it was made up, far more widely than any regular biography would have done. The posthumous works of Horace Walpole have done something to enlarge and correct our knowledge of him, although, being written by no friendly hand, they must be read with much distrust. The volumes, which we have before us, make the first publication that has thus far been issued under the authority of his family. They are dedicated to the British public by the great grandsons of Lord Chatham, and appear to contain all the original papers that can now be recovered, wherewith to form a durable monument to his fame. Most readers will, however, be quite as much struck with their deficiencies, as with what they supply. Two unimportant letters, addressed to the Earl of Chesterfield in 1741, comprise every thing that could be gathered out of the first and largest period of his life, and bring us down at once to the time when Mr. Pitt's reputation as an orator in the House of Commons was made, and he was enjoying, as a consequence, the lucrative and distinguished, but not confidential, post of Paymaster-general of the forces. Even when we come, still later, to the most brilliant part of his career, there occurs every now and then a provoking *lacuna*, occasioned by the loss of most important links in the chain of the correspondence. So also with the speeches, of which we are led to infer, that not a vestige under the author's hand remains, from the fact that only such imperfect reports are here given of them to illustrate the text, as could be borrowed from the newspapers of the day, without having ever been either acknowledged or revised.

It is possible that an earlier attention to the subject might

have remedied, at least, a part of the deficiency we complain of. Perhaps there will be papers, hereafter called forth by the investigation to which this publication may give rise, which will shed more light upon it than we now have. Yet, after all, we cannot hope to know a great deal more of Lord Chatham than we now do. That great man, unlike most of his prototypes, appears to have been careless of posthumous fame. Though always exact in the selection of language, both in speaking and writing, this care on his part seems to have been exerted only for the immediate occasion. He corrected little, and published nothing, but left himself to be judged of by posterity through the imperfect and inadequate representations of others. This is a trying method for his reputation, but it may be more fair than that commonly adopted by great men. There must be more or less of gloss put upon those things which are made for show. Those who intend to obtain immortal fame seldom choose to exhibit themselves exactly as they are. And, strange to say, although the English are very proud of the name of Chatham, most of the panegyric which has been bestowed upon him, contains a large share of censure, generally unmerited, and often marking more the carelessness with which it is passed, than the discrimination of the censurer. Disdaining the slanders, which the creatures of the court were continually circulating about him, Lord Chatham, by his contempt, allowed many of them to creep to a place in history. For this reason, if there were no other, we think the editors have done no more than sheer justice to their ancestor, in publishing this work. The manner, in which they have done it, is also creditable. They have not yielded to the very strong temptation to eulogy which the opportunity presented to them, neither have they gone into studied explanations where Lord Chatham has been unjustly condemned. It is always the best course to leave the reader to form his own opinions from the original papers presented to his view, without striving to lead his judgment either by applause or apology. If this great man was often most harshly judged, he only met with the same fate that attends all who exercise great sway over the public mind in public affairs. "The falcon, towering in her pride of place," will be sometimes hawked at, even by the mousing owl. Calumny is the grand leveller of human pride. But the truth is at least as old as Tacitus, that he

who takes pains to perpetuate a slander, by honoring it with his notice, only makes himself the instrument more perfectly to execute the design his enemy had in setting it in motion. "Maledicta spreta exolescunt ; si irascaris, agnita videntur."

The life of the elder Pitt was one of constant struggle with men inferior in capacity to himself, and of questionable morals. A younger son of a family of little note, without fortune even sufficient for a modest subsistence, he was driven to a commission in the army as Cornet-of-horse, to obtain the means to keep himself in Parliament. At the age of twenty-seven, he entered public life, as the representative of Old Sarum, a nomination borough, held by his father. The grand marking distinction between him and all others of his time, is not so much his superior eloquence, for there were many good speakers in his day, as the principles upon which he founded his career. The politicians, with whom he started on his course, were many of them strong men, but all, without exception, professing low notions of political morals. There was Bolingbroke, who, in spite of his declarations, which seem for a time to have deceived even Pitt himself, will ultimately be classed among the most profligate of British political adventurers. There was Pulteney, whose patriotic invective against ministerial infidelity did not survive the possession of an Earl's coronet. There were Carteret, who, with all his genius and all his learning, was, after all, but an eccentric and a sensual-minded man ; and Chesterfield, whose hypocritical public doctrines so singularly contrast with the confidential sincerity of his private letters. And, last of all, there was Sir Robert Walpole, too honest not to despise the cant which was everywhere talked around him, but himself too long hackneyed in the ways of corrupting others to retain or even to profess faith in any political integrity whatsoever. Such was the school in the midst of which William Pitt came forward, a poor, and not highly befriended young man, and learned his alphabet in state affairs. His first efforts drew upon him the attention of the minister. Such was the power of his invective, that the sagacious Sir Robert is said to have exclaimed, "We must at all events muzzle that terrible cornet-of-horse." But, finding himself unable to compass that point, he contented himself with a paltry act of partisan proscription, and deprived of his cornetcy the man he could not muzzle. This act

had the not unusual effect of assisting the individual it was intended to destroy. For it armed him with the popular sympathy, the most powerful weapon which an orator can wield.

What the offers were which the minister made is not known, but they were doubtless such as he had been used to find acceptable to promising young men in Pitt's situation, and as nine out of ten in his day would have been glad to take up with. But Pitt's ambition was to gain power, and not mere place. His desire was to infuse his whole soul into the administration of the government of his country. Walpole, who was liberal of every thing but power, which he would consent to share with no one, therefore found, that he could not treat with him upon any common ground. As a consequence, Pitt remained steadily opposed to him, and with more vehemence than the judgment of his cooler moments, in after life, could entirely justify. The fall of Walpole effected no change in his position, excepting that the transfer of Pulteney to the Lords made him more unequivocally a leader in the House of Commons. The accession to power of the Pelhams, who were glad to become his patrons, proved favorable to his fortune, and their singular policy, in absorbing the chiefs of opposition into their own party without insisting upon union of sentiment, brought him into office. He became, in 1746, Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, and soon after attained the post of Paymaster of the forces.

We have already remarked upon the absence of all materials for his biography in the present work, up to the time of which we are now speaking. Yet it is tolerably apparent from what follows, that he was scarcely satisfied with the disposition that had been made of him, and sought for something more than money. But the prospect of his further promotion to real power was now suddenly obscured. In his period of opposition, he had inveighed with great severity upon that system of policy, introduced into British affairs by the Brunswick princes, which has been denominated *the Hanoverian policy*. Perhaps it is fortunate for his reputation for consistency, among those who require of a public man, that he should never change an opinion from the first hour of his appearance to the last, that these early specimens of his oratory have not been preserved. But we must, nevertheless, be allowed to regret the loss. They would have furnished a

good study to all the young men of the present day, in showing the various natural changes which the sentiments of so great a character underwent, as experience taught him the necessity of enlarging his principles of action with the sphere in which he was called to apply them. They would also have taught the folly of youthful violence, in a path so beset with thorns as that of politics, adding, as it does, superfluous obstacles to those which must be encountered at any rate. Mr. Pitt discovered, that he had unwittingly erected a barrier of prejudice against himself in the mind of George the Second, that threatened to be insuperable. He had done so, not so much by the opposition itself to the Hanoverian subsidies, as by the extreme to which he had carried it. One of three things now remained for him to do, — to retire from public life, and deprive his country of his valuable services altogether ; to remain for ever in an opposition as fruitless as it was excessive ; or, lastly, to concede to the temper of the monarch, and the general interests of the country, as much as he could without entirely surrendering his own opinions. Walpole had adopted the last course, and had been censured by Pitt for so doing ; but Walpole had, in substance, acted wisely, and Pitt, when arrived at the same place of observation, saw that he had. With that decision of mind, which marks the line between great minds and small ones, he preferred to incur the personal charge of inconsistency to the loss of the opportunity to advance the true interests of his country.

Yet to this day this charge against him has been perpetually harped upon. How far Pitt surrendered his principles, has never been made perfectly clear to us ; but it does not appear, that, before he himself became minister, he ever went further than a tacit acquiescence in the German measures, and after that time the country had become involved in a war which justified them. That he would not go far enough to please the sovereign, is very certain from the unintermitted hostility of that personage to him, which had the effect almost to drive him to despair. It is at the moment when the struggle between hope and fear was going on in his mind, that the present Correspondence begins to give us some assistance in understanding his character. Henry Pelham felt the value of Pitt's services in the House of Commons too strongly not to be anxious to assign to him a responsible post in the ministry ; and yet it may be doubted,

whether even he was not willing to make use of the King's prejudices against giving him the share of power which his talents and merit entitled him to claim. The Duke of Newcastle, with less of ability than his brother, adopted more unhesitatingly the same ambiguous course of policy towards him. To the King he contented himself with urging the merits of Mr. Pitt, and to Mr. Pitt he pleaded, in excuse for refusing him promotion, the displeasure of the King. For a time, Pitt seems to have been blinded to the truth, and to have supposed, that the concessions he had been willing to make would be deemed satisfactory. In 1750, we find him writing to the Duke of Newcastle, gratefully acknowledging the services which the Duke was doing him in the following penitent manner.

"I cannot conclude without assuring your Grace of my warmest gratitude for the kind use you were so good as to make of some expressions in my letter. Nothing can touch me so sensibly as any good office in that place where I deservedly stand in need of it so much, and where I have it so much at heart to efface the past by every action of my life." — Vol. I. p. 49.

This is surely no such tone of haughtiness as it has been usual to ascribe to the elder Pitt, but, if any thing, savours a little too much of common mortal weakness. It seems, however, to have always been a characteristic of him to cherish a romantic species of loyalty to the King's person, even in the midst of frequent, and not always moderate, opposition to the King's darling measures. The death of Henry Pelham soon brought his affairs to a crisis. A very interesting letter in the present collection, written at this time by Lord Hardwicke, then Lord Chancellor, to Pitt, shows, that mainly by that Lord's exertions with the King, the Duke of Newcastle was made the prime minister, but that his efforts to obtain for his correspondent the ministerial lead in the House of Commons proved fruitless. The monarch remained inexorable. Another letter follows, from the Duke himself, giving his account of the transaction, and deprecating the hostility which he feared might grow out of it to his own administration. Pitt's own letter, to which these were in answer, is unfortunately missing. It doubtless explained the feelings under which he was then laboring, — feelings which could not surprise, however much they

might alarm them. In the absence of that, we must content ourselves with the next letter in succession, being the reply to the Earl of Hardwicke. In this Mr. Pitt shows the effect upon him of such an ungenerous course of Royal policy.

“ I cannot,” he says, “ without much shame, so abuse your Lordship’s indulgence as to go back, but for a moment, into an unworthy subject, that has already caused you too much trouble, and which must unavoidably be filled with abundance of indecent egotism. But permit me to assure your Lordship, in the first place, that, far from having a doubt remaining on my mind, that more might have been done in my favor *on this occasion*, I think myself greatly indebted to your Lordship’s goodness, and will ever gratefully acknowledge the kind efforts you were pleased to make, to remove impressions that have entered so deep ; but I hope your Lordship will not think me unreasonable, if I conclude, from the inefficacy of these efforts in such a want of subjects to carry on the King’s business in Parliament, and under his Majesty’s strong sense of that want, that these impressions are immovable.

“ Your Lordship is pleased kindly to say, that some way is made, and that some future occasion may be more favorable for me. I am not able to conceive any such occasion possible. God forbid, the wants of his Majesty’s government should ever become more urgent ! Such an unhappy distress can only arise from an event so fatal to this country, and which must deprive me of one of the two great protectors, whose friendship constitutes the only honor of my public life, that I will not carry my views or reasonings forward to that melancholy day. I might likewise add, (I conceive not unreasonably,) that every acquiescence to his Majesty’s negative (necessary as I am convinced it was to acquiesce) must confirm, and render more insurmountable, the resolution taken for my perpetual exclusion.

“ This, I confess, continues to be strongly my view of my situation. It is very kind and generous in your Lordship to suggest a ray of distant, general hope to a man you see despairing, and to turn his view forward from the present scene to a future. But, my Lord, after having set out under suggestions of this general hope ten years ago, and bearing long a load of obloquy for supporting the King’s measures, and never obtaining, in recompense, the smallest remission of that displeasure I vainly labored to soften, all ardor for public business is really extinguished in my mind, and I am totally deprived of all consideration, by which alone I could have been of any use. The weight of immovable Royal displeasure is a load too great to

move under ; it must crush any man ; it has sunk and broke me. I succumb, and wish for nothing but a decent and innocent retreat, wherein I may no longer, by continuing in the public stream of promotion, for ever stick fast aground, and afford to the world the ridiculous spectacle of being passed by every boat that navigates the same river. To speak without a figure, I will presume upon your Lordship's great goodness to me to tell my utmost wish ; it is, that a retreat, not void of advantage, or derogatory to the rank of the office I hold, might, as soon as practicable, be opened to me. In this view, I take the liberty to recommend myself to your Lordship's friendship, as I have done to the Duke of Newcastle's. Out of his Grace's immediate province, accommodations of this kind arise, and to your joint protection, and to that only, I wish to owe the future satisfaction of my life." — Vol. I. pp. 105, 106.

That so proud a spirit should have been, even for a moment, subdued enough to ask for a pension, to retire upon in the fullness of his powers, will serve to show the nature of the obstacles which he must have encountered in his progress. Indeed, abilities even of the highest class, stand no great chance in England, when unsupported either by wealth, strong family connexion, or professional success. Walpole tells us, that Mr. Pitt had no party in Parliament, but that the public opinion pointed him out as one out of the three candidates for the place of ministerial leader at this time. Henry Fox and Murray were the other two ; — the first, a good debater, but a man far inferior in power to Pitt, with few scruples to stand in his way to place ; the other, soon afterwards removed from politics to a high judicial seat, which he long adorned under the title of Lord Mansfield. Mr. Pitt was only sustained by the popular conviction of his fitness, but Mr. Fox was the favorite at court. The Duke of Newcastle, however, though little inclined to trust either of them, was anxious to avail himself of the services of both. His policy became that of playing one off against the other. In this view it was, that Sir Thomas Robinson was pitched upon for Secretary of State, a person notoriously ill qualified for the duty of leading in Parliament ; and it was given out that His Majesty would have no leader in the House of Commons, but expected that his servants would act in concert, and not quarrel among themselves. An admirable arrangement, truly, for the Prime Minister, but one which could hardly be esteemed either honorable or satisfactory to the

persons required to adopt it. Neither could it fail to happen, that those who felt themselves trifled with, should soon unite to make every part of it nugatory.

And, after all, what did this whole game amount to, but an effort of little men to keep down as long as they could a great one? The King felt, that, if he once opened the door of the closet to Mr. Pitt, he should introduce a master. And the leading members of the all-powerful whig aristocracy, who filled the avenues to the throne, intuitively favored an exclusion which suited their little ends and narrow ambition. Thus far the policy had proved successful. It was but slowly that Mr. Pitt opened his mind to the conviction that nothing would come of his conciliatory disposition, and that, if the closet was to be taken by him at all, it must be by storm. We perceive a dawn of this conviction in a paper of remarks, drawn up in his own hand, on the ultimate disruption by him of his agreement with Mr. Fox, whom the Duke of Newcastle ultimately succeeded in drawing off. At the close of this remarkable paper, he says,

“If I have flattered myself in vain with the hope the Royal mind must relent, — when the hard, irrevocable decree, together with the grounds of it, is known to me, I may take my final part as reason will warrant, according to the necessity imposed on me. I shall then be enabled, upon certainty and knowledge, to determine either for acquiescence as I am, or resistance of what I hope I don’t deserve, or for a retreat from both.” — Vol. i. p. 137.

The Duke of Newcastle does not appear to have been a bad man. His public principles were generally sound, but he seldom paid so much attention to them as he did to the details of narrow political combinations. His greatest vice was one not uncommon with men who remain long in public station; that of insincerity and shuffling. So long as he could hold out false hope to Mr. Pitt, and deceive him with professions, he felt safe. But when that gentleman at last cut him short in one of his speeches by saying “Fewer words, my Lord, if you please, for your words have long lost all weight with me,” he felt that his greatest reliance was gone. The next thing that we hear of Pitt is in the House of Commons; and the story, as told by Horace Walpole, is so admirably illustrative of his oratorical talent, that we cannot forbear to place it here.

“ An election petition being in agitation, the House thin and idle, a younger Delaval had spoken pompously and abusively against the petitioner, and had thrown the House into a laughter on the topic of bribery and corruption. Pitt, who was in the gallery, started and came down with impetuosity, and, with all his former fire, said, ‘ He had asked what occasioned such an uproar ; lamented to hear a laugh on such a subject as bribery ! Did they try *within* the House to diminish our own dignity, when such attacks were made upon it from without ? that it was almost lost ! that it wanted support ! that it had long been vanishing ! scarce possible to recover it ! that he hoped the Speaker would extend a saving hand to raise it ; he only could restore it, — yet scarce he ! He called on all to assist, or else *we should only sit to register the arbitrary edicts of One too powerful a subject.*’ This thunderbolt, thrown in a sky so long serene, confounded the audience ; Murray crouched, silent and terrified. Legge scarce rose to say with great humility, ‘ That he had been raised solely by the Whigs, and if he fell, sooner or later, he should pride himself in nothing but in being a Whig.’ ”

This burst upon the Duke of Newcastle, was but the prelude to more decisive measures. The celebrated speech of Mr. Pitt, in November 1755, upon the treaties of subsidy for Hanover, showed, that, whatever he might have conceded, his general principles had never been abandoned. The Duke removed him from his office in consequence, but granted him, at the urgent solicitation of his wife and her brother, Earl Temple, a pension, which had no effect in relaxing his opposition. Perhaps this might have proved unavailing against Fox and parliamentary numbers, had it not been for the breaking out of a war with France. The loss of Minorca created such a popular clamor, that the minister, feeling his incompetency for such a crisis, at last gave way. The Duke resigned, declaring at the same time, not only that he could not, but that no one, excepting Mr. Pitt, could carry on the government. As a necessary consequence, the King found himself at last forced to smother his feelings, and to call to his councils the man whom he hated, whom the nobility envied, who had no party in the House of Commons, and who had his only support in the supereminence of his abilities, and the universal opinion entertained of his independent spirit throughout the British nation. Yet, even then, it was not until after months passed in efforts to get rid of him, which, at one moment, succeeded so far as to tempt the monarch to

order him to resign the post which he had obtained, not until it was made plain by experiment, that the Duke of Newcastle had told the truth, that things finally settled down into something like a durable system. No minister, in English history, had ever before surmounted so many obstacles to the possession of power. None had ever been raised upon such a basis of support. Mr. Pitt became a minister by the nomination of the popular will overbearing all sorts of opposition. "The temper of the nation," says Walpole, "left him master, to take whatever resolution he pleased." And the resolution he took, was to repay to the people who trusted him, in its full extent, the obligation under which they had laid him.

Let us again, for a moment, take notice of the charge of inconsistency which has been brought against Mr. Pitt. It is somewhat remarkable, that Walpole, the principal authority for it, should, in substance, contradict himself in the very act of bringing it forward. Whilst he, on the one hand, admits that he came into power at last rather imposing than receiving conditions, and that it was his adherence to a restrictive policy regarding Hanover, which caused the fruitless attempt by the King to throw him off, he, on the other hand, accuses him of openly and unblushingly coming down to the House of Commons, and demanding the very subsidies which he had before so vehemently opposed. Admitting for a moment the facts to be as he states them, we are at a loss to know, what selfish motive could be supposed to prompt the change. He had gained and kept his post in opposition to the King's will upon this very subject. Is it more likely that he would sacrifice his opinions after he had gained his object, than before, when he might hope for some benefit from doing so? It is easier to account for his behaviour by believing, that he had become by his change of position convinced, that his resistance had been carried rather too far. "My Lord," he said to the Duke of Devonshire, "I am sure I can save this country, and nobody else can." This, which might in other mouths have seemed a proud and idle boast, he proceeded, so far as he was concerned, to prove true. But, in maturing his plan for the purpose, it can hardly be doubted, that he saw the necessity of at least modifying his opinions as to the German policy, so far as to make them conform to the exigency of the war he was about to wage. He did so, and

became inconsistent. But this is a species of inconsistency, which, like his ambition, may be made a subject of reproach to Mr. Pitt without reflecting upon him any dishonor.

There is something in this matter of inconsistency in political men, which deserves to be considered more at large than our limits will allow. We remember the name of scarcely any very celebrated statesman, of either ancient or modern times, against whom the charge has not been brought. So shadowy is the line between right and wrong, and so susceptible is what we take to be the true rule of conduct in this respect, of being abused by bad men for bad purposes, that we are not surprised to find weak men prefer to stick to the letter of their professions, as the safer guide, through all the changing scenes over which they pass. Indeed, one must establish a moral system very firm and highly refined in order to walk with perfect steadiness over the burning ploughshares of political life. There is, in the collection of letters by that wonderful statesman Cicero, a series addressed to Lentulus, in which he lays down rules of action in different circumstances, that are apt to startle a young man with all his abstract ideas of the true, and perfect, and right, fresh about him, but which recommend themselves to his attention more and more as the passage of time makes moral duties something more to him than a charming study. It is in one of those letters, that he says, "*Nunquam enim præstantibus in republicâ gubernandâ viris laudata est in unâ sententiâ perpetua permansio : sed, ut in navigando tempestati obsequi artis est, etiamsi portum tenere non queas ; cum vero id possis mutatâ velificatione assequi, stultum est eum tenere cum periculo cursum, quem ceperis, potius quam, eo commutato, quo velis, tandem pervenire : sic, cum omnibus nobis in administrandâ republicâ propositum esse debeat id, quod a me sæpissime dictum est, cum dignitate otium ; non idem semper dicere, sed idem semper spectare, debemus.*" Words may be modified without hazard, but the principles of conduct must always remain the same. The moral of this passage may be better understood by contrasting it with the far more degrading doctrine of that astonishing compound of the purest and coarsest elements of human nature, Lord Bacon. "All rising to great place," he says, "is by a winding stair ; and, if there be factions, it is good to side a man's self whilst he is in the rising, and to balance himself when he is placed." The one has reference

to the great impulses which may be given to the motion of human affairs, the other merely to the narrow and selfish considerations of personal advancement. The one is the idea of a practical and a virtuous statesman, the other the crafty suggestion of an adept in the intrigues of a court. Both, however, come from the first minds of their race, improved and exercised by long practical acquaintance with the business of life, and both from the personal experience they respectively had of the truth of them in their career.

We are aware of the shelter that bad men can find even under the discrimination which we have attempted to make. Wide as is the distance between the notion of strict right, which a man may hold in his closet, or while acting independently of others, and what he will find himself able to do when in situations restrained and hampered by circumstances beyond his control, and subject to the action of minds cast in an inferior mould, we much fear, that holding him rigidly to maintain his opinions, would be equivalent to an exclusion of the conscientious from all opportunity of acting at all, and giving to the vicious the undisputed control over public affairs. It may be true here, as Lord Chatham says it is of another great maxim, "*Omne solum forti patria est*," "that it has supported some good and great men under the persecutions of faction, but how dangerous is it to trust frail, corrupt man with such an aphorism ! What fatal casuistry is it big with ! How many a villain might and has masked himself in the sayings of ancient illustrious exiles, while he was, in fact, dissolving all the nearest and dearest ties that hold societies together, and spurning at all laws divine and human !" Yet, after all, when the current of human life makes decisions upon emergencies like these unavoidable, it remains for posterity to judge, upon a calm review of the conformity that actually took place between profession and practice through a whole career, whether the motives that actuated the conduct in question were honest or not. Such a test, applied to Mr. Pitt, will not be unfavorable to his reputation ; for he sufficiently proved, by a long life passed in the midst of the temptations of a court, that neither wealth, nor power, nor dignities, had charms enough with him to outweigh his own principles, or the honor of the people whom he strove to serve.

It is an opinion occasionally advanced by writers on the British form of government, that, as in theory the sover-

ign is not, and his ministers are, held responsible for the direction of affairs, he ought not to have any control over them, further than what those in office for the time being may incline to concede to him. We have always regarded the doctrine as unsound in theory, and at variance with all the practice known under the system. The King is, it is true, a king with limited powers, and measures as well as men are not infrequently pressed upon him, which he cannot safely refuse, however much he may dislike them ; but, on the other hand, he is in many cases a real king, and not a puppet, and in his turn forces upon his ministers and his people what is not a whit more acceptable to them. Instances of both kinds abound in the reign of William, and of the first three Brunswick princes. Perhaps the most remarkable one is the Hanoverian policy of which we have been treating. It never was approved, either by the nation, or by any substantial administration, from the day of Lord Townsend down to that of the elder Pitt ; and yet it was persevered in through all that time. This naturally leads us to notice another peculiarity in the same form of government, which is the difficulty attending an attempt to make any sudden change of policy from that which has once been adopted. It is probably for this reason, that, whatever may have been the diversity of sentiment entertained by different men before they rose to be ministers, they have rarely failed, when in power, to carry on substantially one and the same general system. Changes have occasionally taken place, it is true, but they have been so gradually introduced, that the action of the whole machine has not been perceptibly disturbed. This may account for the steady aggrandizement of Great Britain, while other countries have vacillated or gone backwards. It may also account for the comparatively slight effect, which a feeble and incompetent ministry had upon the national prosperity, as well as for the amazing impulse which an able and energetic one gave to it in an incredibly short space of time.

Mr. Pitt found his country embarrassed by a war, which had thus far been feebly carried on, and in alliance with only one foreign prince, who seemed on the point of being overwhelmed by the powerful combination that had been formed against him. It was not a moment for him to stop, or turn back, or sacrifice that ally. He could not have done it without forever destroying the weight of his country in the balance of

Europe. His hand was on the plough left in the middle of the furrow, and he had no choice but to drive it through. But this he could do in a style far different from that of his predecessor. The languid and sleepy figures of the old school looked on with stupid amazement at what they called Pitt's folly, as expedition went out after expedition against the enemy in opposite quarters of the globe, unparalyzed by defeat, and only stimulated to greater exertion by disappointment. Even Lord Anson is said to have been required to place the whole navy at the disposal of the minister, by signing instructions without reading; and officer was thrown aside after officer, who proved unequal to the efforts expected of them, until the chief alighted upon spirits congenial with his own. No man had ever been so absolute over public opinion, in Parliament or out of it, and no man had ever before demanded public service as the sole condition of public rewards. The consequence was immediate. The heroic Wolfe shone forth at once, about to become, at the age of thirty, the daring instrument to annihilate the French power in one of the four quarters of the globe;—a youth, who, even in the very boat that was bearing him to his bed of immortality on the heights of Abraham, could stop to dwell with delight upon the lines of a poet, who was then adding another leaf to the chaplet of his country's glory. Full of melancholy foreboding of the failure of that desperate enterprise, which turned out equal to the most brilliant exploits of antiquity, he could yet repeat to his officers, among others, the lines

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave,”

and cry out, “Now, Gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec.”* Such a man, in his spirit, was worthy of the poet whom he lauded, and, in deed, of the minister who had preferred him, and all three, of the country which, in their respective modes, they were equally striving

* This anecdote is beautifully told by Grahame, in the third volume of his “History of the United States,”—a work of great merit, because founded on the love of moral truth. The author is at last dead, without ever meeting with that reward in the popular favor which he always longed for, and ought to have received.

to honor and exalt. Alas ! that Wolfe should himself have furnished the next striking illustration of the bard's truth. There was also rising in the opposite hemisphere, in the person of Clive, another daring adventurer, who was doing, by a more painful process, for Great Britain in India, what Wolfe accomplished at a stroke in America. Sir Edward Hawke and Sir Charles Saunders, under the guidance of the same great mind, were spreading the British dominion over the ocean. And what was the result ? In three years, the man, whom Horace Walpole accuses of pardoning nothing in any one but a victory, could look over the globe and find no cause of offence.

Strange, indeed, would it have been if such a minister had not conciliated the most inimical sovereign by such incense as his policy was daily administering to his pride. But George the Second, although reconciled to the minister, never overcame his prejudice against his Grenville connexions, on whose account, once or twice in his life, Pitt suffered some inconvenience. With this exception, the aristocracy, overborne for the moment by such splendor of success as they could not even cavil at, looked on with envy rather than admiration. In truth, Mr. Pitt courted nobody, and conciliated nobody. He felt himself the agent of the nation, and sought support only in the moral power which his successful system gave him over the popular heart. It has been objected to him by a man, himself a great statesman, that he was governed too much by general maxims ; and perhaps the charge is not without some foundation. Pitt should have remembered, that in the natural world the feeblest and most insignificant of insects have power to hurt the noblest of the animal creation. He conceded the patronage of the crown to the Duke of Newcastle, without duly reflecting that he was arming a traitor with weapons to use against himself at the first opportunity. And all the nobility were, like their head, in secret chafing under a subjection new as it was extraordinary, and anxiously waiting the first occasion of throwing it completely off. In the work before us, we have a short specimen of the tone which some of them ventured to hold towards Pitt.

“ THE EARL OF EXETER TO MR. PITT.

(1757—8.)

“ Sir, — Since you seem determined not to give me admit-

tance into your house, I must have recourse to this method of acquainting you with my business. It was to have known from your own mouth, why the Rutland militia were ordered to march, after I had requested they might not, and you had assured me they should not; at the same time promising they should be embodied, to prevent their 'listing into the regulars.

" Depending on this assurance, I have informed the officers and men, that they were not to march at this unseasonable time of the year, but to perfect themselves in their exercise against the summer; and, by relying on your word, I have broke mine to the whole country.

" As your time is so much taken up, I must desire you will order Mr. Wood to send me word why I have been deceived.

" I am your humble servant,

" EXETER.*

" Bristol is near two hundred miles from Rutland."

The answer is very characteristic.

" MR. PITT TO THE EARL OF EXETER.

(1757-8.)

" My Lord, — The matter of your Lordship's letter surprises me as much as the style and manner of it. I never deceive, nor suffer any man to tell me I have deceived him. I declare upon my honor, I know nothing of the order to march the Rutlandshire militia, if any such be given. I desire, therefore, to know what your Lordship means by presuming to use the expression of being deceived by me. I am your Lordship's humble servant.

W. PITT.

" I delay going out of town till I hear from your Lordship."

— Vol. I. pp. 293, 294.

The elements of discontent with Pitt remained dormant during the rest of the second George's reign, but the accession of his grandson very soon presented the desired opportunity to rouse them all. There is abundant evidence, in the confidential notes to his wife written by Pitt, that he was straining every effort to conquer, only the more certainly to secure a peace. But when he had at last forced France into a negotiation, he had occasion very soon to perceive, that that wily Court was only seeking to gain time, in order the more certainly to involve Spain in a quarrel with

" * Brownlow, ninth Earl of Exeter, at this time Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Rutland. Though without date, this letter, as well as the answer, was no doubt written during the winter of 1757-8."

Great Britain, and to force her to join in the war. This was in fact done by the ratification of the Family Compact, a movement that at once convinced Pitt no half-way measures should be preserved. He therefore determined to push the court of Spain at once to a rupture. The measure was bold, and, if it had been adopted when proposed, we think could scarcely have failed to make Great Britain the arbitress of the politics of Europe. But it proved too strong for the nerves of the rest of the Cabinet ministers. The intrigues, which had been hatching about the court, were suddenly brought to maturity by the somewhat injudicious precipitation of the object against whom they were directed. Lord Bute, who had been secretly working ever since the commencement of the new reign to gain the control of affairs, now came out openly in opposition, and was ultimately joined by all the ministers but Lord Temple. Mr. Pitt declared in the cabinet, "that he was called to the ministry by the voice of the people, to whom he conceived himself accountable for his conduct, and that he could not remain in a situation which made him responsible for measures he was no longer allowed to guide." The truth of this speech brought upon him a sharp rebuke from the President of the Council, Lord Granville, who expressed himself particularly disgusted at the mention of the voice of the people in the King's Council. The two dissentient ministers resigned. Lord Bute and his coadjutors were compelled, in a few months, to make that very declaration of war against Spain, for recommending which they had driven them to resign. And Bubb Doddington, that paragon of disinterestedness and public virtue, addressed the new premier in loud notes of exultation; "I sincerely wish your Lordship joy of being delivered of a most impracticable colleague, his Majesty of a most imperious servant, and the people of a most dangerous minister. I am told that the people are sullen about it. Be that as it may, I think it my duty to my most gracious sovereign and my generous friend to say, that, if I can be of any service to either in any thing that is most dangerous and difficult, I am most ready to undertake it." He doubtless thought, that he could easily supply the vacuum which had been created.

We have said, that the resignation of Pitt was injudicious and precipitate. He appears to us to have needlessly fallen into the snare that had been laid for him. A little more pa-

tience would have forced the members of the cabinet to come round at last to his opinion, and would have enabled him to crown a glorious war with an honorable and lasting peace. But impetuosity, which is the virtue of an orator, is often a vice in a Counsellor and Minister of State. The consequence was, that Bute tried to gain by the peace something of the honor, which belonged of right to the policy of Pitt, and then suddenly slunk from the storm of popular indignation, which the retirement of the latter had raised against him. And the King had his share of punishment, in becoming the sport of the factions into which the aristocracy was divided.

Of this brilliant period of Mr. Pitt's career, there is but a single incident more, upon which we design to dwell. It appears, that, upon the occasion of his audience had of the King for the purpose of resigning his seals of office, a few kind words, addressed to him by George the Third, affected him to tears. "I confess, Sir," he said, "I had but too much reason to expect your Majesty's displeasure. I had not come prepared for this exceeding goodness. Pardon me, Sir, it overpowers, — it oppresses me." And when Lord Bute wrote to him of the King's desire to offer him either the Government of Canada, the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, or any thing he would himself prefer to point out, he answered in terms full of humility and gratitude, declining the offices, but requesting a pension for his family. And when this was granted, together with a peerage, to his wife, he replied, that "he had not words to express the sentiments of veneration and gratitude with which he received the unbounded effects of beneficence and grace, which the most benign of sovereigns had condescended to bestow on him and those most dear to him." These expressions and this conduct have been made the basis of reproach by a late writer, Lord Brougham, as "marking traits of a somewhat vulgar, if not a sordid kind, to be found on a closer inspection of his character." It may be so ; but we cannot help thinking the judgment harsh, if not erroneous. It must be remembered, that Mr. Pitt was, in a great degree, the architect of his own fortune ; that he never possessed the independence springing from large pecuniary resources ; that, when in lucrative situations, like that of Paymaster, he had refused to avail himself

of advantages in the use of the public money, which others, before him, had invariably considered as attached to the place ; and, lastly, that he had had to contend with the personal hostility of one sovereign for many years, and had only just conquered it, when he was threatened with a renewal of it in the person of another, his successor. Considering all these things in connexion with his ardent temperament, his romantic notions of loyalty, and his strong domestic attachment to wife and children, we cannot go so far as to designate a few phrases of sudden exuberant feeling, upon receiving a benefit where he had reason to expect nothing but coldness, as either sordid or vulgar traits of character. As a mere popularity-hunter, no doubt, Mr. Pitt would have acted more prudently in declining all proffered favors, and in walking into the House of Commons loud-mouthed against the sovereign and the cabal, who had driven him out of office. He never professed himself indifferent to rewards for services rendered, although he disdained trading in pensions and sinecures, given without consideration. We think, therefore, that, although it would have been, perhaps, more consistent with his general greatness of character, if he had declined, instead of accepting, the favors conferred upon him, yet such acceptance does not merit the name either of vulgarity or sordidness.

But we find that we shall not be able, within our limits, to follow the track of this noble statesman minutely. He returned to his seat as a mere member of the Commons, without indulging in complaints or repining, or any of the selfish dissatisfaction which marks the character of a mere demagogue. Neither could he content himself to enter into the factious combinations, which are constantly forming among the outs, with the design to get into office. "All I can say is this, that I move in the sphere only of measures. Quarrels at court, or family reconciliations, shall never vary my fixed judgment of things. Those who, with me, have stood by the cause of liberty and the national honor, upon true Revolution-principles, will never find me against them, till they fall off, and do not act up to those principles." Such were his words, addressed to Thomas Walpole, and he made them good. He led the opposition against the peace of 1763, in the case of the general warrants, and the American stamp act, with just as much ardor and energy as if he had never

received any favor whatever from the crown. This, we apprehend will account for the singular inconsistency, which most writers fall into, when speaking in one breath of his loss of popularity in consequence of accepting his pension, and in the next of his influence in the nation being at its height not long after that period. Lord Brougham, for example, whom we have already had occasion to quote, when finishing his sketch of Lord Chatham, appears to us to have rather forced the truth in this respect for the sake of better rounding his last periods. "Lord Chatham's popularity," he says, "struck down by his pension, was afterwards annihilated by his peerage." This might have been so, had Mr. Pitt been like Pulteney, a second-rate person, purchased by an earldom. But the people of England care not how many pensions or titles are heaped on a man by the court, the moment after they become convinced that these have not shut his mouth, or enslaved his mind. What made William Pitt to be Lord Chatham, but his commanding popularity in the nation years after he had received his pension? And what made all parties unite, upon his death, to grant honors before unheard of to his memory, but the universal opinion entertained of his merit long after he had accepted his peerage? If ever there was a popular idol in Great Britain, that idol was Lord Chatham. That he experienced occasional great fluctuations in that popularity, is no more than what has happened, in a greater or less degree, to every public man in the course of a long life. It is, we think, the greatest proof of the prodigious hold he had upon the nation's affections, that he could do what has annihilated other men, and yet suffer only a temporary estrangement of them.

Yet Pitt was very far from being the sort of person calculated for great popularity. He was cold in his manners, haughty, and often even overbearing. Chesterfield tells us, that, in his most agreeable moods, one might discern a consciousness of his own superior talents. He took not much pains to conceal his contempt for small men, whether aristocrats or demagogues. In illustration of this, we will here annex extracts from letters to two persons of these respective classes. The first of them was written, in 1764, to the Duke of Newcastle, that great plotter of parliamentary combinations, in answer to some proposals for negotiation. Re-

ferring to certain letters, that had been enclosed for his perusal, he says ;

“ As to the letters, which your Grace has done me the honor to transmit to me, and which I herewith return enclosed, I can only present my best acknowledgments for the favorable sentiments which moved your Grace to make to me such a communication. As for the matter itself, (which I perceive was not intended for my consideration,) I must entreat your Grace to excuse me from offering any opinion whatever, as to the steps which you may think proper to take relating thereto. Of that, your Grace, who has to consider the various personal attachments which follow you, can be the only fit judge. As for *my single self*, I purpose to continue acting through life upon the best convictions I am able to form, and under the obligation of principles, not by the force of any particular bargains. I presume not to judge for those, who think they see daylight to serve their country by such means ; but shall continue myself, as often as I think it worth the while to go to the House, to go there *free* from stipulations about every question under consideration, as well as to come out of the House as free as I entered it. I have some right to hope, that your Grace will not attribute this reserve to want of confidence, having *declared, most explicitly, on all occasions*, that, whatever I think it my duty to oppose or to promote, I shall do it, independent of the sentiments of others.

“ Continuing, then, unalterable in the way of thinking your Grace was no stranger to, not to mix myself, nor to suffer others to mix me, in any bargains or stipulations whatever, I could much have wished your Grace had not done me the great honor to ask my advice upon the matter proposed to your Grace ; and I humbly and earnestly entreat, that for the future, the consideration of me may not weigh at all, in any answer your Grace may have to make to propositions of a political nature. Having seen the close of last session, and the system of that great war, in which my share of the ministry was so largely arraigned, given up by *silence* in a full House, I have little thought of beginning the world again upon a new centre of union. Your Grace will not, I trust, wonder, if, after so recent and so strange a phenomenon in politics, I have no disposition to quit the free condition of a man, standing *single* and daring to appeal to his country at large upon the soundness of his principles, and the rectitude of his conduct.” — Vol. II. pp. 296, 297.

The other letter was addressed to a zealous political clergyman, who seems to have imagined that Mr. Pitt countenanced Mr. Wilkes because he was a factious demagogue,

and not because in his person he was sustaining the principles of liberty, and who, on account of the cry against Lord Bute, offered his services to write a pamphlet against the union with Scotland. It was as follows.

“MR. PITT TO THE REV. PAUL SHENTON.

“Hayes, December 8, 1764.

“SIR,—Having received a letter signed with the name to which I direct this, I cannot defer a moment expressing my astonishment and concern, that one of your rank, a clergyman, could so misconceive of me, as to imagine that I countenanced libels, because I disapproved part of the methods of proceeding relating to them. Let me undeceive you, Sir, by telling you, that no well-wisher of mine, which you are so good as to say you are, can have led you into this error. I have ever abhorred such odious and dangerous writings; and, in the late unhappy instance of the ‘North Briton,’ no man concurred more heartily than I did, in condemning and branding so licentious and criminal a paper.

“Next, as to a pamphlet, which you say you have thoughts of writing, to exhort the people of England to repeal the act of union, and which you wish to dedicate to me, or to the great magistrate you mention [Chief Justice Pratt, afterwards Lord Camden]; know, Sir, that I revere the Union, as the main foundation of the strength and security of this Island; that it was the great object of our immortal deliverer, King William; that France may wish to dissolve it, but that all good Englishmen will ever maintain it inviolate.

“You will, I doubt not, accept in good part, this free but not unuseful admonition to misguided zeal; and, if you really favor me with your good wishes, you will be glad to understand me aright. Be assured, then, Sir, that I disdain and detest faction, as sincerely as I reverence and love the laws, rights, privileges, and honor of my country.

“I am, Sir, your obedient, humble servant,

“WILLIAM PITT.

“P. S. This letter to you may serve for all, who, like you, are so widely mistaken concerning me.”—Vol. II. pp. 302, 303.

This, certainly, is not the tone of a person courting popularity by unworthy arts. It is scarcely that which will retain popularity, even with the strongest recommendations of merit. What, then, it may be asked, was the secret of Pitt’s extraordinary power? We think it was the great moral strength of his character, aided by his powers of elo-

quence. Men of talents had been common in England for centuries, but an individual relying upon himself alone for his promotion, and adhering to a pure and exalted system of political morality, through all the stages of his career, was something of a novelty. The people of England had been accustomed to hear patriots in the House of Commons before they became placemen, and they had been accustomed to see combinations of all kinds, among the factions in Parliament that then ruled the country, formed with little regard to any other principle than that of acquiring power ; but the idea of a single man connecting himself with none of them, further than he could conscientiously act with them, was what they had not been used to. This was what earned for Pitt the name of an impracticable man. Such men as Doddington, whose only guide in public life was his seven nomination boroughs, could not approach him. And most of the aristocracy dreaded him, whose principles of action were so far above their own, that they were unable to comprehend them. The King found, that he could not do with him or without him. His mere refusal to sustain a ministry was equivalent to its downfall, whilst there was no disposition in the court to accede to any system, which he would himself point out. The letters relative to the negotiation of 1763, are in the collection before us, and, we think, show very clearly the nature of the obstacles that were put in his way, and the treachery with which he was surrounded. Finding that the popularity which he enjoyed was the great barrier to the progress of every administration formed independently of him, the plot appears to have been to draw him into a negotiation, the failure of which should appear to arise from his own unreasonable and extravagant dictation of terms to the King, so that his support, in the public opinion, might be the easier undermined. For nothing could be more easy to do than what Doddington says he and Lord Bute did against the same person upon another occasion, that is, “to agree upon getting runners, and to settle what he would disperse.” This scheme was, to a certain extent, successful for the moment, although we can now decide, by the aid of the papers before us, that Pitt was the deceived, and not the faulty party.

Thus far we have quoted from the public letters of our author. But there is another light in which he shines very brightly. We mean his domestic character. What can

there be, for example, more charming than the following letters, written upon the occasion of his great triumph in the repeal of George Grenville's Stamp Act?

"LADY CHATHAM TO MR. PITT.

"Hayes, past nine, Saturday, February 22, 1766.

"Joy to you, my dear love. The joy of thousands is yours, under Heaven, who has crowned your endeavours with such happy success. May the Almighty give to mine and to the general prayers, that you may wake without any increased gout, or any cold, that may threaten it, by and by! I will hope that Mr. Onslow may have been a true prophet, and that what you saw yesterday, and what Johnson tells me you *heard*, the gratitude of a rescued people, have cured you.

"I cannot tell you with what pleasure my eyes opened upon the news. All my feelings tell me that I hate oppression, and that I love zealously the honor of my dear husband. I must not be sorry that I do not see you to-day; it would be too great a hurry, and it is fit you should rejoice with those, that have *triumphed* under you.

"I hope that little Hester's cough is something better; much I cannot say; but, as it has begun to yield, I trust we shall soon get the better of it. She and John are by no means indifferent to the news. Eager Mr. William I have not yet seen. A thousand thanks for your dear note of yesterday. The hounds are just discovered in Dock Mead, and have animated us into a charming noise; which would be inconvenient, if I had more to add than that I am

"Your ever faithful and loving wife,

"CHATHAM.

"You will keep Smith as long as you please, till it is convenient for you to see him. I do not understand the House dividing at half-past twelve, and you not being at home till half-past two."

"MR. PITT TO LADY CHATHAM.

"February 22, past four, 1766.

"Happy, indeed, was the scene of this glorious *morning* (for at past one we divided), when the sun of liberty shone once more benignly upon a country, too long benighted. My dear love, not all the applauding joy, which the hearts of animated gratitude saved from despair and bankruptcy, uttered in the lobby, could touch me, in any degree, like the tender and lively delight, which breathes in your warm and affectionate note.

"All together, my dearest life, makes me not ill to-day after the immense fatigue, or not feeling that I am so. Wonder not if I should find myself in a placid and sober fever, for tumultuous exultation, you know, I think not permitted to feeble mortal successes; but my delight, heartfelt and solid as it is, must want its sweetest ingredient (if not its very essence), till I rejoice with my angel, and with her join in thanksgivings to protecting Heaven for all our happy deliverances.

"Thank you for the sight of Smith; his honest joy and affection charm me. Loves to the sweet babes, patriotic or not; though I hope impetuous William is not behind in feelings of that kind. Send the saddle-horses, if you please, so as to be in town early to-morrow morning. I propose and hope to execute my journey to Hayes by eleven.

"Your ever loving husband,

"W. PITT."

— Vol. II. pp. 391–393.

There is something inexpressibly charming to us in the background, which a cultivation of the domestic affections forms in the picture of a great statesman. And this not so much because of the beauty which it gives to life in every condition, as of the assurance it furnishes in this instance of the sincerity of Pitt's public virtue. Let us contrast for a moment the character of Sir Robert Walpole with that of Pitt, and see how immeasurably the latter rises. The former a scorner of private morals, crediting his wife's infidelity and certain of his own, fond of ribald jokes and the vilest scandal of a corrupt court, without faith in the integrity of others, and perpetually guiding his course upon the assumption of their want of it, his public policy partook of the taint which infected his private life; whilst Pitt, on the contrary, makes the splendid bursts of his eloquence a regular deduction from the maxims of his domestic fireside. To his wife, to his sons, and to his nephew, he is always the supporter of the same general principles of morality, which alone constitute the sure foundation for either public or private excellence. We see in the most confidential outpourings of his heart a beautiful consistency with the thunder-tones of his oratory. There is no paltering with expediency, no mental evasion to qualify the purity of his doctrine. His moral analysis reaches even to the mind within, for, among a few detached sentences found in his handwriting, there is the following. "It is of as great importance for a man to

take heed what thought he entertains, as what company he keeps ; for they have the same effect on the mind. Bad thoughts are as infectious as bad company ; and good thoughts solace, instruct, and entertain the mind like good company ; and this is one great advantage of retirement, that a man may choose what company he pleases from within himself." He here shows how necessary mental self-discipline was in his estimate of moral excellence. That such a man should be impracticable in the common and dirty intrigues of politics, is far more credible to us, than that there should have been any thing sordid or vulgar about him, according to Lord Brougham's accusation.

No. The defects of Pitt, for such he doubtless had, were not of this character, but rather flowed from an excessive tenacity of his own convictions of right. Like all great orators known in history, his mind magnified much the subjects immediately offered to its attention. And this drove him often to insist upon points, as indispensable to be conceded to him, which a cooler judgment would have waved contesting without injurious consequences. With him the country was very often ruined, when the government was feebly conducted ; and the constitution was prostrate, when the minister had only inadvertently shaken one of its outworks. These were not merely figures of rhetoric with him, for his private notes show that he believed what he said. It is plain, also, that the character of his oratory was in no respect artificial. It was always warm from his heart, and partook of the exaggeration of his excited feelings. He was not of that numerous class, who think all public virtue concentrated in mildness of tone. Speaking of such in one of his letters, he says, " 'Moderation, moderation !' is the burden of the song among them. For myself, I am resolved to be in earnest for the public, and shall be a *scarecrow of violence* to the gentle warblers of the grove, the moderate whigs, and temperate statesmen." And indeed such persons may be capital steersmen in calm weather, but they stand no chance in a storm. Moderation could never have driven Catiline out of the Senate at Rome, or the British Ministry to retrace their steps in the case of Wilkes's expulsion, or the American people to obtain their independence as a nation of the earth. But, although this be true, it will equally sometimes happen, that they who are violent to

some purpose at one time, are needlessly so at another. It is one of the most difficult of an orator's tasks to define the exact line of his duty between the just and the extravagant, in this respect. And here we must admit, that Pitt's natural impetuosity not unfrequently led him into error.

King George the Third may have been a good man, but there can be little doubt at this time, that he was a very obstinate one. This obstinacy led him to quarrel, in turn, with almost every set of ministers arranged for him, until he was again driven to hold up Mr. Pitt as a shelter from their indignation. Such was the origin of the second ministry of that gentleman in 1766. The basis, without which no attempt to carry on the government in Great Britain can be successful, must necessarily be broad enough to combine a majority of the interests that sway both houses of Parliament. But the materials, to which Pitt appears to have been limited, were extraordinarily narrow. An unfortunate difference of opinion, at the outset, with Lord Temple, the nature of which is not precisely defined, deprived him of the coöperation which he had expected from him, and drove him to the selection of others, either not cordial to him, or opposed to his opinions. The consequence was an administration, which has been too admirably described by Burke ever to require any other historian. Pitt himself chose for his position a peerage, and one of the less responsible posts, that of Lord Privy Seal; the reasons for which, it is not perfectly easy to understand. We perceive, that, in a note to the present edition, the editors attribute his decision to a desire on his part to be removed from a scene for which his age, and his shattered constitution, were making him unfit. But this reason, if valid at all, should have prevented his acceptance of the direction of the government, for he could not but have foreseen, as clearly as Lord Chesterfield did, that his promotion was, what the latter called it, a fall upstairs, and that he left no coadjutor whom he could depend upon in the place he was quitting. We rather lean to the belief, that even this great man was dazzled for a moment by the lustre of a peerage, and regarded it as the natural reward of a long life of public service, without considering the difficulties in which the acceptance of it at this moment would immediately involve him. Such is human nature, even in its noblest modifications; and we must not refuse to

look at it because it will not appear uniformly perfect. If there was an infirmity of purpose here, he paid for it pretty dearly. The state of mind into which he was thrown, brought on a constant uneasiness from gout, a disease to which he had been from early life a martyr, and an unwillingness, as well as inability, to take any part in the conduct of affairs. The King appears to have been anxious to go on with the advantage, which the mere use of his name had given him ; but the acting ministers soon disagreed among themselves, and a majority of them, probably with the royal assent, adopted a line of policy towards America and the East India Company, wholly at variance with the principles of the nominal premier. Lord Chatham resigned, the Chancellor Camden and Lord Shelburne also retired, and, after a little vacillation, that administration was formed, which is well known in America under the designation of Lord North's.

There were not wanting those in England, and Horace Walpole is their spokesman to posterity, who charged Lord Chatham with covering a wilful desertion of his duties under the plea of illness. But we perceive nothing in his character to justify such an accusation, and we know, that there were occasionally throughout his career, long periods, when, whether in opposition or in power, he was completely retired from the scene. We see by the letters in the present collection, that any talk of business during his paroxysms, had so unfavorable an effect upon his complaints, that his wife, who loved him almost to idolatry, was unwilling to be the bearer, even of any message, which she foresaw would agitate him, although she appears to have generally been his amanuensis in all cases of a strictly confidential nature, and the medium through whom his replies were always communicated, when he was unable to draw them up himself. The letters to the King, which he dictated, breathe a strong hope of recovery, and a desire to retain his position as long as there was any prospect in his mind of becoming ultimately useful in it. The idea of dissimulation, carried on to so great an extent as this would indicate, is not only at war with all the notions we have of his character, but is utterly absurd. Yet such is the harshness, with which the world commonly judges public men, that this notion was for a time generally entertained in England, and had a temporary effect in cooling the popular admiration of the man. It is observed by his

biographer, that his retirement from office, which in 1757 and in 1761 had been marked by the warmest demonstrations of public enthusiasm, in 1768 scarcely excited an observation.

The mental quiet, which complete retirement from politics gave him, had a favorable effect upon the health of Lord Chatham, and he again came forward to lead an opposition against the proceedings in the case of Wilkes and the American policy. Notwithstanding the long intervals that often took place in his attendance in the House of Lords, his appearance there was always attended with immense effect upon the popular feeling; and the speeches which he made during this period are the only ones that have come down in a shape to interest the present generation. His course in opposition to the American war earned for him a great popularity in this country, which yet remains, notwithstanding his final declaration against surrendering the point of our independence. But he found himself unable to effect much, by reason of the internal disagreement among those with whom he was obliged to act. With the Rockingham party he had, for some reason or other, never been cordial, and he was too independent not to find himself sometimes running counter to the popularity-hunting devices of his City-of-London friends. He seems to have been upon terms of more confidential intimacy with Lord Shelburne, than with any one else; and to him he accordingly addressed a succession of letters, which are contained in the collection before us, and which give a tolerable insight into the state of his mind and the difficulties by which he was surrounded. We extract the following as a specimen.

“THE EARL OF CHATHAM TO THE EARL OF SHELBURNE.

“Sunday Evening, November 11, 1770.

“My dear Lord, — I am heartily glad that you arrived in town, because I am always truly glad of the opportunities of exchanging sentiments on the state of this devoted country. As for the various and extensive ill consequences of a delay” [this refers to a fresh petition and remonstrance of the City to the King], “which infatuation alone could produce (the bottom admitted to be sound), they have all fallen upon the delayers, and nothing remains but the smaller or greater degree of diminution of weight and efficacy in whatever steps they take in assertion of rights they defend. Disgusted though your Lordship sup-

poses I may be, at these egregious errors, I will not say I am. My experience would have given me very little, if I had not learned to view without surprise, and with much of pity and of good-will, not of contempt, the weaknesses of the well-intentioned, absorbed too often in smaller things, and neglecting and losing the critical moments for the execution of greater.

“ There is also, I perceive, reason to fear a race of frivolous and ill-placed popularity about press-warrants. I am determined to resist this ill-judged attempt to shake the public safety. In this state of things, I shall persevere to do my duty to my country, determined by principle, though unanimated by hope. As to what the City now intends to do, I wish to hear nothing of it ; resolved to applaud and defend what I think right, and to disapprove what shall appear to me wrong and untenable. All the rest is to me, my dear Lord, nothing. The sooner I have the pleasure to embrace your Lordship, the happier I shall be.”

— Vol. III. pp. 484, 485.

Another letter to the same person is too remarkable to be omitted. The Irish House of Commons favored a tax upon the property of absentees, which pressed so hard upon many of the Whig nobility, as to lead to their resistance of it ; and by their influence the ministry in England were finally compelled to put a stop to the measure. Lord Shelburne, himself an Irish landholder, consulted Lord Chatham as to the course proper to be pursued in Parliament, and received several letters in reply, from one of which we take the following passage.

“ The other important affair, which I understand is resolved to be brought upon the scene, is not of a nature to be laid by till a future opportunity ; as your Lordship does me the honor to command me to trouble you with my sentiments relating to it, before it comes on. By the singularity in which I find I stand as to my notions, it might be as well to be quite silent ; but, if Lord Shelburne orders, I am willing to be indiscreet. I must ask permission to be short, as my hand will not follow my mind.

“ Allow me, then, my dear Lord, to say, in one word, that any question, proposition, resolution, or declaration in Parliament here, censuring, branding, or forbidding in future a tax laid in a committee of supply, upon Ireland, in the Irish House of Commons, appears to me to be fatal. Were my information less authentic, I should think it impossible, that the axe could be so laid to the root of the most sacred, fundamental right of the

Commons, by any friends to liberty. The justice or policy of the tax on absentees is not the question; and on these, too, endless arguments may be maintained, pro and con. The single question is, Have the Commons of Ireland exceeded the powers lodged with them by the essential constitution of Parliament? I answer, They have not! and the interference of the British Parliament would, in that case, be unjust, and the measure destructive of all fair correspondence between England and Ireland for ever. Were it possible for me to attend the House of Lords, I would, to the utmost of my power, oppose any interference of Parliament here upon this matter, and enter my protest upon the journals against it.

“ Thus, my dear Lord, I have, with abundant temerity, sent your Lordship an insignificant, solitary opinion. It is pure in the source, flowing from the old-fashioned Whig principles; and, if defective in discernment, very replete with conviction. I make no difficulty to write by the post, meaning to have no concealment of my sentiments on this important object. On the contrary, I wish to have it known, that I am strenuously against any interference of Parliament here, in any shape whatever, upon this matter.

“ I have now, my dear Lord, only to add, that I grieve to find myself constrained, by irresistible conviction, to set my single opinion against that powerful stream, that bears down all before it. I am persuaded of the rectitude of their intentions; but not the less alarmed at the certain confusion this infatuated counsel will plunge us in. What extenuation shall I, at last, offer to your Lordship for all the above presumptions? I cannot read over, without blushing, opinions so decided, standing alone as I do; and yet I will own, at the same time, that I should feel more shame, if, in a conjuncture like this, I hesitated to declare them. Let me, then, throw myself upon the candor of my judge, in full confidence, that he would pardon any crime rather than insincerity. I am ever, &c.

“ CHATHAM.”

— Vol. iv. pp. 319 – 321.

It will be immediately perceived, that the question involved was the exact converse of the one growing out of the British policy towards America, but that both rest substantially upon the same general principle. It is to the honor of Lord Chatham, that he saw it as clearly in the one case, where his own personal interests were somewhat concerned, as he did in the other, where it was a purely public question. But what is creditable to him rather serves to show, in a

stronger light, how little of principle guided the course of the Rockingham Whigs. For, whilst they went considerably beyond him in their disposition to concede to America, they were not ashamed to urge a stretch of power by the sovereign in behalf of their own interests in Ireland. It is not to be wondered, if, under these circumstances, Lord Chatham and the Whigs found it difficult to keep upon the same general line of conduct, or that the closing act of the life of the former should have proved a public declaration of their disagreement. It is not impossible, that the rigid adherence, manifested by Lord Chatham, to the right of sovereignty of Britain over her Colonies, might, had he lived, have once more converted the hatred of the King to him into fawning, and have drawn him in to attempt a reconciliation long after it had become impossible. There can be no doubt, that he saw, with the peculiar intuition of genius, the consequences of the enormous blunder, that had been committed by the passage of the Stamp Act; but it is not so clear, that he ever fully understood, how hopeless was any chance of reconciliation. If he had done so, he would scarcely have proposed his conciliatory bill, which Dr. Franklin ought never to have encouraged him to hope would prove satisfactory. Fortunate was it, perhaps, for his fame, that the splendid termination of his career, whilst it blazed with the fire of his patriotic devotion, prevented him from attempting what could only have resulted in a mortifying failure and disgrace.

Turning from the view of Lord Chatham's public career, and going back some years, let us notice those excellent private letters, written by him to his nephew, Thomas Pitt, Lord Camelford, which Lord Grenville originally published. They were written at about the period when, as we have already, in the earlier part of this article, shown, the author deemed himself at the crisis of his political fortunes, and when, owing to the death of Mr. Pelham, it became indispensable for him decidedly to resist the effect of the King's bitter dislike of him, or else to suffer it to crush him for ever. At such a time, nothing would have been more natural than some effusion of spleen in his more private moments, some indirect allusions to the bad passions of men, from the operation of which he thought himself at the moment suffering, clothed, indeed, in general aphorisms, but deduced

from particulars then present in his mind ; perhaps some bitterness of tone against human nature in general. These would have been the indications of a mere ambitious politician and disappointed place-hunter, such as many of his contemporaries strove to describe him. But, instead of them, what do we see but the emanations of a spirit of the noblest kind that can adorn a mortal ? After giving his nephew some excellent maxims for his guidance at college in his intercourse with his companions, he breaks out into the following strain.

“ I come now to the part of the advice I have to offer to you, which most nearly concerns your welfare, and upon which every good and honorable purpose of your life will assuredly turn ; I mean the keeping up in your heart the true sentiments of religion. If you are not right towards God, you can never be so towards man ; the noblest sentiment of the human breast is here brought to the test. Is gratitude in the number of a man’s virtues ? If it be, the highest Benefactor demands the warmest returns of gratitude, love, and praise. ‘*Ingratum qui dixerit, omnia dixit.*’ If a man wants this virtue, where there are infinite obligations to excite and quicken it, he will be likely to want all others towards his fellow-creatures, whose utmost gifts are poor, compared to those he daily receives at the hands of his never-failing Almighty Friend. ‘Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth,’ is big with the deepest wisdom. ‘The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom ; and an upright heart, that is understanding.’ This is eternally true, whether the wits and rakes of Cambridge allow it or not. Nay, I must add of this religious wisdom, ‘Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace,’ whatever your young gentlemen of pleasure think of a whore and a bottle, a tainted health and battered constitution.

“ Hold fast, therefore, by this sheet-anchor of happiness, religion. You will often want it in the times of most danger, the storms and tempests of life. Cherish true religion as precious as you will fly, with abhorrence and contempt, superstition and enthusiasm. The first is the perfection and glory of the human nature ; the two last the depravation and disgrace of it. Remember, the essence of religion is, a heart void of offence towards God and man ; not subtle, speculative opinions, but an active, vital principle of faith. The words of a heathen were so fine, that I must give them to you ;

‘*Compositum jus, fasque animo ; sanctosque recessus
Mentis, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto.*’

“Go on, my dear child, in the admirable dispositions you have towards all that is right and good, and make yourself the love and admiration of the world.” — Vol. I. pp. 73 – 76.

We cannot forbear to admit one more passage.

“You much overrate the obligation, whatever it be, which youth has to those who have trod the paths of the world before them, for their friendly advice how to avoid the inconveniences, dangers, and evils, which they themselves may have run upon for want of such timely warnings, and to seize, cultivate, and carry forward towards perfection those advantages, graces, virtues, and felicities, which they may have totally missed, or stopped short in the generous pursuit. To lend this helping hand to those who are beginning to tread the slippery way, seems, at best, but an office of common humanity to all ; but to withhold it from one we truly love, and whose heart and mind bear every genuine mark of the very soil proper for all the amiable, manly, and generous virtues to take root and bear their heavenly fruit, — inward, conscious peace, fame amongst men, public love, temporal and eternal happiness, — to withhold it, I say, in such an instance, would deserve the worst of names.

“I am greatly pleased, my dear young friend, that you do me the justice to believe I do not mean to impose any yoke of authority upon your understanding and conviction. I wish to warn, admonish, instruct, enlighten, and convince your reason, and so determine your judgment to right things, when you shall be made to see that they are right ; not to overbear, and impel you to adopt any thing, before you perceive it to be right or wrong, by the force of authority.

“I hear, with great pleasure, that Locke lay before you, when you wrote last to me ; and I like the observation that you make from him, that we must use our own reason, not that of another, if we would deal fairly by ourselves, and hope to enjoy a peaceful and contented conscience. This precept is truly worthy of the dignity of rational natures.

“But here, my dear child, let me offer one distinction to you, and it is of much moment ; it is this, — Mr. Locke’s precept is applicable only to such opinions as regard moral or religious obligations, and which, as such, our own consciences alone can judge and determine for ourselves. Matters of mere expediency, that affect neither honor, morality, or religion, were not in that great and wise man’s view ; such are the usages, forms, manners, modes, proprieties, decorum, and all those numberless ornamental little acquirements, and genteel well-bred attentions, which constitute a proper, graceful, amiable, and noble beha-

viour. In matters of this kind, I am sure your own reason, to which I shall always refer you, will at once tell you, that you must, at first, make use of the experience of others; in effect, see with their eyes, or not be able to see at all; for the ways of the world, as to its usages and exterior manners, as well as to all things of expediency and prudential considerations, a moment's reflection will convince a mind as right as yours, must necessarily be to inexperienced youth, with ever so fine natural parts, a *terra incognita*. As you would not, therefore, attempt to form notions of China or Persia, but from those who have travelled in those countries, and the fidelity and sagacity of whose relations you can trust, so will you as little, I trust, prematurely form notions of your own, concerning that usage of the world (as it is called) into which you have not yet travelled, and which must be long studied and practised, before it can be tolerably well known.

“I can repeat nothing to you of so infinite consequence to your future welfare, as to conjure you not to be hasty in taking up notions and opinions. Guard your honest and ingenuous mind against this main danger of youth. With regard to all things that appear not to your reason, after due examination, evident duties of honor, morality, or religion, (and in all such as do, let your conscience and reason determine your notions and conduct,) — in all other matters, I say, be slow to form opinions, keep your mind in a candid state of suspense, and open to full conviction when you shall procure it, using in the mean time the experience of a friend you can trust, the sincerity of whose advice you will try and prove by your own experience hereafter, when more years shall have given it to you.” — Vol. 1. pp. 81 – 84.

It is remarked in Lord Brougham's ingenious but rather disparaging estimate of the character of Lord Chatham, that, “if the test of a great man be, that he is in advance of his age, then does he fail in meriting the title.” We are not precisely sure that such a test can very fairly be applied to statesmen, or that, granting it to be a proper one, it is easy precisely to apply it. If Lord Chatham be measured by the men around him, by Robert Walpole, Chesterfield, Granville, Newcastle, Fox, Legge, the Grenvilles, or Bute, it would not be difficult to decide the point. If he be brought in contrast even with Lord Mansfield, is he not the representative of the modern principles of political liberty against the more timid, conservative leanings to arbitrary power of the great Judge? Is it nothing, that, in an age of corruption, Lord

Chatham should have struck out a new path in the administration of the government ; that he should have refused to rely upon combinations whether in or out of power ; that he should have striven to introduce a wholly new standard of official conduct into the various branches of the public service ? The advance of Lord Chatham to power appears, to our judgment, to constitute a new era in the government of the country. It was a stride of the popular principle to the overthrow of the oligarchy, which had always ruled it. His system of policy was, it is true, a British system ; for we have already shown by a passage from one of his letters, that he had little confidence in that universal philanthropy, which wastes the human affections by seeking to spread them over infinite space. But we see no trace of hostility to the prosperity of other nations. His vigorous prosecution of the war with France, appears to have been wisely designed to accelerate the great result of peace. He had none of that sort of selfish passion, which instigated Napoleon Bonaparte to play with human lives, as a species of agreeable game of chess. Even his resistance to the independence of America was founded in the belief, that a union of the Anglo-Saxon race, under the same general laws, all over the globe, would prove in the end for the advantage of the whole. In this, it is true, he may have been mistaken ; but the very slight degree of cordiality which has thus far been established between the separated portions, does not tend to show, that much progress has been made in reducing the opposite theory to practice. Though Lord Chatham may have been wrong, it is by no means yet certain that his critic is in the right.

What, then, we would ask, does Lord Chatham want in order to deserve the title of a great man ? If it be answered, the spirit of modern innovation, then he must fail of obtaining it, for he was not in any sense a reformer. Among the pigmies of his time, he was a giant in moral and intellectual power ; but he was not inclined to use his power either to overturn or to destroy. Even down to this day, nobody has come out of the political slough in Great Britain, with less of defilement than he, or has left a fame so pure for succeeding generations to emulate as well as to admire. O that it were more common in America to study the principles at the foundation of his career ! But, great as may be the advantages of our institutions in many respects, it is to be feared, that

they do not encourage the cultivation of very lofty views of moral duty. The popular voice is omnipotent, whether it be right, or whether it be wrong. The exercise of individual judgment is lost in the vastness of universal sophistry, and the voice of conscience is stifled in the turbulent ocean of party contention. Violence is too apt to be substituted for right, and the rule of the majority for the power of truth. These are evils, which we must try to correct as we may, and, if not cured, which we must try to bear. But, if there be a remedy, we think that it must be found in the study of examples of the noble and highminded of the race.

We have done with Lord Chatham as a statesman ; but, before we close this article, we propose to add a few words respecting his character as an orator. And here again it surprises us, how little justice has been done him by those who have eulogized him in his own country. The charge made against him, is, however, the same that is advanced against the great orators of antiquity, namely, that they are defective in argument. That Lord Brougham should have urged this objection, is not surprising to us ; because we know the peculiar mental habits which the legal profession almost invariably establishes. But it does seem strange when brought forward by Horace Walpole. If mere argument were the sum total of oratory, then would lawyers be generally orators ; which, we apprehend, is not agreeable to the common experience. But when the various accessories which really do give the orator his power over his fellow-men come in aid of the enunciation of inflexible moral truth, arranged with simple logical accuracy, the ornaments are so much more palpable to the first observation than the argument, that many infer the latter cannot be there. The reason why a purely legal argument can seldom be oratory, however strict may be the logic used in it, is to be found in the fact, that it is commonly wanting in that indispensable element of durability, a firm substratum of general truths. Without that as a foundation, reasoning is a mere intellectual play at foils. With it, a figure of speech, a question, an exclamation, even an adjuration, becomes a stronger argument than major, minor, and conclusion. The celebrated invocation in the "Oration on the Crown," would have been a puerility, if it had not been sustained by the truth. As it was, it was an argument more forcible than a library of mi-

nute reasoning. The questions addressed to Catiline conveyed an argument, that drove him out of the city more certainly than an elaborate demonstration of his crime. These were all deductions from a state of facts, the certainty of which it was superfluous for the orator to demonstrate, and which he felt he had a right to use without demonstrating. Much, by every speaker who hopes within any reasonable compass to affect his hearers, must be taken for granted. And as in geometry, after a proposition has been once proved, it may be always cited without repeating the details of the solution, so in oratory, what is understood equally by the hearers and the speaker, may be likewise dismissed without the formality of proof. It is herein, that many appear to us to confound the opposite provinces of the spoken address, and the written dissertation. The first always presuming a previous acquaintance with the persons before whom it is to be delivered, the skill of the speaker is best shown in the choice of his topics, leaping over things already familiar to them, and dwelling only upon such as need to be established. The second, on the contrary, to be complete, must equally embrace every part of a subject ; and, being liable to the scrutiny of many whom the author may never have heard of, can omit nothing essential to the proof on the ground of its being already understood. The object of the one is to persuade instantly ; of the other, to convince after deliberation. When, therefore, the style of dissertation is used in oratory, the result is uniformly a deficiency in the fascination, which makes eloquence so desirable a gift. And when, on the contrary, oratory runs into dissertation, it seldom gives the satisfaction produced by thorough demonstration. Both lean upon argument as the main stay, but use it differently. In the one case, many threads of the texture may with propriety be concealed, and many covered with embroidery ; whilst, in the other, the value consists in having them all equally and distinctly visible.

We are not of those, therefore, who think that the works of Demosthenes or Cicero could have come down to us as they have done, with the applause of gathering ages, if they were defective in argument. For we must repeat our belief, that truth is at the bottom of all durable literary fame. We are aware how fashionable it has become of late to affirm, for example, that the “ Oration on the Crown ” does not answer

the argument of the crafty *Æschines*. But the error of this opinion seems to us to lie in the failure to make the discrimination we have pointed out. In oratory it may appear a sign of weakness to attempt an elaborate reply to that which the auditors already have in their own minds refuted. Contempt is often a strong argument, in cases where the justice of it is visible to all present. The fact asserted by *Plutarch*, that the judges in this celebrated trial were of the political party friendly to the plaintiff, and opposed to the great orator, sufficiently shows, that this must have been a proper, and, indeed, the only weapon to use here. Do not we in America know enough of party politics to understand, that men are not likely to sacrifice one of their own friends to a fiction, however beautifully told? Had they believed *Æschines* to be in the right, as many in modern times have done, and among others *Lord Brougham* himself, a majority might have been persuaded, it is true, not to condemn *Demosthenes*, but at least one fifth of the number would have interposed a shield between their own partisan and unmerited punishment. As it was, the failure to get even that small proportion exposed *Æschines* to the legal penalty for malicious prosecution. What other proof is then needful to show, that the accusation was idle and frivolous? And if so, what style of spoken argument more effective to establish that point than the one adopted by *Demosthenes*?

Just so is it with the great Roman orator, whose high fame never would have sustained itself had it depended upon mere flowers of rhetoric. If there is one peculiarity more striking about him to us than another, it is his complete mastery over the science of logic. With him dialectics was at the fingers' ends. The proper treatment of questions was reduced by him almost to the regularity of mathematical arrangement. Yet we have been told, that argument is not his merit. Would that the diffuse talkers of our day, whether at the bar or in the senate-house, condescended to learn from him how to reason. The characteristic of his oratory is consummate art in the disposition of his matter, which, betraying itself somewhat too strongly in his early, but admirable effort in behalf of *Sextus Roscius*, becomes subdued by practice, until it wears the appearance of nature in the Oration for *Milo*. Of the pains he took to bring himself to perfection, we have his own account, familiar to all readers. It can scarcely be denied, that no man ever existed, who has

approached him in extensive acquaintance at once with the theory and the practice of his art. In Demosthenes we are most struck with the concentration of his meaning, the beauty and strength of his collocation of words, and the force of his images ; whilst, in the Roman, we feel in a moment the superabundance of his intellectual riches, the skill in his selection of topics, the certainty of his combinations to produce any given result, and the harmony of his sentences. Both show an intense admiration of the morally beautiful and true ; both, an unintermitted application to their art ; but each of them does so in his particular way. The one often appears as if under the effect of inspiration ; the other shows a mortal nature refined by labor to its highest possible point of perfection.

We cannot, from the very imperfect specimens remaining to us of the oratory of Lord Chatham, venture to compare him with the great masters of antiquity. He might, perhaps, have equalled them, had he chosen to take the pains which they did to give the last finish to his productions. But oratory seems not to have been studied by him upon the grand scale which they adopted ; and, contrary to what Plutarch affirms of Demosthenes, his most extemporaneous were his best speeches. It is said, that his elaborate eulogy of General Wolfe proved his greatest failure. Yet, from the fragments which we possess, it seems not at all difficult to account for the power he is universally allowed to have possessed. It consisted in the first place of that same extraordinary elevation of moral tone, which made the Greek philosopher Panætius give the palm of oratory to Demosthenes. But this was sustained by lucid and forcible arguments, and adorned by strong and happy imagery. Horace Walpole has recorded the effect produced by his comparison of the union between Henry Fox and the Duke of Newcastle, to the junction of the Rhone and the Saone, "this a gentle, feeble, languid stream, and, though languid, of no depth ; the other, a boisterous and impetuous torrent ; but they meet at last." This was in a speech, that, in the end, effected the overthrow of that combination against which it was directed. Introduced into the midst of a nervous argument against the whole system of ministerial measures adopted at that time, it seemed like a burst of thunder overhead after fast and continued rain. Of the speeches which

we know the best, those delivered after his removal from the seat of his greatest power, the characteristics are rapid reasoning, and novelty as well as force of illustration. Of such a style it is impossible to give much idea by brief examples. That his speeches are defective in arrangement, is certainly true, as all must be that are delivered upon the impulse of the moment; but we cannot agree with Lord Brougham in calling them prolix. So far from it, we know of no modern speaker, who can compare with him in the manner in which he concentrates his argument upon general maxims, and the quickness and force with which he draws his conclusions. According to our sense of the word, Mr. Burke is prolix; but we cannot apply the same epithet to Chatham. The latter alone of all modern orators reminds one at all of the peculiarities of Demosthenes, and surely prolixity was not among these. He alone seems to have imitated that ancient orator in founding his manner upon the study of Thucydides, and to have succeeded in borrowing some of that historian's power. We do not know of another modern name, that bids fair to be long remembered in this art, unless it be that of Burke. But Burke is not, strictly speaking, an orator. His style, though abounding in many varieties of merit, is nevertheless, in general rather that of philosophical disquisition than of oratory. It is fascinating when read in the closet, but we cannot readily imagine it to be delivered to listening and enraptured auditors; it is better calculated to elevate their opinions of the knowledge and abilities of the speaker, than to force unwilling assent to the propositions he advanced. Those who saw the elder Pitt rise in the House of Commons, were seldom inclined to leave it until he sat down again; while it often happened to Burke to become the signal for a general dispersion.

We perceive in the work before us two letters deserving of a passing notice, because they were privately addressed to Lord Chatham by that singular being, known under the name of Junius. The passage of time has had no very favorable effect upon the reputation of that writer, particularly since it has given to another and impartial generation the opportunity to estimate the value of his patriotism, and to weigh the motives of his censures. It may be doubted, whether the same sort of papers, if written at the present day, would produce one half of the effect they did when the novelty and

boldness of the manner contributed so large a share to their success. It is worthy of remark, that the first note of Junius to Lord Chatham, towards the close of his second ministry, bears date more than a year before the first appearance of Junius, under that name, in Woodfall's paper. It is so characteristic of the malignant temper of the writer, that we must try to make room for it.

“ JUNIUS TO THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

“ London, January 2, 1768.

“ MY LORD. If I were to give way to the sentiments of respect and veneration which I have always entertained for your character, or to the warmth of my attachment to your person, I should write a longer letter than your Lordship would have time or inclination to read. But the information which I am going to lay before you, will, I hope, make a short one not unworthy your attention. I have an opportunity of knowing something, and you may depend on my veracity.

“ During your absence from administration, it is well known, that not one of the ministers has either adhered to you with firmness, or supported, with any degree of steadiness, those principles, on which you engaged in the King's service. From being their idol at first, their veneration for you has gradually diminished, until at last they have absolutely set you at defiance.

“ The Chancellor, on whom you had particular reasons to rely, has played a sort of fast and loose game, and spoken of your Lordship with submission or indifference, according to the reports he heard of your health; nor has he altered his language until he found you were really returning to town.

“ Many circumstances must have made it impossible for you to depend much upon Lord Shelburne or his friends; besides that, from his youth, and want of knowledge, he was hardly of weight, by himself, to maintain any character in the cabinet. The best of him is, perhaps, that he has not acted with greater insincerity to your Lordship than to former connexions.

“ Lord Northington's conduct and character need no observation. A singularity of manners, added to a perpetual affectation of discontent, has given him an excuse for declining all share in the support of government, and at last conducted him to his great object, a very high title, considering the species of his merit, and an opulent retreat. Your Lordship is best able to judge of what may be expected from this nobleman's gratitude.

“ Mr. Conway, as your Lordship knows by experience, is every thing to every body, as long as by such conduct he can

maintain his ground. We have seen him in one day, the humble prostrate admirer of Lord Chatham; the dearest friend of Rockingham and Richmond; fully sensible of the weight of the Duke of Bedford's party; no irreconcilable enemy to Lord Bute; and at the same time very ready to acknowledge Mr. Grenville's merit as a financier. Lord Hertford is a little more explicit than his brother, and has taken every opportunity of treating your Lordship's name with indignity.

"But these are facts of little moment. The most considerable remains. It is understood by the public, that the plan of introducing the Duke of Bedford's friends entirely belongs to the Duke of Grafton, with the secret concurrence, perhaps, of Lord Bute, but certainly without your Lordship's consent, if not absolutely against your advice. It is also understood, that, if you should exert your influence with the King to overturn this plan, the Duke of Grafton will be strong enough, with his new friends, to defeat any attempt of that kind; or, if he should not, your Lordship will easily judge to what quarter his Grace will apply for assistance.

"My Lord, the man who presumes to give your Lordship these hints admires your character without servility, and is convinced, that, if this country can be saved, it must be saved by Lord Chatham's spirit, by Lord Chatham's abilities."

— Vol. III. pp. 303–305.

Even supposing that the charges made against the persons here mentioned, who constituted Lord Chatham's administration, had been true, which, as it respects most of them, were unquestionably false, we are at a loss to perceive what good motive could have prompted this secret information. That Lord Shelburne and General Conway were about to be removed from their places in a few days, must have been known to a person so accurately informed as Junius generally shows himself, inasmuch as it is mentioned as the news of the day by Lord Chesterfield, so long before as the 27th of December. The Duke of Grafton, finding it impossible to carry on the government without the aid of the Bedford interest, had sacrificed one portion of the cabinet to make room for it. The thing was done; and, if Lord Chatham had not been apprized of it, he was probably the only public man in the country who did not know it. He was lying at his country seat, so utterly disabled for all business by disease, that his wife would not consent, even to mention to him certain matters relating to his office, for his inattention to which he was

threatened with a formal motion against him in the House of Lords. If Junius supposed, that he would pay that deference to an anonymous letter, which he was refusing to the most earnest entreaties of his nearest relations, he must have had a singular opinion of the person whom he addressed. If, on the other hand, he believed him really ill, he certainly could not have expected to make him better by the news he was so anxious to communicate. But it is not probable that he was sincere even in his professions of personal admiration of Lord Chatham. Many of the miscellaneous letters ascribed to this writer, under different signatures, at this time, in Woodfall's edition of Junius, are so bitterly abusive, that the editors of the present work, in a note to the letter we have extracted, refuse to believe that the same person could have written them all. But we can credit almost any thing of Junius, and this the more readily, that his very first published address under that signature deliberately charges Lord Chatham with bringing on the division of the British empire solely for the sake of displacing Mr. George Grenville. For, since that gentleman's fall as minister took place so early as 1765, it is plain, that this opinion must have been formed long before he wrote the last sentence of the above-quoted private letter to him of 1768. An honest man could scarcely have reconciled it to himself to declare him alone likely to save the country, whom he, at the same time, considered guilty of having risked the ruin of it merely for the sake of putting himself into office.

We perceive, that the editors have devoted some space to the admission of such evidence as they think goes to prove, that Sir Philip Francis was the true Junius. Among other facsimile autographs, in which the work abounds, are two, affording opportunity for a comparison of the handwriting of these persons. The only fair inference from which is, that, though their modes of writing differ very much from each other, the same person might, with equal ease to himself, have written in both.

The question, Who is Junius? is not one of very great interest to us, because we should be sorry to identify so bitter and dastardly a writer with any person of whom we now know nothing ill, or whom we are accustomed to see, historically, in a favorable light. Assuredly Sir Philip Francis would gain nothing by having the authorship fixed upon

him. And the proof, that he felt this to be true, is to be found in the fact of his resolute disavowal of all knowledge of it to the last day of his life. The striking defect in Junius is want of moral truth. His invective loses its point, when we discover, that it was equally directed against the innocent and the criminal, and is often based upon wholly insufficient foundations in fact. He strikes at the men of his day, whose public stations exposed them to his knife, with the ferocity of an assassin, and betrays only the weakness of passion, when a skilful master of fence, like John Horne, coolly throws up his weapon into the air. He pursues a man, who, whatever may have been his faults, was not, in any respect, so bad as he was represented, we mean the Duke of Bedford, with a malignity which even gloats over the untimely end of his only son, the Marquis of Tavistock. And yet he has the audacity, in another place, to say, that "personal enmity is a motive of action only for the Devil." It matters little with him what the degree of offence is, of which he constitutes himself the judge. All are equally worthy of the most intense indignation, whether they threaten the overturn of the British constitution, or the embezzlement of a few sticks of navy timber. Lord Mansfield is equally the worst man in the kingdom, whether he misdirect a jury on a slight point in a private cause, or be guilty of deliberately corrupting the "noble simplicity and free spirit of the Saxon laws." There is something in this uniformity of his invective, that defeats its own purpose ; for it betrays the absence either of the will or the power to make a moral discrimination in the use of it. Yet most young people are apt to lose sight of this truth in the fascination of his artful and brilliant style. It is this, which constitutes the danger to them in reading Junius. They learn to fancy, that strict truth is not essential to the power of a caustic style, and that a trivial offence is worthy of as harsh an array of epithets as the deepest crime. The imitation has been carried so far in the United States, that few readers of common intelligence put any faith at all in the solemn denunciations of public men, daily made in our party newspapers ; and thus the abuse of the privilege of attacking them, by a curiously compensating process of nature, furnishes them with a shelter against every attack. Perhaps the chief interest, which posterity may take in Junius, will centre upon the fact of the preservation

of his disguise ; and it may, after all, be best consulting his fame to permit him quietly to wear it.

Having now closed what we have to say upon the work before us, we cannot yet dismiss it without recommending the character of the person to whom it relates to the meditations of the younger generation in America. The nature of our institutions makes the study and the trials of political life familiar to a very large number of persons. And, as if to balance the benefit to them that results from this, it is much to be feared, that firmness and loftiness of moral principle are least apt to become the marked characteristics among them. The people are often more inexorable in their prejudices, than was King George the Second towards William Pitt, and require and obtain far more humiliating self-abasement than that individual ever would have submitted to even to gain the greatest prize of political power. It may be well for us, sometimes, to examine the exact nature of the limit, which undoubtedly exists, between the mere gratification of a selfish ambition and the performance of honorable duty ;—what conduct the former motive will palliate, and what the latter will justify. If we find, that the poor and unfriended William Pitt raised himself to the first rank among his country's benefactors, as well as to power and honors, by no dishonest arts but rather by the constant support of the most exalted principles of conduct, both in words and deeds, we shall be disposed to judge favorably the few concessions he was compelled to make to the pride of his sovereign and the selfishness of the aristocracy. If, on the other hand, we find him greedy of office, and profuse in the use of its privileges, sacrificing the principles of to-day to the predominating interests of to-morrow, an unsteady minister and a corrupt politician, then we shall be at no loss to infer the motives, that must have impelled his course. If we mistake not, the characteristic of Lord Chatham was that elevation of soul, which, though it is everywhere admired, rather strikes men from their knowledge of the rareness of its occurrence among them, than from a full comprehension of its grandeur. Yet what but that gives to the reminiscence of classical antiquity its still powerful influence on the feelings of us all ? Who is there, that looks to the history of the Celestial Empire or of the Turkish chiefs, to the dominions of Ghengis Khan or Tamerlane, for virtuous incite-

ment to victory over difficulties and temptations? Who is there that can find, among the sands of Africa or the mines of the Indies, that "soul-exalting praise of doing well," which the Greek poets sung with a lyre of deathless renown? This is all that gives to fame its value, all that makes history more than the work of the naturalist's pen. If there be a compensation for the sacrifices, which political honesty appears to cost, it must be found in the memory which honest statesmen leave behind them. And the death-stroke to Chatham, in the blaze of his fame, in the scene of his glory, may well stimulate all after generations to go through trials, even as by water and by fire, if they too may hope to gain in the end the same reward.

ART. VI. — *Histoire de l'Art Moderne en Allemagne*; par le Comte ATHANASE RACRYNSKI. Tome Premier: Paris: 1836. pp. 311. 4to. Tome Seconde: 1839. pp. 677. Tome Troisième: 1841. pp. 582.

THE appearance of these superb volumes has been hailed with delight by those to whom the extraordinary phenomena of German letters and art have been matters of thought and speculation. They are written in French, evidently for the purpose of carrying a knowledge of their interesting contents, through the medium of this universal language, beyond the comparatively small number of foreigners, who are familiar with the idiom of the Germans. The typographical execution is beautiful, and the engravings and woodcuts, that illustrate the text, are done in the best style, by the most skilful artists. Altogether the work is brought out with a luxury of ornament and type, corresponding to the taste of the author and the varied interest of the subject. Count Racrynski is said to be a nobleman of fortune; that his pursuits have been patriotic and noble, is proved by this magnificent work, at once a great monument of the generous and elevated tastes of the author, and of the newborn genius for art, by which his country has been, during the last quarter of a century, so honorably distinguished.

Germany has, more than any other country, attracted the

attention of the civilized world during the last half century. An unexampled impulse has been given to the pursuit of every branch of letters and science. Men of wide-reaching intellects have taken up the pursuits of literature there, with the same eager interest, that has marked the devotion of England and America to politics. The foundations of the German national literature have been laid in a broader and deeper culture, than was ever before attained in ancient or modern times. In the German language the treasures of all times are accumulated. The manners and characters of every race and clime have been profoundly studied; every form of human thought, every creation of human genius, has been grasped and comprehended by the "many-sided" spirit of this wonderful people. Antiquity has been brought out from the obscurity of ages, and illustrated by the most vast and varied learning. The progress of art, from its first rude beginnings down to its age of Periclean glory, thence through its periods of decline and corruption to its brilliant revival in modern Italy, and so onward to the present day, has been investigated with the utmost minuteness of research. The poets and artists of the present day in Germany, proceed from a starting-point which overlooks the entire achievements of the past. They are surrounded by all the mighty monuments, that the multitudinous generations of men, whose lives and doings make up the history of the race, have left behind them to testify of their existence. German poetry and German art, therefore, present to the spectator a many-colored picture. They are webs of various tissues, contributed from every country wherein man has lived and worked.

But the German poetry and art of our times, though concentrating in themselves ten thousand rival and struggling influences, are chiefly marked and stamped by two or three. Within the memory of man, a sense of nationality, a fond recurrence to the elder poetry, that burst from the people's heart when the mighty passions of the Middle Ages burned within it, an enthusiastic appreciation of mediæval painting, costumes, and architecture, and, in some remarkable cases, a return even to the old Catholic religion, caused by the mingled sentiments of piety and *artistic* zeal, which the study of the early national history produced, have excited the wonder, the censure, the ridicule, and the admiration of the

world. Young artists turned Catholics, that they might kindle in their own souls, by living coals from the altars of the church, the fires that burned so brightly in the Raphaelles and Angelos of long-departed ages. Young poets turned Catholics, in the hope of drawing from ancient legendary lore, some part of the inspiration that moved harmonious numbers in more believing times ; yielding to the miracles and marvels of tradition an *æsthetic* credence, and to the present claims of the hierarchy a mere poetical adhesion. Young men of letters, and old men sometimes, turned Catholics, for the sake of feeling the virtue of that mystic tie, which binds together, in spiritual unity and intellectual brotherhood, all who take shelter under the protecting wing of the ancient and venerable mother.

Modern German art, founded on an elaborate study of the art and poetry of the Middle Ages, has reached a point of excellence, that excites the admiration of the world. The affluence of German genius for art, called out by the demands of the national taste, and the encouragement of enlightened princes, is an astonishing phenomenon, and reminds one of the great ages of Pericles and Leo the Tenth. The vigor and variety of genius displayed by the painters, sculptors, and architects of Munich, Dresden, Dusseldorf, and Berlin, the independence with which they have unfolded their own peculiar characters, and the productive energy with which they have created a multitude of works exhibiting, in every department of art, the highest genius and the most untiring labor, are certainly among the wonders of our age. It is not one of the least remarkable circumstances in this Teutonic revival of the arts, that its movement should have been so much under the guidance of a monarch, who has shown from his earliest youth not only a marked predilection for letters and art, but a decided talent for poetical composition. Some of the sonnets and shorter poems of the King of Bavaria have uncommon beauty and melody, and would be entitled to praise, did they come from a head that wears no kingly crown. Lewis has a cultivated taste for antiquity and classic art, and has been fortunate in gaining possession of many most precious remains to enrich and adorn his capital, and to form the genius and excite the enthusiasm of the artists and poets by whom he is surrounded. The Egina marbles, discovered a few years ago by an English antiquary on the

site of the temple of Jupiter Panhellenios, were eagerly bought by his artistic Majesty, and placed in his collections, while his rivals were economically counting the cost. It seems almost a piece of poetical justice, that the son of this monarch should have been selected by the great powers of Europe to sit upon the throne of Greece.

The influence of the old national poetry upon the artists of Germany has been deep and lasting. The great romantic epic of the "*Nibelungenlied*" is a poem well calculated to rouse the enthusiasm of a people so romantic as the Germans. Nothing can exceed the delight with which that old poem was studied, when, within the memory of man, the new-born nationality of German feeling rose to an unexampled pitch, and led to an excess of admiration for every thing that belonged to German antiquity, which is, perhaps, without a parallel in modern times. This swelling enthusiasm is, at present, somewhat abated ; but the poem of the *Nibelungen* still maintains its hold upon the German mind, and is acknowledged by other nations to be a most interesting and remarkable monument of early Teutonic genius. Students of German literature must admit, that the unknown author of this poem shows a bold hand in drawing characters, a deep and passionate feeling, a sense of just proportion, and a plastic power in moulding the rude materials of the old German language into metrical forms of considerable beauty and melody. The gigantic figures of the chivalrous heroic age are set before us in all their majestic proportions ; their tremendous passions are expressed with a strength of expression, that almost enforces belief ; and their superhuman deeds are told with a confidence equal to that of Homer, when he chants the resistless prowess of the godlike Achilles. The characters of Gunther, Siegfried, and Hagen are conceived and represented with admirable distinctness and power ; they move before us in the poem like so many living forms of more than mortal strength, bravery, and beauty. The poet is no less felicitous in the delineation of his heroines. Brunhilde, with her Amazonian strength of will and strength of arm, which nothing short of the magic aid of the *Tarnkappe* can conquer, and Chrimhilde, with her feminine beauty and gentleness, her smiles, blushes, and tears, are represented with extraordinary tact, propriety, and consistency. The din of war, the terrible onset, the clash of shields,

and the shivering of spears, are described in the *Nibelungen* with the graphic force, and the sounding energy of verse, which we so much admire in the *Iliad*. There is, too, in the poem, a minuteness of homely details, an unshrinking readiness to go into the plainest and most unpoetical matters, as we should now regard them, which remind us often of the cooking in Achilles's tent, and the "domestic manufactures" at the houses of Hector and Ulysses. When Gunther prepares to go a-wooing the terrible Brunhilde, the weaving, stitching, and sowing, the silks, and satins, and furs, the gold and embroidery, that occupy the fair fingers of the ladies of the household, are an amusing illustration of the fondness for finery, the passion for gorgeous costume, which marked the characters of the semi-barbarous barons, who stormed to and fro in the Middle Ages. The poet remained unconsciously true to the ancient maxim, that woman was ever the direful cause of war. A quarrel between the two heroines, Chrimhilde and Brunhilde, leads first to the assassination of the noble Siegfried. The gentle Chrimhilde cherishes henceforth in her heart nothing but a hoarded and ever-increasing passion for revenge. The poet has ventured on the bold but poetically proper experiment of changing her mild and lovely character into one of fearful ferocity. She consents to marry Attila, or Etzel, king of the Huns, merely to command the means of exacting from Hagen, and all the Burgundian court, a terrible retribution for her beloved and ever-deplored Siegfried's murder. Considering the wild passions that had their run unrestrained in the Middle Ages, and the extravagant belief in marvels of every description, and the poetical coloring which the creative imagination in all ages lavishes upon its scenes to heighten their effect, we must admit, that the bard of the *Nibelungen* has traced the changes in Chrimhilde's character, with a hand at once delicate and masterly. The interest of the story rises to the very end. The most enthusiastic lover of battle-scenes must be satisfied with the deluge of blood, which is shed after the arrival of the Burgundians in the land of the Huns. The terrible energy with which these extraordinary passages are written, again reminds us of the *Iliad*, and of the bloody revenge which Achilles takes for the death of Patroclus.

The enthusiasm of the Germans for this singular poem, was perfectly natural. They did not hesitate to compare it

with the Iliad, and some of the more extravagant worshippers of the Middle Ages did not scruple to place it even higher than the old Grecian Epic. This, however, is a claim, which the cooler opinions of the present time promptly reject. With all its extraordinary merits of characterization and description, its fiery utterance of passion, its elaborate arrangement and combination, its genuine epic sweep of incident and language, it falls far below the Iliad in variety, consistency, just proportion, and completeness, and in melody of verse. The German language of the twelfth century is not to be compared for a moment with the richness, grace, and plastic beauty of the Greek, as it flowed from the harmonious lips of Homer. Henry Heyne, referring to these discussions between the advocates of the Nibelungen, and the defenders of the old classic faith, whimsically says, "The public looked like a great, staring schoolboy when asked which he would rather have, a horse or a cake of gingerbread."

From this very slight sketch of some of the principal points only in this poem, the reader will perceive without difficulty, that young German artists, filled with the spirit of nationality, would naturally and eagerly resort to its stirring scenes for subjects.

"The Nibelungenlied" is not the only source from which the German artists have drawn both inspiration and subjects. Walther von der Vogelweide, a poet nearly contemporary with the author of the Nibelungen, many of whose productions survive, and have been edited by one of the best scholars in Germany, has supplied the artists with excellent materials. In the early German history, too, there are multitudes of passages, recording events both of peace and war, imperial coronations, ecclesiastical assemblies, memorable victories, which the artists have seized upon with avidity, and connected them with all that is patriotic in the national feelings of to-day. Goethe, and Schiller, and Wieland, and Uhland have not been neglected by their brethren of the pencil and the chisel. Many of the great creations of their minds have been reproduced on the canvass, or frescoed wall, or in the living marble. This close union of poetry, history, and art, places the Germans of the present day more nearly on a level with the Greeks of the age of Pericles, and promises for the future a more brilliant and harmonious development, than can be expected of any other people. The sen-

timent of the beautiful is the same thing, whether it unfold itself in the harmonies of the poet's song, or in the lines and colors on the painter's canvass, or in the fair proportions of the exquisitely finished statue ; and it is only when these kindred forms of the same great creative principle are unfolded in deep sympathy with each other, that a nation can be said to have arrived at the height of civilization.

The ancient classics, whom the Germans have done so much to illustrate, have gratefully repaid the debt they owe to the German scholars, by furnishing to the artists of their country the subjects of many among their most beautiful productions. The study of ancient literature is the best means of forming a severely correct taste in letters ; the study of ancient art has always been recommended by the great masters of modern art. The ancients are now fulfilling their destiny by teaching to generation after generation the true principles of the beautiful. At no former period was the influence of Greek and Roman genius so great as it is at this moment. That influence must go on widening and strengthening, as civilization increases. It would require mightier invasions than those of the northern hordes, who overthrew the Roman Empire, to destroy the power which the monuments of Greek and Roman genius hold over the tastes, intellects, and imaginations of men. The supposed utilitarian tendency of this age can never do it ; fears of timorous conservatives from this quarter have no foundation to rest upon. Classical studies, and the love and appreciation of classical art, are growing up in daily increasing vigor. The impulse to improvement is strong even among our practical people ; and American artists are rivalling those of the old world in every department. The first of living painters unquestionably is Allston ; Greenough is not surpassed by any sculptor of his age, in the imaginative and creative part of sculpture ; Crawford has already produced compositions, which display an admirable creative genius ; in portrait sculpture the palm of excellence is unanimously conceded to Powers ; and Clevenger does not fall far behind, as the almost speaking busts of some of our most distinguished citizens beautifully testify. The taste for art, and the just appreciation of its beauties, are rapidly unfolding among the American people. A few more such works as Greenough's statue of Washington, and Crawford's "Orpheus," will effectually teach us to understand the poetical and

ideal character of that most noble art. We may hope to see the time when a rude and ignorant politician will be unable to stand up in his place in an American Congress, and to insult the feelings of an "assembly of gentlemen" with ribald abuse of a great and glorious monument to the Father of his Country, which his own untutored and grovelling nature is wholly unable to comprehend. We may hope to see the time when the scholarship of the country will be such, that those worthy persons, who write letters for the newspapers from Washington, will not make themselves ridiculous by bringing their brilliant classical attainments forward in attacks upon the Latin inscriptions of our artists; when the scholars of the land will not undertake to deny the correctness of an idiom, so well known in the practice of ancient and modern artists, that it has even passed into the Italian language, and is a recognised expression in the vocabulary of modern Italian as well as of ancient art.

We have wandered a moment from the matter we had immediately in hand. The condition and prospects of Art in America, and the present deficiencies of taste, even among educated men, in whom we do not include the herd of brawlers, who disturb the business of the Congress of the United States, form a subject of great interest, but cannot be treated in a cursory way, and as an incident to other topics. We proceed to give some account of the contents of Raczyński's work. The first volume contains an Introduction, in which are rapidly but ably discussed such topics as "the beautiful," "the ideal," "the sublime," and this is followed by an historical sketch of the Greek Painters, the Italian Painters from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century, the age of Leo the Tenth, the Carracci, the Decline of Art, Coloring and the Venetian school, collections and connoisseurs, and the like. The Introduction closes with the following remarks;

"In publishing this work, I have no other object than to attract the attention of foreigners to the German artists. Yet even in arriving at this result, I shall not think that I have done more than anticipate, by a few years, an impression, which cannot fail to be hereafter produced by books better adapted to excite the general attention, and, above all, by the productions of art themselves, the number of which is increasing with so great rapidity, and which, spreading all over Germany, enable the

travellers of all countries to appreciate the merit of German artists and of their works. I do not affect to offer my opinions as axioms beyond the reach of attack; I would even consent to be charged with partiality, if this accusation might serve to repair a wrong involuntarily committed, and thus redound to the benefit of the artist, whose merit I may have misapprehended.

“Munich, Dusseldorf, and Berlin are the foci, whence the greatest light is shed upon the actual state of the arts in Germany. It is only by visiting these cities, that the extent of the progress, already made, can be properly judged. With regard to frescoes, Munich has no rival. Oil painting preserves its old predilection for the banks of the Rhine, and is seen to attain its greatest success at Dusseldorf. At Berlin, architecture presents the most numerous examples of a happy regeneration; and this revolution is due to Schinkel. The exquisite taste of this man, so fortunately born, has exercised a very great influence on that of the artists and of the public. Sculpture also deserves our attention; and it is Thorwaldson, who has given the impulse to this important department of the arts. But, above all, it is to Schinkel, to Cornelius, to Schadow, and to Thorwaldson, that Germany is indebted for the new era of glory that is opening before her.”

We shall endeavour to give a condensed view of the *aperçu historique*, for which Raczyński confesses his indebtedness to another hand. Mengs, the last German artist of an extended fame, did not escape the eclecticism of his age, but he ennobled it by a profound study of the forms and the nature of objects, without having found, however, the vivifying principles of genuine art. After him, at the close of the last century, came Asmus Carstens, a native of Holstein, who struck into a new route. The principles, laid down by him, fix with exactness the characteristic signs by which the true and the ideal are to be recognised. He required, that the artist should conceive clearly, and represent to himself a picture of the objects he intended to treat, and should render a reason for the emotions of the soul, before attempting to reproduce them by the aid of forms and colors. He condemned the practice of those artists, who sought inspiration from models, and allowed their taste to be guided by costumes and accessories of slight importance. Models, according to him, should only serve as a means of expressing an idea, clearly conceived in the thought of the artist. With regard to execution, his works

can only be regarded as sketches ; but, considered with reference to their poetic character, his conceptions seem perfect. To judge of him by his remaining works, his talent was plastic ; he indicated forms only by outline and shading. The illusion of colors, as a means of rendering forms, remained to him a secret ; at least, his talent was more plastic than for color. The most remarkable of his works are "The Supper of Phædon" from Plato, "Charon's Boat," "The Expedition of the Argonauts," "The Parcæ," "The Titans scaling Heaven," "Perseus and Andromeda." "Here, in fact, are the germs of genuine art, embodied ideas, of a wholly original character. They are like beautiful children not yet come to their growth." They have been frequently copied. Most of the originals are at Weimar, in the collection of the Grand Duke, or in the library. Among his contemporaries, Joseph Koch, a Tyrolese, was endowed by nature with distinguished talents ; but, to satisfy the demands of his times, he confined himself chiefly to landscape, in which he produced some remarkable works. He was already advanced in life, when he was employed by the Marquis Massimi at Rome, to paint in fresco, in his beautiful villa, several subjects from the "Divine Comedy" of Dante. In the first of these pictures, "Dante at the Entrance of Hell," he has displayed all his talent ; in the others, we perceive too much the imperfections of his education as an artist.

Wächter of Stuttgart distinguished himself at the same time, and in the same direction. His picture of "Job surrounded by his Friends," indicates uncommon abilities. Shick, another painter of Stuttgart, gave promise of still greater things. Endowed with a rich imagination, and familiar with the means of giving form and color to his ideas, he went to Rome at the commencement of the present century. He died young, but not before he had painted three great historical pictures, David and Saul, "The Sacrifice of Abraham," and "Apollo among the Shepherds." He also painted a number of excellent portraits of the size of life. "When he tried his hand upon religious subjects," says our author, "he showed a poetic, rather than a Christian inspiration ; for it is impossible to reach, or even approach the models of the fifteenth and the sixteenth century, without faith and piety, without a deep vein of religious thought."

Frederic Overbeck went from Lubec to Rome about the

year 1809. He and several of his companions, such as Vogel of Zurich, Pforr of Frankfort, and others, had been dismissed from the Academy of Vienna, only because they studied from the natural models in a manner opposed to that approved by the teachers of the time. Young artists, who studied nature profoundly to reproduce it with greater fidelity, were regarded as rebellious pupils. Overbeck, the most distinguished among them, was aware how easily the use of models might injure the ideal conception of characters, and this caused him to reject them for the composition of a given subject. He began, but did not finish, until long afterwards, his picture of "The Entrance of Christ into Jerusalem"; a picture which laid the foundation of his great fame. It is placed in the principal church of the city of Lubec. He painted "The Adoration of the Magi," for the Queen of Bavaria, and "Christ visiting Martha and Mary," for his friend, the painter Vogel of Zurich. He also painted frescoes of distinguished merit, of which, the "Seven Years of Famine," and "Joseph sold by his Brethren," which adorn the Salla Bartoldi at Rome, are among the most beautiful. The frescoes painted by him in the Villa Massimi, representing subjects from the "Jerusalem Delivered," are thought to have been less successful as to the painting, but, like all the other works of this artist, they are of great beauty.

"He has also painted in fresco the 'Vision of St. Francis d'Assise,' in the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, between Foligno and Perugia. This picture is the greatest effort of the genius of Overbeck, and deserves to be considered among the immortal productions of our age.

"Cornelius had already become known in Germany by his compositions from Faust, and had gained the reputation of distinguished genius. In his earliest youth, forced to toil for subsistence, and being as strongly opposed, by the cast of his mind, to the Academy of Dusseldorf, as Overbeck was to that of Vienna, his education as an artist, under such disheartening auspices, could not be other than defective; and we must needs the more admire the vigor of his genius, which even in his designs from Faust, a work of his early youth, was able to conquer obstacles so great, and to supply the want of a guide by the force of imagination. It was in the same manner that he designed scenes from the Nibelungen, the first works which he made at Rome. After he had finished these designs, he received his first order for a great

picture. M. Bartholdi gave him a commission to execute in fresco two scenes from the life of Joseph, in the Hall devoted by him to a representation of the life of this patriarch. Cornelius painted the 'Interpretation of the Dream,' and afterward 'Joseph recognised by his Brethren.' This latter work is undoubtedly one of the best of this master. Invited by the King of Bavaria, then Prince Royal, to paint the frescoes of the Glyptothek at Munich, he composed at Rome several cartoons for the first hall. Of the mythologic kind, nothing better has been done in modern times; and this work has proved the commencement of a new epoch for the grand style of painting in Germany. This artist has also been employed on a series of mythological pictures for two halls in the same Glyptothek, and in composing frescoes, destined to adorn the church of St. Lewis at Munich.

"His genius is so universal, that it would be hard to say what sort of poetic production is best suited to his talent. If he has imperfections, they are to be found in the execution alone, and they should be attributed solely to the unfavorable circumstances under the influence of which his talent received its first development.

"William Schadow, of Berlin, inferior to these two artists with respect to creative and inventive power, had also to struggle, during the development of his talent, against unfavorable influences, though widely different from those to which his two rivals were subjected. He painted much from nature, especially portraits. His first great pictures were for the Salla Bartholdi, at Rome; one represents Jacob, at the moment when his sons bring him the bloody coat of Joseph; the other is Joseph's Dream. When Schadow came to Rome, he had not the necessary knowledge for historical painting. Aware of his deficiencies, he sought to supply them by unwearied industry, and by cultivating the acquaintance of the other German artists then at Rome. His natural taste brought him back to oil painting. The Prince Royal of Bavaria gave him an order for several oil paintings, a Holy Family, which he afterward copied for the King of Prussia, and the portrait of a beautiful Roman lady.

"Having completed a great historical composition at Rome, for the Minister Humboldt, Schadow returned to Berlin in 1819. He painted a large Bacchanal on the ceiling of the proscenium of the theatre, and a Madonna for the Prince von Hohenzollern, a picture which he repeated afterwards for the Duke of Weimar, and a great number of portraits, the most remarkable of which is a large family picture, representing the Princess William of Prussia, and her children. At a later period he painted by order of the King, for the Garrison church at Potsdam, the 'Adora-

tion of the Shepherds,' and an altar-piece for the church at Schulpforte, 'Christ with the two Evangelists,' of a size greater than the life. He composed several other historical pieces, which are in possession of the princes of the royal family. In 1826, he became director of the Academy of Dusseldorf, a place made vacant by the resignation of Cornelius, who had been put at the head of the academy of painting at Munich. At Dusseldorf, Schadow painted historical pieces and portraits; among others, that of Prince Frederic, of his brother, and of his own children. The four Evangelists, that he executed for the church of Werder, at Berlin, are among his best works; the figures are of colossal size."

In 1815, these artists were joined by Philip Weit, of Berlin. The natural powers of this artist are harmoniously blended; he has as much talent for coloring as for drawing. He also executed compositions for the Salla Bartholdi. "Although the pictures of this Hall offered great difficulties to the artists, who were charged with them (for the art of painting in fresco was then lost), it may nevertheless be affirmed, that nothing contributed so much to the revival of painting in Germany as this important work." The fame of these four artists, who stand, at the present day, at the head of the German schools, dates from this period. Weit painted "Joseph and Potiphar's Wife," and "The Parable of the Seven Years of Plenty." The last was one of his best works, and led to the formation of great hopes of his future career. He also painted, in the long gallery of the Museum of the Vatican, the "Triumph of the Christian Religion on the Ruins of the Colosseum"; and for Herr von Quandt, a "Judith," a beautiful and grand composition. Later, he painted subjects from the "Paradise" of Dante, for the Villa Massimi. For the Church of the Holy Trinity, he painted a picture of the Virgin. Afterwards, he left Rome for Frankfort, where he was placed at the head of the Institute of Painting.

Julius Schnorr came from Rome to Leipsic, about 1817. His compositions from Ariosto met with such success, that the Marquis Massimi commissioned him to adorn with frescoes the most spacious chamber in his Villa. He has also painted several oil pictures for Herr von Quandt, at Dresden. The King of Bavaria invited this distinguished artist to Munich, and gave him a place in the Academy. He was commissioned to paint a long series of pictures on subjects drawn from the Nibelungen.

William Wach went to Rome about 1817. He had studied at Paris under Gros and David, but his grave and profound spirit soon taught him to discover the faults of the French school. He composed a cartoon representing the Virgin seated on a throne with the infant Jesus and an angel, a picture he afterwards executed in oil for the court of the Netherlands. Later, he painted at Berlin a "Resurrection of Christ," a large oil picture, which was placed in the Protestant Church at Moscow; then "The Nine Muses," for the ceiling of the theatre at Berlin, and the "Three Divine Virtues" for the church of Werder.

Charles Vogel von Vogelstein, of Dresden, distinguished himself by a great talent for coloring. He painted at Rome fine portraits as well as small oil pictures. He afterwards executed more important works, some in *Tempera*, and some in fresco.

Towards the year 1821, Henry Hess, of Munich, went to Rome, where he painted a picture representing Parnassus. He was also invited to Munich, and placed in the Academy; he was commissioned by the King to execute frescoes on subjects drawn from the New Testament.

Begasse, of Cologne, went to Rome in 1822. He had studied in the school of David, and attracted the attention of the King of Prussia while that monarch was in Paris, and received from him several orders. He executed for him two great pictures, "Christ in the Garden of Olives," for the Garrison church in Berlin, and "The Descent of the Holy Ghost," in the Dom-Kirche. At Rome he painted "The Baptism of Christ" for the Garrison church at Potsdam. The predilection for the old Florentine style, manifested by the German artists of this period, appears in this picture perhaps too strongly marked. This Florentine predilection shows itself here much more than the influence of the subject; the painter seems to have had no other aim than to seize and reproduce the objects in this ancient style. On his return to Berlin, he painted, besides a number of portraits and family pictures, a youthful Tobias, accompanied by the angel. This work has been but little appreciated by the public. To him we are also indebted for a large altar-piece, representing the Resurrection of Christ, for the church of Werder.

Schinkel, the famous architect at Berlin, enjoyed consider-

able reputation as an historical and landscape painter. Some of the principal *genre* and landscape painters are, Cartel of Berlin, Koch of Tyrol, Helmsdorf of Magdeburg, Rebell of Vienna, Hess of Munich, and Krüger of Berlin. Dominic Zuaglio distinguished himself as an architectural painter.

Such was the beginning of the present era of German art.

"The new generation of artists," continues this writer, "following those whom we have already spoken of, and whose merit is justly acknowledged by the nation, has, over them, the immense advantage of a good school. Henceforth it will be easier for the artists to follow the right way, as the end which they ought to seek is determined by their predecessors; as the right principles have been established by the happy results that have already been obtained, and as, on the other hand, the dangers are indicated by the errors that have been committed. Thus we see the young artists making admirable and rapid progress. What should be matter for the highest congratulation, is the circumstance, that their powers of mind and body are not exhausted by useless efforts, and by the mortification inseparable from the want of success. The young painters know nothing of that thoughtless opposition, which their predecessors experienced from their contemporaries; that is, from their colleagues, who were upon the wrong track, and from the public pretending to knowledge and taste in the fine arts. A juster tact, a sounder judgment, becoming more common, have produced the love of excellent works, and created the power of appreciating them. A proof of this progress we see in the various associations for the arts, and in the numerous collections that have been formed by men, belonging to the classes most distinguished by education and intellectual culture. It is not easy to predict, that the art of painting will ever become, as it has been in times past, a popular and universal necessity, that it will ever be closely attached to the religious sentiment, which then ruled the world; but it is possible to foresee such a state of culture, that the beauty of art should become a necessity of taste generally felt by a great part of the population, at least by the most enlightened. This disposition of the mind, would give the arts a character of universality, which they did not possess in the Middle Ages. As we possess the works of different epochs, every kind of talent, however various, might find an opportunity to exercise itself in its appropriate sphere; every species of merit would be appreciated and acknowledged. What especially marks our

epoch, and marks it in the happiest manner, is the tendency of the age to give free scope to talents and characters according to the peculiar nature of each. The effect of this is, that the schools of painting at the present day, animated by a new life, must differ essentially from the schools of the Middle Ages. The men, who, at the end of the fifteenth century, began to form schools, formed them in the spirit of their times. The most important subjects of the Christian religion, in poetry as well as in philosophy, then almost exclusively occupied the minds of men; these matters, so sublime, and so worthy of the reflections of thoughtful people, were also the subject of the meditations of the artists. Nothing was then known of these varied intellectual tendencies; people were not seen, as at the present day, to follow so many different directions. We ought not to be surprised, that, for some centuries after Giotto, art never deviated from the track marked out for it by this master; but just as, since that time, the sciences have opened new routes, so it was reserved to the arts to enter upon the boundless career opened to the mind of man. In these various directions the arts will have no cause to fear being led astray, or becoming frivolous, if the artists have the good fortune to understand, that the inspirations of religion are the noblest field of their activity, and ought to be the principal end of their efforts. The essential points of Christianity are common to all religious persuasions; this source is inexhaustible, and it is left to each individual to draw from it according to the sentiments inspired by his faith, or implanted in him by his education. The influence which the abovementioned masters, all of whom had lived at Rome, ought to exercise over the young artists, made itself felt, when, in 1822, Cornelius was appointed director of the Academy at Dusseldorf. Many young men, attracted by his celebrity, joined him there. He passed the winter in drawing the cartoons of the frescoes destined for the Glyptothek. He completed them afterwards during the summer at Munich. He needed assistance in this labor, and was consequently interested in attracting and cultivating rising talents. Sturmer, Stilke of Berlin, and Götzenberger of Heidelberg, were the first who profited by his instruction. Afterwards Hermann of Dresden joined them. Under the patronage of Cornelius, these young men obtained from the Minister of Public Instruction two large orders; Sturmer and Stilke were employed to paint frescoes representing the 'Last Judgment,' in the grand Hall of Justice at Coblentz. Hermann and Götzenberger also received a *gigantesque* order for the Aula at Bonn; a representation of the Four Faculties, accompanied by figures, which represent persons devoted to the several studies, doctors, &c. The

cartoon of Hermann, which reached Berlin in 1825, contained parts that were admirable. But the work lost much in the execution, by the deficiency of effect and coloring. Götzenberger, who assisted Hermann in the execution of this picture, afterwards painted alone those of 'Jurisprudence' and 'Philosophy.'

"Kaulbach, Eberlé, and Gassen, from the banks of the Rhine, then gathered round Cornelius, and they are also ranked among his most distinguished disciples. Eberlé afterwards died at Rome. These young men, and several others less known, followed Cornelius, when, in 1825, he was appointed director of the Academy at Munich. They aided him in executing the labors of the Glyptothek; and they moreover obtained from the King the favor of being employed to adorn with frescoes the arcades of the royal palace. The subjects of these pictures are drawn from the history of Bavaria. They have been executed by Kaulbach, Professor Zimmermann, Förster, Röckel, Stilke, Stürmer, Hildesberger, Schilgen, Eberlé, Monten, and Lindenschmid.

"While Cornelius was establishing this school at Munich, Wach established his, at Berlin, on different principles. The Minister of Public Instruction placed at his disposal a very fine situation in the royal building called the *Lagerhaus*.

"Contrary to the intentions of Cornelius, productions sometimes appeared in his school, which, inspired by an ill-regulated imagination, went almost to caricature. These faults were the inevitable effect of an enthusiasm not kept within reasonable bounds by a profound study of forms and color. The school of Wach, on the contrary, following a different direction, was guided by reflection and calculation, which endeavours to appropriate all that is most perfect in the works of antiquity and of modern times. It made use, so to speak, of the rule and the compass. The deep-felt enthusiasm, produced by the love with which the artist contemplates in his imagination the subject he has chosen, is rarely met with. Thus, we might denominate this the *academic* direction, according to the old acceptance of the word. It may be, that the vicinity of distinguished sculptors, who placed all their hopes of salvation in the imitation of the antique, has exercised an injurious influence on painting. The mode, adopted in the French *ateliers*, of drawing and painting, for years together, isolated figures, devoid of every species of expression, may also have contributed to weaken the force of imagination. Nature is studied to better advantage when this study is applied to a definite composition. It then starts from a more poetic point of view; and there can be no doubt, that this kind of inspiration is more beneficial to the arts. In the academies, the means of reproducing forms and color may be

learned ; and, above all things, the employment of these means should be taught in the *ateliers*. Every practical artist will have learned by experience, that this is the only condition of success. To produce good works, to penetrate the mysteries of nature and of art, it is essential not to depart from this principle. Academies without *ateliers* never will produce great results. As preparatory institutions, they are conformable to the generous purposes of our government ; but, if we wish to arrive at fortunate results, it is indispensable, that young men, destined to be educated in academies, should labor in the *ateliers* of masters capable of guiding them. It is impossible, nevertheless, that great works should ever proceed from a purely scientific direction ; perhaps a direction, imparted by the imagination alone would be less unfavorable. It would be unjust, however, to affirm, that either Wach or Cornelius intended to follow either course exclusively. Their works sufficiently prove, that they do not deserve this reproach. The only point to be made here is respecting the preponderance of the one or the other principle ; for it cannot be denied, that nothing great can be produced without the happy concurrence of all the powers of the mind. We must rank, among the most distinguished followers of the school of Berlin, Sternbrück of Magdeburg. He has become known by a picture, representing Adam's Disobedience and an Angel opening the Gates of Paradise. He has since painted "Hagar's Banishment," at Dusseldorf ; and, after making a tour in Italy, he painted, at Berlin, a Virgin with the Infant Jesus. His last works give proof of deep sentiment, and with justice have been well received. Henning has, also, become known by several fine historical pictures, and especially by a "Christ taking leave of his Disciples." We cannot sufficiently regret the loss of Siebert, snatched from the arts by a too early death. He was a deaf-mute from his birth. We have from him a Saint Luke painting the Blessed Virgin, and a Tobias, which give evidence of fine talent and knowledge.

"It is proper, also, to mention Hofgarten, who gained at Berlin, in 1825, the prize, offered by the Academy of that city. He was, afterwards, sent to Rome, where he painted several pictures of merit.

"In the *atelier* of Wach, two very distinguished landscape-painters were educated, Alborn of Hanover, known by his excellent views of Germany and Italy, and Krause, whose seapieces are highly esteemed. The zeal and the unwearied efforts of Wach to hasten the progress of art, qualities which honorably distinguish this artist, have exercised a salutary influence on his associates. Sought after by all the most dis-

tinguished men of Berlin, he has contributed not a little to revive in the public a taste for the arts, and to render the feeling for them more general and more enlightened."

The preceding pages contain the substance of the "*Aperçu Historique*," or *Historic Survey*, with which Raczyński opens his work. A very interesting chapter follows, upon the modern revolutions in the public taste of Germany. The passion for old pictures of the school of Cologne, the Netherlands, and Italy, had become dominant in Germany, during the first ten years after the close of Napoleon's wars. Many old pictures at this time commanded an extravagant price for no other reason than that they abounded in all the faults of the period to which they claimed to belong. This predilection for the faults of antiquity, gave way to the more enlightened views developed by the schools of Cornelius and Schadow. Overbeck is the only eminent artist, whose works resemble those of the ancient Italian painters. The frescoes of Henry Hess, at Munich, bear some relation to the mosaics of the Lower Empire. Hermann is the only eminent painter, who has carried the love of the Gothic to an annoying length. But this peculiarity does not mark the school, as is proved by the fact, that his friends and rivals, while they acknowledge his great ability, lament the course he has taken. This inclination for the Gothic style is more frequently met with in the *genre* painters, that is, those who are neither historical nor landscape painters.

We have already spoken of the close connexion between German poetry and the fine arts. Tieck and Wackenroder, at the beginning of the present century, showed in their works a strong romantic spirit, and a desire to revive romantic poetry. In this course, they were followed by others, such as the brothers Schlegel, Novalis, Goethe, Meyer, Von der Hagen. Goethe always manifested a strong predilection for the antique; yet the sight of the Boisserée collection gave him a more favorable feeling for the new direction the public taste was taking. The first picture of this collection, which he ever saw, was the "*Adoration of the Magi*," by Van Eick. After contemplating this picture a long time, he departed without saying a word. The Boisserées were at a loss what to infer from this silence; afterwards they ventured to put some questions to him. He replied, "Whoever feels himself as much surprised as I have been, cannot at once recover

his self-possession. It is time to stop talking. Reality stands before me." To the question, what relation he found between Raffaele and Van Eick, he replied, "John Van Eick is like a rosebud in which all the beauties of the rose are enfolded ; nothing but the breath, which gives it life and perfectly developes it, is wanting. In Raffaele we miss and regret the bud ;—for growth and maturity, the bud and the blossom, the simple and the finished (*das Naive und das vollendete*), can never be seen united in the same object."

The course which the arts took under the French Republic, and the Empire, produced a reaction in Germany ; one exaggeration was followed by another, its opposite. The grand opera of Paris, with its gods, nymphs, Cupids, and Furies, was the fruitful source of the affectation and bad taste, shown by some of the most celebrated painters of this period. Others borrowed from the tragic drama the contortions by which they endeavoured to express the emotions of the soul. The Museum of Antiquities had its part in the inspiration felt by these painters ; but the results "serve to prove, that it may be useful to copy the antique for the purpose of exact and firm drawing, and to raise the soul to a level with the sublimity and simple grace, which are stamped upon the works of the ancients ; but that no one should attempt to reproduce in painting the style appropriated to sculpture."

The artists in the Revolutionary and Imperial times made no attempt to understand or study the ancient schools of Italy. The sublime but simple style of Frate, the deep sensibility and pure feeling of Raffaele, the charm and grace of Luini, the transparent coloring of Andrea del Sarto, the precepts and the example of Leonardo da Vinci, received nothing but empty applause. Artists were eager to show an inventive genius ; they were unwilling to toil painfully in the steps of the Italians ; the new school professed to have a peculiar character, and prided itself on its broad and daring style ; presumption was mistaken for genius, and negligence for freedom. "The most celebrated of the old Italian masters appear modest and timid in their youthful works ; their sensibility is vague as well as profound ; their handling, after very long study, bears the stamp of application and facility together ; moderation, harmony, and care ever reign in their most brilliant coloring. But in many productions of the period of which we speak, the artists never seem to feel a doubt ;

they manifest a daring to which they appear to have been excited, or to have long meditated ; they have the air of being surrounded by models the most fatal to every happy inspiration ; they have but one fear, that of being cold, dry, and hard ; these were the epithets with which the modern artists were long accustomed to compliment the ancient pictures in a mass."

Ancient art and mythology, aided by the theatre, inspired a vast number of pictures. Republican Virtues, the gods, goddesses, and heroes of antiquity, furnished favorite subjects to the artists. Raczynski illustrates his remarks upon this topic by several engravings of pictures by David, Drouais, Guerin, and Girodet. The extravagances of the French turned the German genius in another direction, and, just at the moment of this change in the current, the brothers Boisserée began their learned inquiries into the ancient paintings of the Germans. Formerly nothing was known of the old German painters beyond the works of Dürer, Cranach, and Holbein ; the works of Van Eick had scarcely been heard of ; and no idea was entertained of the state of German art before his time. But the researches of the Boissérées, and their friend Bertram, have shown the public, that Germany had a very distinguished school of painting in the fourteenth century, and that this school, like those of Italy, traced its origin to the Byzantine. Van Eick was discovered to be the creator of a purely German school ; and his works were found to be characterized by a remarkable simplicity, purity, and truth of sentiment ; and it was only in the works of this period, and of the following century, that is, those of Dürer and Holbein, that the distinctive character of ancient German painting showed itself.

The Boisserée collection, which afterwards became the property of the King of Bavaria, embraces three periods. The first period includes the works produced in the whole of the fourteenth century. These works, which bear the impress of the Byzantine-Rhenish manner, were executed by different masters of the ancient school of Cologne, of whom William of Cologne is mentioned as the last ; the second embraces the works of Van Eick, and his immediate successors, Hemmeling, Hugo Van der Goes, Israel Van Meckenem, Michel Wohlgemuth, Martin Schön, and others ; the third period extends to the beginning of the sixteenth cen-

tury, and includes Dürer, Lucas Van Leiden, John von Manbeuge, Schoreel, Patenier, Bernard von Orley, Cranach, Holbein, and their pupils, in whom, as in the Schwartzes, Martin Hemskerck, Michael Coexis, Charles Van Mander, the Italian influence begins to be perceived, as well as in some of the painters of Cologne.

The interest that this collection excited in the public was very great. Goethe, Canova, Thorwaldson, Schlegel, all felt its high importance, and justly appreciated its beauty.

The Boisserées and Bertram are natives of Cologne ; and their love of German art dates back as far as 1803. Napoleon had collected in Paris an immense number of works of art, taken from conquered countries ; and many ancient pictures were placed in a gallery destined exclusively for them. Frequent visits to this gallery gave the three friends a definite aim in their future labors for the arts ; and the eloquent lectures of Frederic Schlegel on philosophy and literature did not a little towards exciting in them a taste for scientific labors. In 1804 they returned, accompanied by him. They found many of the churches suppressed, or on the point of being suppressed ; the objects of art, which had not been carried off by the French commissioners, fell into the hands of dealers, and many of great value had doubtless been destroyed. Still, the success of their researches surpassed their expectations. The project of forming a collection had not been fully determined upon, until their attention had been fixed upon the Byzantine-Rhenish school, the peculiar character of this ancient epoch of painting, and the importance of this discovery. "The new name," says our author, "of *Byzantine-Rhenish* was fully justified by the tendency of the painters, and by the nature of the works, of which a numerous series was collected. Schlegel had found, in a very curious poem of Wolfram von Eschenbach, called 'Parceval,' a passage which countenanced the opinion formed by the friends as to the importance of the labors of the Germans in an age so remote ; the passage proves, that as early as the thirteenth century, the merit of the painters of Cologne and Maestricht was proverbial among the Germans."

In 1806 the brothers Boisserée discovered a large number of pictures bearing marks of the Byzantine taste ; and in 1808 they again made very important acquisitions, the details of which, given by our author, are exceedingly interesting.

In 1811 the elder Boisserée visited Goethe at Weimar, who had taken a lively interest in these researches. Important acquisitions were made in 1812 and 1813, in the Netherlands, by the younger Boisserée.

“The events of 1814 and 1815,” says Raczyński, “drew to Heidelberg many illustrious personages, whose interest and admiration were instantly excited by this collection; it was also in 1814 that Goethe visited the three friends and their pictures. The first issue of his ‘Art and Antiquity,’ was the fruit of this visit. Thus Goethe was the first openly to acknowledge, and to make known to the public, the two principal historical results of the researches, and labors in collecting, of the Boisserées; that is, the relation existing between the Byzantine painting and that of Germany before Van Eyck, and the distinctive character and development, which this great master succeeded in imparting to the German school.”

The collection was afterwards increased by beautiful works of Van Eyck, Mabuse, Dürer, Orley, and other great masters. Hemmeling’s admirable “Head of Christ” was added to their collection in 1817. The collection, now amounting to more than two hundred pictures, was carried to Stuttgart, where the King gave them spacious rooms for a favorable exhibition. The finest pieces were there lithographed, and published with historical notices.

Other collections were made in the same spirit. Among the rest, that of Mr. Solly, an Englishman, purchased at an enormous expense, contained several thousand pictures of all ages and nations. Bettendorf, at Aix-la-Chapelle, collected many ancient pictures, among them two superb Hemmelings. Counsellor Krüger, of the same city, made a small, but interesting collection of Westphalian pictures anterior to Albert Dürer, which differ in some respects from those of the school of Cologne. They were taken from the convents of Liesborn, Buren, and other places of Westphalia. Meyer, of Minden, made another similar collection. Lyeversberg, of Cologne, brought together a large number of very curious old pictures. The collection of the Canon Walraff, which, after his death, became the property of the city of Cologne, contains many objects of art, whose merit is not confined to their antiquity.

Nagler, formerly minister of Prussia at Frankfort, made a rich collection of engravings and other antiquities, which was purchased by the King.

"Thus," says our author, "it is only since the wars of Napoleon, after Denon selected many ancient pictures to be transported to Paris, and above all, after the Boisserées had set about the formation of their collection, that many pictures of the ancient German school have taken so high a rank in the public estimation. Besides those belonging to the Boisserée, the Berlin, and other galleries, we must place in this number the 'Last Judgment,' an altar-piece at Dantzic, attributed to Van Eick; the 'Passion of our Saviour,' in the Lubec Cathedral; the 'Burgomaster of Basle,' in the Dresden Gallery; the 'Altar of Ghent,' several compartments of which are preserved in the city, and others are to be seen in the Berlin Gallery; the 'Four Apostles,' and the portrait of Holzschuher, by Albert Dürer, as well as his portrait, painted by himself; the frescoes of the same master, which are found at Nuremberg, and many other works of greater or less importance."

Besides the revived taste, and passion for the ancient arts of Germany, a passion, called by Dr. Wagen, *das Germanische Kunst-fieber*, "the German art-fever," the atheistical excesses of the French Revolution, and the horrors of war, had produced a religious reaction in many of the most thoughtful minds of Germany. Their imaginations, too, were affected by the solemn forms, the discipline, the unity of supreme authority, the ancient recollections, the splendor and majesty, the mysteries, the martyrs, and the miracles of the Catholic Church. They had, for the most part, been educated at a time when religious indifference, or rather a hatred of all religion, had seized upon every class of society; and it was by no means surprising, that, to fill up the aching void this left in the heart, they should resort to the ancient Catholic Church. About the year 1814, Overbeck, the two Schadows, Boden, Müller of Cassel, Eggers, the two Veits, Ruschweyk the engraver, Vogel of Dresden, and the learned Schlegel at their head, became Catholic. Those who remained Protestants, or who, though Catholics, were not animated by the same ardor, such as Schnorr, Thorwaldson, Wach, Begasse, and others, formed a separate party, and controversies immediately arose. Ridicule and hard names were showered down upon the new converts, who received the sobriquet of *Nazarenes*, but without much effect.

These artists carried their religious feelings into their practice as artists. Proceeding on the idea that the finest works of art in the sixteenth century, sprung from the inspiration

of the religious sentiment, they attempted again to lay hold of this profound principle, believing that here lay the source of sublimity and beauty. They became a sort of religious society. Raczynski relates, as a characteristic anecdote, that Vogel, who had remained Protestant, fell sick, and his condition became worse and worse until all hope of his recovery was lost. His zealous Catholic friends ventured to bring him an ecclesiastic, their common friend. The patient piously received the religious aids the priest offered him, and turned Catholic. The danger immediately ceased, and, eight days after, Vogel was restored to perfect health. One party declared he had been saved by a miracle. The other maintained, that the Catholics had reduced him to a desperate condition by medical means, and then had furnished the priest an opportunity to perform the miracle, and at the same time to make a brilliant conversion.

These religious movements had a great effect upon the views entertained by the public with respect to the arts. They have been restored to their place in the temple, and have ceased to be regarded as idolatrous, even by those who are not Catholics; in short, the ancient alliance between religion and the arts has been again renewed.

We shall close our somewhat rambling account of Raczynski's work with brief sketches of some of the principal schools and artists accompanied by a few remarks, suggested by them. We begin with those of Dusseldorf. The Academy in this city was founded in 1767, by the Elector Palatine of Bavaria, Charles Theodore. The director of the Gallery, Lambert Krahe, had the most to do with creating this institution. The building it now occupies was constructed as early as 1700, by the Elector Palatine, John William, and was occupied as a picture-gallery until 1805; the Academy was transferred to it in 1820. The sum appropriated to this institution by the reigning King is seven thousand crowns; to this is added an old fund, making a sum total of eight thousand crowns per annum. Krahe was succeeded in 1790 by Langer, who held the place, until, in 1806, the Gallery was transferred to Munich, whither he accompanied it, and received the appointment of director of the Academy there. From 1806 to 1809, the Academy of Dusseldorf had no director, but only three professors, who taught drawing, architecture, and engraving. In 1819, Cornelius was intrusted with the

task of reorganizing the Academy, of which he was appointed director ; but, in fact, did not enter upon the duties of his office until 1821. Professor Mosler superintended all the preparatory arrangements in the absence of Cornelius, who passed his summers at Munich, employed upon the frescoes he had been commissioned to execute by the Prince Royal of Bavaria. But the Academy received its most vigorous impulse, when, in 1827, Schadow arrived with his pupils, Hubner, Hildebrandt, Lessing, and Sohn from Berlin. The greater part of the pupils of Cornelius followed their master to Berlin. Such was the beginning of the school of Dusseldorf. Of Schadow, to whom it is most indebted for the high rank it has attained, our author gives the following account.

“Schadow’s spirit naturally inclines to reflection. His mind is highly cultivated ; his imagination is easily excited, and his impressions are deep ; he is the true type of the German. Of a generous and feeling heart, he may at first sight appear cold ; but there is no mistaking it ; it is a habit of reserve ; pride, perhaps, has something to do with it.

“The relations between Schadow and his pupils, and of these with each other, are very interesting. The master bears a genuine affection towards his pupils ; he recognises their merit, feels no jealousy of them, loves to boast of them, and joyfully expresses the admiration which he sometimes feels, while contemplating their works. The lofty feelings of the pupils for their master are in harmony with his for them ; they all acknowledge, that the fortunate direction, which this school has followed, is due to him ; that his exquisite tact is a guide, the loss of which no other could supply ; and that, finally, the school of Dusseldorf owes to him all it is, and all it may become. Several of Schadow’s pupils, drawn to Berlin by family ties, or by the desire of soaring on their own wings, have soon felt themselves irresistibly drawn back to their master. It seems that these youthful artists, having felt the benefits of Schadow’s enlightened and paternal authority, having enjoyed the relations of friendship and mutual confidence established between them by him, can only be happy in the bosom of that society, of which his upright and religious character is the life and soul. It has often happened, that one or another of these young artists has complained to Schadow of his leaving them to their own resources. In vain has he excused himself by telling them they needed no more advice ; he has always been obliged to yield to their pressing entreaties ; and, certainly, the modesty of these young men has been for their benefit, whenever they have had

recourse to the taste, knowledge, and tact of their chief. To whatever height they may reach, this guide will never exercise any but a beneficial influence over their talents."

Among the historical painters of the school of Dusseldorf, Lessing is, perhaps, the most remarkable. He was born at Wartemberg in Silesia, about the year 1808, and is grand nephew of the illustrious poet of that name. His character as an artist is thus described.

"Lessing is distinguished by a happy union of Romanticism with correctness and severity of style; by a sensibility, purified, but not enfeebled by reflection; by fire, tempered by good sense and good taste; finally, by the complete harmony of noble and tender emotions, and of deep meditation. His talent is infinitely varied; sometimes it is an author of sombre ballads; sometimes you perceive inspirations that remind you of the Stanze of Raffaele; in other subjects you find a resemblance between him and Robert. In the country residence of Count Spée, he has successfully attempted fresco painting. He has composed landscapes of different sizes, and with a perfection surpassed by none of his contemporaries. His 'Brigand' is a charming *genre* picture. In his 'Royal Pair,' he has risen to a sublime elevation by purity of style, and by severity of attitudes and of drawing. Connected with this picture is a fact of historical interest. Schadow was the model for the head of the King. I have seen at Lüdritz, the engraver's, in Berlin, the crayon sketch, for which Schadow sat; what a price will this drawing one day command! Whoever should pass through Dusseldorf without seeing the drawings of Lessing, would have lost the opportunity of becoming profoundly sensible of the extraordinary talent of a man, who is among the brightest ornaments of the new school. The drawings of this artist give a juster notion of his merit than the few oil pictures he has hitherto painted. Among Lessing's crayon pieces, I should place foremost 'Huss defending himself before his Judges'; 'The Fanatic Sectary preaching in a Forest'; 'The Death of Frederic the Second, Hohenstauffen'; two drawings, representing Walter and Hildegunde, a subject drawn from an ancient German poem.* Huss, and Frederic the Second, are the most characteristic of his talent; and point out the course he ought to follow, to gain, perhaps without a rival, a boundless reputation. The

* This is not quite correct. The poem is doubtless of German origin, but is written in Latin Leonine hexameters, and belongs to the tenth or eleventh century.

sphere, most appropriate to his genius and innate tendencies, seems to be traced out by these two drawings, and by the picture of the 'Royal Pair in Mourning.'"

Our author gives the following interesting description of the picture of Huss.

"Huss, placed in the middle of a hall, defends his cause in the presence of the assembled cardinals and bishops. He seems to wish, rather to obtain his acquittal by stratagem, than to force it from conviction. His physiognomy is not one of those which, by a conventional contraction, express one of the emotions, which the dictionary explains by a single word; it is an indefinable conflict of the passions; it is the soul, sick and weary; it is fanaticism and doubt; it is fear and obstinacy. This figure produces upon us the effect, that every one has experienced in the course of life at the sight of an ancient Coryphæus of Terror; you are uncertain whether to complain or condemn; for it is the tumult of the passions, which gives this figure a sinister aspect; but what strikes you, and presents itself vividly before your eyes, is, that, under contracted and withered features, the storm spreads its ravages; a united surface hides great asperities. The council produces a very different impression; the judges are quite at their ease; justice seems to occupy their thoughts but little; but they are attentive; they listen well; we have a presentiment, that, free from fear and pity, they will pass a sentence of blood. Sophistry does not excite their wrath; they see its weak or amusing side; sarcasm is the logic of these men, who defend the power, and are sure of conquering. This work would be incomprehensible, if the conviction of the artist were favorable to the Romish Church; and he would, in my opinion, have said a very different thing from what he would have wished to say, had it entered his thoughts to consider the doctrines of Huss as the first step towards a salutary reform. Lessing shows here nothing of the spirit of party; his design reveals neither the influence of religious zeal, nor that of the passions. The repose which reigns in the attitudes contrasts with the intellectual action and the lively impressions, which are depicted on the figures; all the physiognomies are conceived with subtilty and depth. This picture indicates, in Lessing, an historical painter in the strictest acceptation of the word; it may be considered as the type of the historic kind and style, in all their grandeur and in all their purity; it seizes, so to speak, your looks and your attention; and the more you identify yourself with the subject, the more beauties you will discover there."

"After having seen the productions of this artist," the author

proceeds, "it is impossible not to feel an interest in the man. I could have wished to read his very soul; but I have found there mysteries and riddles, as in his works. Lessing is a tall and handsome young man; his yellow hair, his *veiled* look, his delicate complexion, shed over his figure a quite peculiar charm. He has a timid, distrustful, dreamy, and melancholy air; sadness seems stamped upon his features, but his smile has much sweetness; he is not communicative; sometimes he is even taciturn. He hears opinions uttered, wholly at variance with his own, without seeming to take any interest in them; he remains *impassible*; but his cheeks color; the soul has felt the stroke; the impression will not be a transient one. Lessing is calm only on the surface. His attitude is not proud; but pride does not lose its rights in him. Whatever Lessing undertakes, he does with ardor, and his vivacity is not confined to painting; it makes itself felt to the same degree in every one of his actions. Every thing in Lessing's position seems to promise happiness and glory. He is esteemed and cherished by the master; all the artists of Dusseldorf surround him with love and consideration; his name is an *illustration* of the country."

Of the other distinguished historical painters of this school, such as Bendemann and Hübner, we have no space to speak. Raczyński has given the details of their lives and works with great minuteness, and his text is accompanied with beautiful engravings of their principal pieces. Hübner's "Fisher and Water Nymph," if we may judge by its representation in the volume, is a most admirable illustration of Goethe's exquisite little poem. "Crime and Justice," by Rethel, is wonderfully conceived; full of force, originality, and poetry. The history of the *genre* painters, and of the landscape painters of this school, is full of interest and instruction; but we must pass it over, and hasten to some of the topics discussed in the other portions of the work. We must also omit the highly interesting accounts of the monuments of art in Cologne and Frankfort, as well as the school of painting in Manheim, from which many famous works have proceeded, and which is illustrated by the genius of Gotzenberger. We now come to Munich.

We have already alluded to the devotion of Lewis of Bavaria to the fine arts. His labors to advance their prosperity have been unremitting. They began at an early period of his life, long before he ascended the throne, and have continued uninterruptedly down to the present moment. He has assembled around him the most brilliant array of talents,

which is concentrated on any single spot in Europe. Every variety of creative genius has been put in requisition by the munificent monarch, and the loftiest monuments of every department of art, have sprung up like magic around him. His capital, like Athens in the age of Pericles, is embellished by collections of the noblest works of the past, and is growing daily more beautiful and attractive under the adorning hand of living genius. Painting, architecture, and sculpture, with all the minor and subsidiary arts, are putting forth their brightest blossoms under this enlightened Prince's fostering care. Munich must be, to the artist, the poet, the man of taste and letters, the most interesting capital in the world.

The King felt deeply the outrages and insults heaped upon him by France in her hour of madness. The impression made upon his patriotic heart by these events turned his natural love of art into a means of exalting the German nationality, from the low state to which it had been reduced by the calamities of war, into a vigorous creative principle. In 1806, he was travelling in Spain; at Figueras, he received an invitation from Napoleon to join the Polish army, which he did on the eve of the battle of Pultusk, in which he commanded a division of Bavarian troops. On his passage through Berlin, the sight of the superb car of victory over the Brandenburg Gate excited in him the desire of perpetuating the past glory of his country, by some monument, whose grandeur should correspond to the truly princely idea. Early in the following year, the prince visited the *atelier* of Schadow, the sculptor, to confer with him on the subject, and soon after gave him orders for the busts of many of the most distinguished men Germany had produced; among them were Wieland, Klopstock, Kant, Haller, and John Müller. "This celebrated historian," says Raczyński, "sat in the presence of the Prince; during the sitting, the Prince plied him with questions on the history of Bavaria, and received the most precise answers, both as to events and dates. The erudition and the memory of the learned historian were the admiration of the Prince." Other sculptors received orders for busts; Rauch for ten, Tieck for twenty-five; Wrede, Ritoch, and Wichmann were also set to work. Nothing further was done until the fall of Napoleon, in 1814. A prize was then offered by the Munich Academy for the plan of a structure, that should be a sort of Pantheon for the great men who have adorn-

ed the history of Germany, whether in letters, arts, or arms ; and the artists of all nations were invited to enter the lists.

The design of Klenze was finally adopted by the Prince ; and the preparatory works were begun in 1820, but the interior arrangement was not decided until 1830. In the interval, Wagner received at Rome the order for the bas-relief frieze, representing the early history of the German nation, and Rauch for six winged Victories, and for the model of a group to adorn one of the pediments. The execution of this work was intrusted to Schwanthaler. It represents the battle of Hermann, as the Germans affect to call the ancient foe of the Roman legions. The name *Walhalla* was selected for this national structure ; a name as ancient as the German language. It was, in the old mythology, the palace where dwelt the souls of the heroes who fell in battle. It stood surrounded by trees, and groves, and battle-fields, in the midst of the Scandinavian Elysium. The selection of this name was most appropriate to the object which the King had in view in raising the structure ; and the situation chosen for the building is equally happy. It is on the top of a lofty hill, about a league from Ratisbon, near the base of which flow the waters of the Danube. The substructions which form the base of the edifice, run in terraces down to the river. The temple is of white Salzburg marble ; it is of Greek architecture, three hundred feet long, one hundred wide, and nearly seventy-five feet high. According to the original design, the interior walls were to be adorned with over a hundred and fifty busts of celebrated Germans, and the intervals to be occupied with architectural ornaments and bas reliefs. Mrs. Jameson, in her lively "Visits and Sketches," objects to the use of Greek architecture for a building devoted to German subjects. "But I could hardly express (or suppress) my surprise," says this accomplished writer, "when I was shown the design for this building. The first glance recalled the Theseum at Athens ; and then follows the very natural question, Why should a Greek model have been chosen for an edifice, the object and purpose and name of which are so completely and essentially Gothic ? What in Heaven's name has the Theseum to do on the banks of the Danube ? It is true, that the purity of forms in the Greek architecture, the effect of the continuous lines and of the massy Doric columns, must be grand and beautiful to the

eye, place the object where you will ; and, in the situation designed for it, particularly imposing ; but surely it is not appropriate ; the name, and the form, and the purpose are all at variance, throwing our most cherished associations into strange confusion."

It is a fortunate circumstance, that the Bavarian king did not take Mrs. Jameson into his counsels. Her objection as to Greek architecture on the Danube has no real foundation ; she has cheated herself with a few sounding words, and a wholly artificial association of ideas. Setting aside, as perhaps not much to the purpose, the new and well-established views of the affinities of nations, according to which the Greek, Latin, and German tribes and language sprung from one parent stock, we think no person will upon reflection deny, that Greek architecture is, by its simplicity, just proportions, and beauty, well adapted to the public structures of all countries. It strikes the eye of the uneducated man, as well as of the artist. It is readily intelligible, and depends for its effect more on proportion, than on splendor of material. Marble, granite, or wood, it is always agreeable to the sight, and suggestive to the mind. We may apply the same principle to its use in modern times, that we apply to costume in sculpture. Questions have sometimes been zealously agitated, as to the propriety of ancient costume for a modern subject. Some have maintained, that the statue of a modern personage should be represented in a modern dress.

Two suggestions here naturally occur. First, the object of sculpture is not to immortalize the dress of a particular age. It is not to eternize in marble cocked hats and queues, broad-tailed coats and long-flapped waistcoats, breeches, knee-buckles, and seven-league boots ; but to embody the character and passions of man, or the conceptions of poetry. Coats, breeches, queues, and buckles pass away ; their very similitudes become whimsical or unintelligible ; but bravery, honor, patriotism, and their proper expression in marble, are eternal, and eternally understood. To maintain the opposite, is to confound the functions of the tailor or hair-dresser and the sculptor ; it is to place on the same level these crafts, useful, indeed, but not over poetical, and the sublimest and most ideal of the creative arts. We do not wish General Washington's epaulettes nor his buckskin breeches to live for ever in a marble statue of heroic or gigantic size ; but we

wish our great sculptor to give us, and our children's children to the latest generation, the form of the Father of his Country, in one of his most characteristic acts, bearing the semblance of the immortal man, but stripped of all petty accessories, of all mean and transient fashions, and surrounded by a halo of poetry, which only the great artist's genius can impart. *This he has done.*

Secondly, the common notion seems to be, that the costume of ancient statues was borrowed from the clothes worn in daily life. Hence the reasoning is, the modern artist should follow the *principle* of the ancient, and clothe his heroes in whatever dress the inventive genius of the tailor may compel his contemporaries to assume ; that is, the sculptor must consult the tailor, and not the inspirations of genius, at least so far as drapery goes. But what age of the world wore the costume of the Apollo Belvidere ? What Greek went about dressed like the Olympian Jupiter ? What heroes ever rushed stark-naked to battle ? What orators stood, in the costume of Adam before the Fall, on the Bema of Athens ? Would Demosthenes have ventured to pour out his eloquence against Philip, or to hurl his thunders at his corrupt opponents in the popular assembly, draped like one of the Eponymic heroes ? Did ever Athenian horse prance and curvet to the Acropolis, in the great and solemn Panathenaic procession, without bit or bridle, like those marble steeds created by the hand of Phidias for the friezes of the Parthenon ? The truth is, simply, that costume, in the practice of the ancient sculptors, bore but a remote reference to the dress of daily life. It suggested the idea of dress, and in general that was all ; it did not disguise, it merely set off and displayed, the proportions of the figure. It was a purely *artistic* creation, at least where the work was not strictly imitation and portraiture, but came within the region of the ideal. In private life, the Greeks and Romans were very elaborate in their dress. *Chitons* and tunics, and a great variety of complicated garments besides, of splendid and costly colors, figured in the fashionable streets of Athens and Rome, and were gazed upon by the classical loungers with the same curiosity and wonder that broad-tailed, brass-buttoned coats, strapped tights, and red waistcoats excite in Washington Street and Broadway. But Phidias and Praxiteles took no heed of these temporary fashions, while they were chiselling immortal forms

of heroes, demigods, and gods. The drapery of ancient statues is, therefore, as well suited to modern as it was to ancient subjects. Its form and character sprung, not from tailors' shops, but from the very nature and objects of sculpture. That nature, and those objects, are the same in America and in Germany, that they were in Greece and Rome.

Precisely the same reasoning applies to architecture. The private houses of the Greeks were not like their temples, any more than the private houses of Boston are like Park Street Church. At home the Greeks studied convenience, not so much as we do, but still they studied it. In their temples, they exercised the highest *artistic* skill, and, guided by the sure instinct of a genius, which the world has never since seen equalled, they raised structures, which, by their massive simplicity, exquisite proportions, and magnificent beauty, have taught the art to all succeeding ages, but have had no rivals. If one thing, more than another, distinguishes Greek art, it is the universality of its principles. It is not the art of one city, one tribe, one nation; it is the art of mankind. There is nothing in Greek architecture, that binds it to the banks of the Cephissus and the Ilissus. A Doric temple on the Danube, standing on a commanding height, overlooking distant plains, and villages, and forests, approached by a succession of broad terraces; its marble mass, flashing back the beams of the rising and the setting sun; its pediments, presenting to the spectator's eye the sculptured forms of the ancient heroes of the nation, grouped to tell the marvellous deeds, which history and song have immortalized; its interior, filled with the busts of men illustrious in letters, arts, and arms; the whole created, arranged, combined by the warmest patriotism and the highest genius; — cannot fail to excite as deep an admiration in the traveller, be he stranger or native, as did the Temple of Zeus Panhellenios on the island of Egina, or the Temple of Minerva, that rose sublime above the city of Athens.

We have indulged in these few episodal reflections, partly to explain the principles, which guided the selection of the Greek architecture for the Walhalla, and partly, we confess, for the more general purpose of showing the source of many erroneous and absurd opinions on sculpture and architecture in the United States, held even by honorable members of the national legislature. Having had our say, we return.

Klenze was also intrusted by the King, with the superintendence of other architectural works, such as the Arcades of the Garden, the "Glyptothek," or *Museum of Sculpture*, the "Pinakothek," or *Picture Gallery*; two new wings to the Royal Palace, and the "Odeion," or Concert Hall. The Arcades form a continuation of the palace, and run along the whole length of the Garden. They are richly adorned with paintings, one half being devoted to the history of Bavaria, and the other to views of Italy. The historical frescoes, sixteen in number, drawn from great events in German history, are painted by different artists, and though, according to our author, they have various degrees of merit, they are all interesting in an historical point of view. The subjects are all explained in the Introduction to the second volume. The execution of the Italian views was intrusted to the landscape-painter, Rothmann, who stands among the most distinguished artists of Munich and of Germany. Raczyński says,

"It might be said of him, that picturesque effect is always found at the tip of his pencil; and although there may be qualities, that should be placed above those shown in the works of Rothmann, yet he is one of the most distinguished artists in Germany, and the manner in which he has executed these frescoes, secures him a rank among the most eminent landscape-painters of our age. For my part, I like his sketches after Nature better than his finished pictures. In the former, he shows a rare talent for seizing Nature in the very fact. One might say, that his pencil traces, with intelligence and fidelity, every thing that Nature dictates, and that the individuality, the art, the ability of the painter do not interpose between her and him, and disturb by attempting to assist him. In his finished works, on the contrary, and, above all, in his frescoes for the Arcades, I think I perceive too much elaborateness of execution, and too much routine."

As early as the year 1808, the King began to purchase the finest works of ancient sculpture for the purpose of forming a national museum. This collection contains specimens of every age of ancient sculpture, arranged chronologically in a series of magnificent chambers, six at each end of the building, and divided by two immense halls, devoted to the frescoes of Cornelius. "We may consider," says our author, "these two halls as the cradle of modern fresco

painting ; as the developement and application, on a great scale, of the first fortunate essays, of which the Bartholdi palace, the Villa Massimi, and other places at Rome have furnished the example."

The purchase of pieces of ancient sculpture was facilitated by a concurrence of peculiar circumstances. Many of the old Italian families were compelled by poverty to part with the objects of art, which had for centuries adorned their palaces. The King made many purchases of these impoverished nobles ; many more objects of art he bought of speculators and dealers ; some were found in the palaces of the ancient sovereigns of Bavaria ; and new excavations have contributed to enrich his collections. The Egyptian sculptures came mostly from the Villa Albani, and from the collection of the Consul-general Drovetti. One hall contains nothing but marbles, from the ruins of the temple of Zeus Panhellenios in Ægina. These important objects were discovered by Haller, Cockerell, Forster, and Linkh. The excavations took place in 1811 ; and, in the following year, the King bought the whole collection at a large price. These marbles represent the history of the Æacidæ ; but neither of the groups is quite entire. They are arranged according to the design of Mr. Cockerell, one of the discoverers, who is said to have shown great skill and judgment in determining the groups. The restorations were executed under the eye of Thorwaldson, whose success, in this difficult and delicate undertaking, has excited the admiration of the most competent judges. These statues are considered by Raczyński, and, we believe, the whole world of artists agree with his opinion, as among the most interesting and precious objects, that have ever been restored to the arts. "It is worthy of observation," he remarks, "that, while the heads of this numerous series of figures have all a conventional type, and show some analogy with the arts of the Egyptians, the rest of the body bears the stamp of a profound study of nature."

The next apartment of the Glyptothek is called the "Hall of Apollo," and contains the celebrated statue of Apollo, which was known a long time under the name of the "Barberini Muse." "It has changed its sex," says Raczyński, "by command of certain *savans*." It is supposed to be the work of Ageladas, the master of Phidias. It is in a severe, massy, and somewhat formal style, and stands chronologically and

artistically between the Ægina and the Elgin marbles. "In the same room," says Mrs. Jameson, "are those two sublime busts, which almost take away one's breath, the colossal head of Pallas, resembling that of the Minerva of Velletri, now in the Vatican, and the Achilles."

The "Sleeping Satyr," sometimes called the "Barberini Faun," is the chief ornament of the fourth hall. This statue has been ascribed by some to Praxiteles, and by others to Scopas. It is said to have ornamented the Mole, in the time of Adrian. Belisarius, according to a tradition, used it as an instrument of defence, hurling it upon the heads of his assailants. In the fifteenth century it was found in a mutilated state in the castle of Saint Angelo, and was purchased by the Barberini family. Some years ago it was restored by Pacini, a Roman sculptor, and was bought by the King at an immense price. Among the other pieces that belong to this hall, are an Ino, called Leucothea, a Silenus, a Laughing Satyr, a Faun, called, from a greenish stain on the cheek, the Faun *colla macchia*, and another Faun, named after Winkelmann. Most of the marbles in this apartment came from the Villa Albani, the Braschi palace, the Bevilacqua palace at Verona, and the Ruspoli palace at Rome.

The sixth apartment is the "Hall of Niobe"; it contains the famous kneeling statue, which the antiquaries have pronounced to belong to the group of the children of Niobe. It has received the name of Ilioneus, who, according to Ovid, was the youngest son of Niobe. Between this and the apartments on the other side, are the Banqueting Halls, adorned by the frescoes of Cornelius. The first is called the "Hall of the Gods," and contains three pictures, representing Olympus, Hades, and the Empire of Neptune. The second, called the "Hall of the Trojans," represents the war of Troy. "The idea is grand, and the execution is happy; the epic poetry of the ancients has found in Cornelius a worthy interpreter." Mrs. Jameson has given a very lively description of the paintings in these two halls, and we refer our readers to her very entertaining work.

The six halls, that correspond to those already mentioned, contain a variety of objects of ancient sculpture, all possessing great value and interest. The collection of antiques ends with the sculptures in colored marble and porphyry. The last hall contains the works of the present times; stat-

ues and busts of Canova, Thorwaldson, Rauch, Gotfried, Rodolph, Schadow, Eberhardt, and other modern sculptors.

We intended to go over the whole ground occupied by the work of Raczynski ; for the remainder of the second volume, and the third, abound in matters of the highest interest. But this paper has already extended to such a length, that we must dismiss the subject, at least for the present.

ART. VII. — *Animal Chemistry, or Organic Chemistry in its Application to Physiology and Pathology*. By JUSTUS LIEBIG, M. D., Ph. D., F. R. S., M. R. I. A., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Giessen, &c. &c. &c. *Edited from the Author's Manuscript*, by WILLIAM GREGORY, M. D., F. R. S. E., M. R. I. A., Professor of Medicine and Chemistry in the University and King's College, Aberdeen. *With Additions, Notes, and Corrections*, by Dr. GREGORY, and others by JOHN W. WEBSTER, M. D., Erving Professor of Chemistry in Harvard University. Cambridge : John Owen. 1842. 12mo. pp. 347.

THE several kingdoms of nature have each a chemistry of its own. In the mineral or inanimate world, every substance has not only its own mechanical properties to determine its form and mode of existence, but each has its peculiar affinities, which give it its inherent character, and regulate its relations to surrounding objects. These affinities are constant and permanent, and constitute a part of the very nature of the substance ; and their actions, under similar circumstances, always produce the same results. By his knowledge of them, the chemist is able to separate the several parts of a compound body, and then, at his pleasure, to restore them again, and reproduce the same, identical substance.

In organic chemistry, an entirely new agency is presented in the principle of life. Without knowing or pretending to know what life is, as an essence, we find it, in its effects, exercising a controlling influence over the properties of matter, in all the operations of organized bodies. At one time it promotes the action of affinity, producing combinations at

a temperature, and under circumstances, in which that, alone, would be inoperative ; at another, it suspends or destroys it, effecting decomposition between bodies strongly united, and appropriating one or the other of them to the purposes of its own organization. In other instances, again, it only modifies the natural affinities of bodies, giving a new character and new properties to the results of the complex action. From a few simple elements are thus formed all the immense varieties of compounds exhibited in the whole range of animal and vegetable life, each having its own essential character, and each capable of being made what it is only by the peculiar organization that formed it. They may be decomposed, their elements detected, and the exact proportions of each element ascertained ; but the whole art of chemistry cannot reconstruct any one of them. The same elements may often be made to unite, sometimes in the same proportions, but the product is totally unlike the original. The simplest vegetable sap, no less than the most complicated animal fluid, although so simple as to seem little more than pure water, and although all its elements are perfectly known to him, contains principles which the chemist has no power to supply. In a few instances, he is able to change one organic product into another, by means of chemical reagents ; but in no case can he produce a like compound out of purely inorganic matter.

In inorganic substances, the principle of action is inherent in the matter itself. When the circumstances are favorable, the action follows of course. In organized bodies, the power of action resides not in the mere matter alone, not even in the organization, neither can it be communicated by any artificial means. It is transmitted from individual to individual, from parent to offspring, each individual transmitting only its own peculiar power. If lost, it is lost for ever, so far as that individual is concerned. Although the organization may seem to our observation to remain perfect, no power short of that of its creation can restore it.

It may easily be seen, then, why the progress of knowledge in this department of chemistry has been much more slow than in others. The investigations that it demands are difficult and often unsatisfactory. The objects examined disappear under the scrutiny, and cannot be recovered for re-examination. And when a new process is instituted, it is not

always easy to produce the same results by similar proceedings. Many of the parts, both of vegetables and animals, are so volatile and evanescent, that they escape from observation, almost before the examination is begun; others so readily yield to different forms of combination, that it is not easy to be assured, that the compound analyzed by the chemist is always the same that has circulated in the living body.

Yet not a little has been done, especially in the details of this branch of chemistry. The composition of a very large number of organic substances, both animal and vegetable, has been carefully ascertained, both in their proximate principles, and in their ultimate constituents. And, although much remains unknown, which we may strongly desire to know, something is known of the uses of the several principles in their appropriate economy, and of the reciprocal influence of foreign substances upon them. But no general exposition of all the chemical operations in the growth and sustenance of animals and vegetables, applicable to all their multiform functions, has, we believe, ever before been attempted; certainly none has succeeded in obtaining the approbation and sanction of the scientific world in general. The present work of Professor Liebig, in connexion with his previous Report, and one that is to follow, aims and professes to do this. How far he has succeeded in accomplishing it, remains to be seen, and we proceed to inquire.

The inquiries of Professor Liebig were undertaken in consequence of a request of the chemical section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. His first Report, on "Organic Chemistry in its Application to Agriculture and Physiology," was presented to that body in 1840. The second Report on "Organic Chemistry in its Application to Physiology and Pathology," has been prepared for the meeting of the present year, and has been published, before being communicated to the body of its special patrons. A third Report is promised, to contain the author's researches into the nature of the food of man and animals, and of the changes which it undergoes in its preparation for use by cooking.

The previous reputation of the author, as a zealous and able analytical chemist, appears to have excited very high expectations of the value of the work that he was to produce, and to have prepared the way for the enthusiastic reception it met with. Professor Gregory declared, in the

British Association, as we are informed in the Preface to the American Edition, "that the Association had just reason to be proud of such a work, as originating in their recommendation;" and Professors Lindley, Daubeny, and others, concur in regarding the date of its publication "as the commencement of a new era in the art of agriculture." One of the Copley medals, of the Royal Society of London, was presented to the author the same year. The President, the Marquis of Northampton, in presenting the medal to Professor Liebig's representative on the occasion, said, "My principal difficulty, in the present exercise of this the most agreeable part of my official duty, is to know, whether to consider M. Liebig's inquiries as most important in a chemical or a physiological light." If his Lordship will honor our Review with a careful perusal, we think he may be relieved of a part of his difficulty.

This second Report is announced with the same flourish of trumpets. The American editor declares the author to be, without question, the first living authority in Organic Chemistry; and the translator, Dr. Gregory, has "experienced the highest admiration of the profound sagacity, which enabled the author to erect so beautiful a structure on the foundation of facts, which others had allowed to remain for so long a time utterly useless," and regards its appearance as "the commencement of a new era in physiology." We have thus, already, two new eras, a new era in agriculture, and a new era in physiology; and some two years hence, when the third Report shall be forthcoming, we shall doubtless have a new era in the art of dieting and cookery.

It cannot be doubted, that institutions for the advancement of science, upon the plan of the British Association, may do much, and have done something, for the dissemination of knowledge. They may, also, to a considerable extent, excite a spirit of investigation. But it remains to be proved, and may well be questioned, whether their influence is more favorable to profound research, than the old-fashioned way of more private study and observation. Scientific discussions before large audiences of ladies and gentlemen, learned and unlearned, public assemblies, public promenades, and public dinners, may serve a very good purpose to render science popular; but they have no great tendency to increase its

depth. It is true, that the investigations are made, and the report of them is written, in seclusion ; but the constitution of the body, before which the Report is to be read, and under whose auspices it is to be ushered into the world, cannot fail to exert a powerful influence upon its character. And how different will be the influence, if that body be a large and brilliant assemblage of fashionable patrons of learning, with a sprinkling of men of learning, from what it would be if these same learned men were quietly gathered by themselves in some private hall. Such were our older *academies* of science ; the former is the modern *association*.

Professor Liebig himself participates in the complacency with which his works are regarded by his admirers. His opinions are often given with a confidence which savours, not a little, of dogmatism ; and he is not always careful to mention the attainments and labors of others with all the respect, that may reasonably be demanded from a candid searcher after true knowledge. For example, he repeatedly speaks of "pretended experiments," and "experiments that teach nothing," for no other reason, that is exhibited, than that they were not favorable to his conclusions ; and this, too, while his own observations are referred to only by their results, without any details to enable the reader to judge of their accuracy or sufficiency. He demands a confidence from his readers, which he is not willing to render to others. He enters, apparently for the first time, into the field of physiology, with a feeling nearly allied to contempt for the attainments of all its previous cultivators. The following language is used in the first Report.

"All discoveries in physics and in chemistry, all explanations of chemists, must remain without fruit and useless, because, even to the great leaders in physiology, carbonic acid, ammonia, acids, and bases are sounds without meaning, words without sense, terms of an unknown language, which awaken no thoughts and no associations. They treat these sciences like the vulgar, who despise a foreign literature in exact proportion to their ignorance of it ; since, even when they have had some acquaintance with them, they have not understood their spirit and application.

"Physiologists reject the aid of chemistry in their inquiry into the secrets of vitality, although it alone could guide them in the true path ; they reject chemistry, because, in its pursuit of

knowledge, it destroys the subjects of its investigation ; but they forget, that the knife of the anatomist must dismember the body, and destroy its organs, if an account is to be given of their form, structure, and functions." — *Report on Vegetable Chemistry*, p. 86.

To our medical readers, if indeed to any, we surely need not say, how far this is from being true. Chemistry constitutes a full proportional part of the course of instruction in all medical schools ; and we believe it holds good everywhere, as it certainly does in this country, that, with the exception of those who make it their especial business, either as teachers, or as engaged in the chemical arts, there is much more acquaintance with it, as a branch of learning, among physicians, who, of course, are the only physiologists, than in any other class of scientific men. When chemistry first revived, in the days of Priestley, Lavoisier, Fourcroy, and their contemporaries, the wonderful discoveries, that were made by them, were eagerly and zealously applied to the explanation of a great variety of phenomena in animal and vegetable life ; driving out of vogue the multiplied forms of the mechanical theories of previous times. But it soon became apparent, that some of the explanations, thus introduced, were insufficient and unsatisfactory. And, from that day to this, the influence of merely chemical theories in physiology has been undergoing an almost constant reduction of its limits. It is possible, indeed, that this reaction may have gone too far ; but of this we shall judge better hereafter.

It would almost seem, that our author, in preparing himself to apply his knowledge of chemistry to illuminate the darkness of physiologists, had only consulted recent elementary writers, and had overlooked the opinions of their predecessors ; that he began his *cramming* at too late a period. Theories, that were in full credit forty years ago, and have since fallen into the mere history of science, are, in some instances, brought forward, and urged with great earnestness, without any intimation or appearance of suspicion, that they have ever been heard of before. There are other indications of a recent and imperfect knowledge of the functions, and even of the structure, of the animal body. Some of these may possibly arise from typographical errors or incorrect translation ; and two or three are corrected as such in a table of *errata* in the Cambridge

edition, although they certainly have much the appearance of original misconception.* Others, however, will scarcely admit of such an explanation; as when we are told (p. 57), that "the venous blood, before reaching the heart, is made to pass through the liver; the arterial blood, on the other hand, passes through the kidneys; and these organs separate from both all substances incapable of contributing to nutrition." And again (p. 213), "The substance of cellular tissue, of membranes, and of the skin, the minutest particles of which are not in immediate contact with arterial blood (with oxygen), are not destined to undergo this change of matter. Whatever changes they may undergo in the vital process, affect, in all cases, only their surface." From this and similar remarks, it is obvious, that the author supposes all the membranous and tendinous parts, including the cellular membrane, the skin, &c., to be destitute not only of a true circulation, but also of nerves!

In the purely chemical parts of the work, we give to the author our unreserved confidence; in the accuracy of all his statements, at least, if not in the soundness of his theories. The first Report is in a great degree speculative; made up of reasonings on facts already known, but now applied in new relations to the support of the author's views; not without a considerable addition of new observations, the result of his own researches. The second contains a much larger proportion of original information, and savours more of the laboratory. The analyses which are given of many portions of animal organization, attach a high degree of value to the work, whatever may be thought of the speculations by which they are accompanied.

We have on former occasions commended the agricultural

* The following passage affords an example of the kind referred to. Either with or without the correction, it exhibits but a confused idea of the phenomena of emphysema from injury. "It is known, that in cases of wounds of the lungs a peculiar condition is produced, in which, by the act of inspiration, not only oxygen but atmospherical air, with its whole amount (four fifths) of nitrogen, penetrates into the cells of the lungs. This air is carried by the *circulation* [corrected in the list of *errata* to *cellular tissue*] to every part of the body, so that every part is inflated or puffed up with the air, as with water in dropsy. This state ceases, without pain, as soon as the entrance of the air through the wound is stopped. There can be no doubt that the oxygen of the air, thus accumulated in the cellular tissue, enters into combination, while its nitrogen is expired through the skin and lungs." — p. 110.

portion of the first of these works, and spoken of its tendency to introduce important improvements in the methods of culture ; without going fully into an examination of the author's peculiar views in regard to the growth and nourishment of plants.* But the physiology of vegetable life is so intimately connected with that of animals, that it is scarcely possible to obtain correct notions of either, without some knowledge of the other. The two Reports are essentially parts of one work ; and, in order to gain a just apprehension of their true merits as a philosophical treatise, or to acquire a full impression of the author's opinions, they should be examined together. Before we proceed further, therefore, in our consideration of the second Report, we will take a brief notice of that part of the first, which relates to the physiology of vegetables. And, if we should find reason to be less satisfied with our author's physiological opinions than we were with his agricultural precepts, it would not be the first time that a man of great practical acuteness has been tempted to his hurt into fields of speculation, for which his previous habits and studies have not fitted him.

The chief elements of vegetable matter are carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen. Of the woody fibre, and many other portions of plants, these three substances are the sole constituent principles, and of every portion of every plant, they constitute by far the greater part. Nitrogen, and a few other substances, enter in some small proportion into the composition of certain parts, and the amount of these varies not a little in different plants, and in the same plants under different circumstances. It is regarded by Professor Liebig as a distinguishing feature between plants that grow spontaneously, and those raised under the influence of artificial cultivation, that the latter contain a much larger proportion of those vegetable compounds, or *proximate principles*, which contain nitrogen, than the former. Much of his theory of culture is founded upon this distinction ; it being a leading object with him to furnish to plants under cultivation a sufficient abundance of substances, that shall afford nitrogen in a condition to facilitate its absorption.

The composition of plants being thus simple, it is obvious, that a primary object of inquiry in regard to their growth and

* See *North American Review*, Vol. LIII., p. 147, *et seq.* ; LIV., p. 476, *et seq.*

sustenance, is to learn the source from which these elements are obtained, and the means by which they are incorporated into the plant. Professor Liebig conceives, that the carbon is derived exclusively from the carbonic acid of the atmosphere, and the oxygen and hydrogen chiefly, and the nitrogen and other matters exclusively, from the soil. Now, fully one half of all vegetable substances is made up of carbon, and the proportion of carbonic acid (of which less than one third is carbon) in the atmosphere, according to Professor Liebig, is one thousandth; while the nitrogen in plants rarely exceeds one or two per cent., very often much less, and four fifths of the whole atmosphere is pure nitrogen gas. On the other hand, the portion of the soil, which, under the names of *humus*, *ulmin*, *geine*, &c., is regarded by all chemists as indispensable to the free growth of plants, contains, in different specimens, from 57 to 72 parts in a hundred of carbon, and, as a constant element, no nitrogen. Even Professor Liebig himself appears to regard the presence of nitrogen as a sort of accidental infiltration in the form of ammonia, or as the effect of culture. Under these circumstances, it seems highly improbable, to say the least of it, that each of these bodies should be supplied only from the most limited source, to the neglect of that which is so abundant. No reason appears on the face of things, why the reverse should not be true, — the carbon supplied by the soil, chiefly if not entirely, and the nitrogen by the atmosphere.

The only reason given by Professor Liebig, for believing that the nitrogen of plants is not derived from the atmosphere, is that "the nitrogen of the air cannot be made to enter into combination with any element except oxygen, even by employment of the most powerful chemical means." (p. 126.) It is strange, that he should have forgotten that the same thing is no less true of the carbonic acid of the air. Carbonic acid in the aëriform state we believe has never been decomposed by artificial means; and, when the gas is in its nascent state, or when the acid is fixed by combination with a base, the oxygen can be separated only by very strong affinities, aided by a temperature not less than that of a red heat. Even the oxygen and hydrogen, which have so strong an affinity for each other, combine only at the temperature of ignition. Indeed, there are none of the chief elements of plants, that can

be made by any artificial chemical means to combine at the ordinary temperature of growing vegetables.

A similar reason is given for denying that carbon is absorbed from the soil by the roots of plants.

“Vegetable physiologists agree in the supposition, that by the aid of water *humus* is rendered capable of being absorbed by the roots of plants. But, according to the observation of chemists, humic acid is soluble only when newly precipitated, and becomes completely insoluble when dried in the air, or when exposed in the moist state to the freezing temperature. Both the cold of winter and the heat of summer, therefore, are destructive of the solubility of humic acid, and at the same time of its capability of being assimilated by plants. So that, if it is absorbed by plants, it must be in some altered form.”

“These facts, which show that humic acid in its unaltered condition cannot serve for the nourishment of plants, have not escaped the notice of physiologists; and hence they have assumed, that the lime or the different alkalies, found in the ashes of vegetables, render soluble humic acid, and fit it for the process of assimilation.” — *Vegetable Chemistry*, pp. 63, 64.

Professor Liebig then goes into an extended calculation, of several pages, to show, that the amount of alkalies and alkaline earths contained in any given quantity of vegetable matter, is altogether insufficient to combine with and render soluble humic acid enough to supply the carbon which the same vegetable contains. All this may be true; it matters not. But he overlooks the fact, that living plants have a power of appropriating matter to themselves, independently of any known laws of affinity. We have already seen this in regard to several of the gases. It is no less true in respect to liquids and solids. Some of the grasses, which are among the simplest of vegetables, select and take up silex, one of the hardest and least soluble of the earths, and incorporate it into their texture to such an extent, that they will strike fire with steel. Nay, we are assured, on high chemical authority,* that, when made to grow in distilled water in a glass vessel, they will decompose the surface of the glass, and appropriate both the silex and the alkali, of which it is composed, to their own growth. It must have been in the observation of many persons, who cultivate ornamental bulbous roots in glasses, that the inner surface of the glass loses its polish, and becomes

* Dr. C. T. Jackson.

rough. This is merely from the decomposition of the glass. Now water alone will produce no such effect on glass. The living plant communicates by its roots, through the water (for the roots are generally not in contact with the glass), an influence powerful enough to separate the potash of the glass from its strong combination, and transfer it to itself. With the knowledge of such facts in our view, we are not left to the necessity of rejecting a belief in the existence of any process in vegetable life, merely because it cannot be explained by the laws of inorganic chemistry.

Very early after the true nature of the principal gases became known, it was discovered, that carbonic acid is absorbed by the leaves of plants, and that oxygen gas is given out in the place of it. At a later period this was denied, and the reverse was asserted, that plants, like animals, consume oxygen and produce carbonic acid. It turns out, that both statements are true, under different circumstances. In a bright sunlight, oxygen is given out from the leaves, and carbonic acid disappears; in the darkness of night, the oxygen of the surrounding air is diminished, and the carbonic acid is increased. Professor Liebig claims, that the first only is a true vital process; that the proper function of the plant is performed only during the day, in the absorption of carbon, and thus setting free the oxygen; and that in the night, the vital force, being weakened by the absence of light, is not able to prevent the oxygen of the air from acting chemically on some of the vegetable principles contained in the leaves, and combining with them so as to form the carbonic acid. This is a mere assumption. No good reason can be given for regarding one as any less a chemical process than the other. We believe, that both are equally under the influence of the living powers of the plant, acting in these, as in other cases, by the agency of chemical affinities whenever they are of a nature to subserve the purposes of its organization, and controlling and annulling them whenever they are adverse. If it were not so, there must be a conflict of powers, that would sometimes produce strange confusion in the organic world. Besides, plants do not cease to grow in the night; some grow extensively and rapidly without light. Whence do they, then, obtain their carbon?

The belief, that oxygen gas is set free in the atmosphere by the growth of plants, was long ago regarded with favor, as

furnishing a compensation for the consumption of oxygen, or rather its transformation into carbonic acid, by the respiration of animals. Preachers and philosophers have united in hailing it as an example of the wisdom of the Creator, in establishing so beautiful a provision for the perpetuity of his work. Professor Liebig adopts the same view of the matter, and enlarges upon it. He says ;

“ Although the absolute quantity of oxygen contained in the atmosphere appears very great when represented by numbers, yet it is not inexhaustible. One man consumes by respiration 45 Hessian cubic feet of oxygen in 24 hours; 10 centners of charcoal consume 58,112 cubic feet of oxygen during its combustion ; and a small town, like Giessen (with about 7000 inhabitants), extracts yearly from the air, by the wood employed as fuel, more than 1000 millions of cubic feet of this gas.” — p. 70.

This remark is followed in a note by a calculation for ascertaining the length of time that the atmosphere would sustain the world with its present amount of oxygen. The result is, that, if there were no means of replacing it, a thousand million men would use up all the oxygen in three hundred and three thousand years. The appendix to the American edition repeats the calculation with a result somewhat more favorable to the hopes of the world. It there appears, that to reduce the proportion of oxygen in the atmosphere twelve per cent., below which it will not sustain animal life, a thousand million men must breathe it away a full million of years. We have not taken the trouble to review these calculations. Either carries the fatal period of universal extermination so far off, as to leave us no great cause of alarm for the safety of the present generation.

Professor Liebig proceeds ;

“ When we consider facts, such as these, our former statements, that the quantity of oxygen does not diminish in the course of ages, — that the air, at the present day, for example, does not contain less oxygen than that found in jars buried for 1800 years in Pompeii, — appears quite incomprehensible, unless some source exists whence the oxygen abstracted is replaced. How does it happen, then, that the oxygen in the atmosphere is thus invariable ?

“ The answer to this question depends upon another ; namely, what becomes of the carbonic acid, which is produced during the respiration of animals, and by the process of combustion ?

A cubic foot of oxygen gas, by uniting with carbon so as to form carbonic acid, does not change its volume. The billions of cubic feet of oxygen extracted from the atmosphere produce the same number of billions of cubic feet of carbonic acid, which immediately supply its place." — pp. 70, 71.

"It has been already mentioned, that carbon and the elements of water form the principal constituents of vegetables; the quantity of the substances which do not possess this composition being in very small proportion. Now, the relative quantity of oxygen in the whole mass is less than in carbonic acid. It is therefore certain, that plants must possess the power of decomposing carbonic acid, since they appropriate its carbon for their own use. The formation of their principal component substances, must, necessarily, be attended with the separation of the carbon of the carbonic acid from the oxygen, which must be returned to the atmosphere, whilst the carbon enters into combination with water or its elements. The atmosphere must thus receive a volume of oxygen for every volume of carbonic acid which has been decomposed." — p. 72.

This theory of compensations, however plausible or beautiful it may appear at first sight, has, on examination, very little to sustain it. The Creator of the universe has not left the perfection of his work dependent on accidental contingencies, — on the greater or less prevalence of animal or vegetable life. Not only is the composition of the air unchanged, within all known periods of time, but it is also the same in every part of the globe; — the same in the middle of the ocean, on the heights of Chimborazo, on the Peak of Teneriffe, as in the most crowded city. If the supposed causes were sufficient to exert any appreciable influence, that influence ought to be as unequally distributed as the cause.

Again, if the growth of plants is necessary to replace the oxygen respired by animals, when the atmosphere contains twenty-one parts in a hundred of oxygen gas, how much more necessary must be the presence of animals to supply carbon for vegetation, since the air contains only a three thousandth part of it. But Geology teaches, indisputably, that, for a long period of time, the earth was covered by a luxurious vegetable growth, before any animal made its appearance on the globe. What animals expired the carbonic acid for the carbon of all the mines of coal with which the earth teems? These masses of coal were once living plants, and, if our author's theory be true, must all have floated in

the atmosphere as carbonic acid, long before any animal was seen on the face of the earth.

The true view of the case, however, has no respect to any of these suppositions. No new matter is created with the progress of the world. Its forms and relations are changing perpetually ; but its elements remain the same, in all their combinations. All the forms, and all the products, of organic life have a constant tendency to return spontaneously, to dissolve, into their natural elements. Men and animals die, and return to their dust. And, although we are unable to trace all the steps by which the particles of matter, that compose them, are restored to their previous state of existence, there is no reason to doubt, that the restoration is complete. As generation after generation has passed away, the constituent parts of each have resumed the forms that before belonged to them, or have entered into new combinations, according to their relation to objects around them.

Plants, too, die and decay. And here we are able to point out the steps of their decomposition ; so far, at least, as to see that whatever oxygen may have been liberated by the assimilation of carbon, is necessarily recombined, whenever either by combustion or decay that carbon is again converted into carbonic acid. In the long progress of ages, there is as much of combustion and decay, as of growth, in the vegetable world ; and, consequently, just as much oxygen is consumed in the one process, as is set free in the other. Where, then, is the surplus, to supply the exhaustion supposed to be occasioned by the respiration of animals ?

These considerations do not decide the question, whether carbon is, or is not, absorbed from the atmosphere into the substance of living vegetables. But they relieve the subject from extraneous influences, and leave the question to be settled by its own proper evidence. We have no doubt that plants do derive a portion of their carbon from the air ; but we are not at all convinced, that the whole, as Professor Liebig supposes, is thus obtained ; or that even the chief portion is from this source. When we see a supply so much more abundant in the soil, and in a form, which, whatever may be its mode of action, all agree is indispensable to vegetable growth, we cannot suppose that its presence there is for a purpose so subordinate as our author would have us believe.

We return to the second Report.

Professor Liebig treats of his whole subject as if it were a matter of course, that all difference of properties, in the products of organized matter, whether vegetable or animal, necessarily implies a difference of composition ; and the converse, that identity of composition indicates identity of properties. A "change in the properties of the living compound" is with him the same thing as "a change of matter." (p. 201.) He produces no evidence of this. He scarcely even states it as a distinct proposition. But almost the whole course of his reasoning proceeds upon the assumption of its truth. And yet there not only is no proof that it is true, but there is much that it is not so. Matter, even in its simpler modes of existence, is often found in different forms, without any change of composition. The several forms of solid, liquid, and gaseous, exhibit, surely, very different properties, in consequence merely of the absorption of heat. The properties of ice cannot be regarded as the same with those of water or steam. We may be told, perhaps, that here is a new combination with the caloric. This supposition is purely hypothetical. But there are cases, which do not admit even of this explanation. The elementary substance carbon, for example, is found in three distinct forms, varying greatly in their whole appearance and properties, yet each of them proves, on the most perfect analysis, to be pure carbon ; namely, charcoal, graphite, and diamond. In the more complicated compounds of organized matter, there are numerous instances of this kind. Thus, the composition of sugar is identical with that of gum ; yet no spinster would mistake, in her tea, a piece of tragacanth for a lump of East Boston triple-refined. Professor Liebig notices the existence of *isomeric* compounds, as they are called, but he offers no explanation in regard to them, and seems not to perceive how much they are at variance with the whole scope of his observations and reasoning.

He also takes it for granted, and with no more of proof in this case than in the other, that what have been called the peculiar principles of vegetables, exert precisely the same influence on the animal body, as the individual articles from which they are obtained. Thus, coffee and tea have both the same effect on the system, because *caffeine* and *theine*, the essential principles of each, are identical in their composition. Hear this, ye sighing vale-

tudinarians, who are gasping to learn of every physician ye meet, which of these luxurious "poisons" is the least "wholesome"; and learn, for your comfort (or your confusion), that they are neither more nor less than the same thing. One may grow only in China, the other in India or America, or wherever else it will; one may be a leaf, the other a berry; one may be a simple infusion, the other roasted, and tortured, and boiled; it matters not, their effects are the same. And, if they do not look alike, and smell alike, and taste alike, it is not the fault of chemistry; for caffeine and theine each contains eight atoms of carbon, five atoms of hydrogen, two atoms of nitrogen, and two atoms of oxygen.

We come now to the leading feature of Professor Liebig's system of physiology; that upon which his claim to distinction, as the founder of a "new era" in science, is to rest, his chemical theory of life. According to this theory, every action of the living body, animal or vegetable, is not only accompanied, but is caused, by a change of chemical composition; every action is the immediate effect of a truly chemical process. Professor Liebig, indeed, recognises a "vital force," which exerts some sort of influence in giving a character and direction to the chemical agencies. But it is not always easy to see, exactly, how much importance he would attach to this; for either his own opinions about it are very confused, or he has expressed them very obscurely. It is quite clear, however, that he regards chemical action as the chief point of interest, and almost the only object of investigation. If it does not actually originate the vital force itself, it is the sole cause of its activity. Even the slightest motion of a finger occasions a chemical decomposition of a portion of the muscles employed. He says,

"The most ordinary experience further shows, that at each moment of life, in the animal organism, a continued change of matter, more or less accelerated, is going on; that a part of the structure is transformed into unorganized matter, loses its condition of life, and must be again renewed. Physiology has sufficiently decisive grounds for the opinion, that every motion, every manifestation of force, is the result of a transformation of the structure or of its substance; that every conception, every mental affection, is followed by changes in the chemical nature of the secreted fluids; that every thought, every sensation, is

accompanied by a change in the composition of the substance of the brain." — p. 8.

Our author's idea of life is thus described.

"In the animal ovum, as well as in the seed of a plant, we recognise a certain remarkable force, the source of growth, or increase in the mass, and of reproduction, or of supply of the matter consumed; a force in a state of rest. By the action of external influences, by impregnation, by the presence of air and moisture, the condition of static equilibrium of this force is disturbed; entering into a state of motion or activity, it exhibits itself in the production of a series of forms, which, although occasionally bounded by right lines, are yet widely distinct from geometrical forms, such as we observe in crystallized minerals. This force is called the *vital force*, *vis vitæ*, or *vitality*.

"The increase of mass in a plant is determined by the occurrence of a decomposition, which takes place in certain parts of the plant under the influence of light and heat." — p. 1.

The vital force, or life, is of two kinds, *animal* and *vegetative*. The first is derived solely from the brain and nervous system, and regulates all the motions of the animal body. The second is independent of the nervous system, but exists in animals no less than in plants, and is found in the parts concerned in the growth and nutrition of the body, and in the secreting organs.

"Every thing in the animal organism, to which the name of *motion* can be applied, proceeds from the nervous apparatus. The phenomena of motion in vegetables, the circulation of the sap, for example, observed in many of the characeæ, and the closing of flowers and leaves, depend on physical and mechanical causes. A plant is destitute of nerves. Heat and light are the remote causes of motion in vegetables; but in animals we recognise in the nervous apparatus a source of power, capable of renewing itself at every moment of their existence." — p. 3.

"Assimilation, or the process of formation and growth, — in other words, the passage of matter from a state of motion to that of rest, — goes on in the same way in animals and in vegetables. In both, the same cause determines the increase of mass. This constitutes the true vegetative life, which is carried on without consciousness." — p. 4.

Let it not be supposed, from these passages, that the author ascribes to the vital force any controlling power over the actions of the living body. On the contrary, he regards

it as altogether subordinate to chemical agencies. He goes on to say,

“ It cannot be denied, that this peculiar force exercises a certain influence on the activity of vegetative life, just as other immaterial agents, such as Light, Heat, Electricity, and Magnetism do ; but this influence is not of a determinative kind, and manifests itself only as an acceleration, a retarding, or a disturbance of the process of vegetative life. In a manner exactly analogous, the vegetative life reacts on the conscious mental existence.” — p. 5.

And again,

“ Viewed as an object of scientific research, animal life exhibits itself in a series of phenomena, the connexion and recurrence of which are determined by the changes which the food and the oxygen, absorbed from the atmosphere, undergo in the organism under the influence of the vital force.

“ All vital activity arises from the mutual action of the oxygen of the atmosphere and the elements of the food.

“ In the processes of nutrition and reproduction, we perceive the passage of matter from the state of motion to that of rest (static equilibrium) ; under the influence of the nervous system, this matter enters again into a state of motion. The ultimate causes of these different conditions of the vital force are chemical forces.” — p. 8.

“ As, in the closed galvanic circuit, in consequence of certain changes, which an inorganic body, a metal, undergoes when placed in contact with an acid, a certain something becomes cognizable by our senses, which we call a current of electricity ; so, in the animal body, in consequence of transformations and changes undergone by matter previously constituting a part of the organism, a certain phenomena of motion and activity are perceived, and these we call life, or vitality.

“ The electrical current manifests itself in certain phenomena of attraction and repulsion, which it excites in other bodies naturally motionless, and by the phenomena of the formation and decomposition of chemical compounds, which occur everywhere, when the resistance is not sufficient to arrest the current.

“ It is from this point of view, and from no other, that chemistry ought to contemplate the phenomena of life. Wonders surround us on every side. The formation of a crystal, of an octahedron, is not less incomprehensible than the production of a leaf or of a muscular fibre ; and the production of vermilion, from mercury and sulphur, is as much an enigma as the formation of an eye from the substance of the blood.

“ The first conditions of animal life are nutritious matters and oxygen, introduced into the system.” — p. 11.

We have extracted thus freely in order to exhibit, in the author's own language, an outline of the principles, on which he explains the multifarious and complicated functions of animal and vegetable life. The whole work is but an elucidation of these principles ; an attempt to show, in detail, in what manner the vital phenomena are produced by changes in the composition of the several parts of the body. Not only respiration, and the production of animal heat, but digestion, assimilation, and secretion, all the changes of growth, and supply, and wasting, and even the phenomena of disease, and the operation of medicines, are traced directly to chemical action. The living body is a mere alembic, or, more properly, a miniature laboratory, in every part of which the intricate processes of analysis and combination are carried on at the same moment of time.

This attempt at chemical physiology is not altogether new. Chemists have often busied themselves with the products of organized beings, and to very good effect, although they have hitherto found much, that their researches could not fully reach. Modern chemists have, in general, despaired of becoming acquainted with the properties of these products by a mere knowledge of their ultimate constituents, and have directed their attention more to the nature and characteristics of the compounds themselves, or *proximate principles*. Professor Liebig, on the other hand, looks upon these with no other interest, than to ascertain the quantity of carbon, oxygen, &c. they contain, for the supply of the several organs. For *qualitative observations*, as he terms the inquiries into the character and uses of the proximate organic compounds, he has no respect ; nor much, indeed, for the understanding of those who make them.

“ The numberless qualitative investigations of animal matters, which are made, are equally worthless for physiology and for chemistry, so long as they are not instituted with a well-defined object, or to answer a question clearly put.

“ If we take the letters of a sentence which we wish to decipher, and place them in a line, we advance not a step towards the discovery of their meaning. To resolve an enigma, we must have a perfectly clear conception of the problem. There are many ways to the highest pinnacle of a mountain ; but

those only can hope to reach it who keep the summit constantly in view. All our labor and all our efforts, if we strive to attain it through a morass, only serve to cover us more completely with mud; our progress is impeded by difficulties of our own creation, and at last even the greatest strength must give way when so absurdly wasted." — p. 125.

His way to the pinnacle is up the heights of *Quantitative Analysis*. He ascertains the exact proportional quantity of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, in muscular flesh, in the skin, in the tendons, in the brain; he does the same with the several parts of the blood, and the matters received into it, and the matters which go out of it; and thus he learns what portion is fitted to nourish each part, what changes they undergo in the process of assimilation and of rejection, and what particles are thrown out at last as inappropriate, or as having performed their office. All is pure chemistry, — changes in the composition of the ultimate particles of matter.

But it is time to inquire into the truth of all this. What is the evidence, that the functions of life are mere processes in chemical composition and analysis? To those who have given the least attention to the subject, the question brings its own answer. There is so much of absurdity in the mere statement of the matter, especially when viewed in its details, that we seem almost called upon to furnish proof, that we have stated them fairly, rather than to show how unfounded such views really are. And yet these views have attracted attention and applause. There is something very taking, in fancying that we have revealed to us the secret workings of Nature in her most complicated operations. But Nature is not ordinarily so lavish of her secrets.

We have already mentioned briefly some peculiarities of organic chemistry, in contradistinction from the actions of mere affinity in inanimate matter; and all these peculiarities indicate a difference in the nature of the cause, by which the actions are produced. In ordinary chemistry, the elementary substances, although not numerous in comparison with the almost infinite variety of objects in nature, are many in comparison with the much smaller number in organized matter. Their combinations are simple; only two or three elements commonly, and rarely four, entering into one composition; and these in very few proportions between the same ele-

ments. In organized matter, it is extremely rare to have less than three elements in a compound ; and these are united in every conceivable variety of proportions, thus giving rise to the innumerable products of animal and vegetable life, so far as their peculiarities depend on differences of composition.

These compounds, as we have said, cannot be reproduced, nor imitated. We can unite some of the same elements, but the results are widely different ; we can combine oxygen with hydrogen, but we obtain only water in one proportion, and an oxide of hydrogen in another ; oxygen and nitrogen we may unite in five different proportions, and yet we produce only oxides or acids ; carbon and oxygen, give us but one oxide and an acid ; nitrogen and hydrogen give us ammonia, and carbon and hydrogen furnish the inflammable gases, naphtha, &c. By a union of three of the elements, we get a nitrate or a carbonate of ammonia. We have thus enumerated all or nearly all the artificial compounds of which these four elements are susceptible, and no one of them bears the slightest resemblance to any of the combinations of the several elements in organized matter, by which we are surrounded at every turn. Mr. Abernethy was accustomed, in his lectures, to describe the inability of chemistry to imitate the actions of organized bodies in his emphatic manner. "Gentlemen," said he, "the chemists may tell us of what the body is composed, and of what the fæces that are thrown out of the body are composed, how much oxygen they contain, and how much nitrogen, and how much carbon ; but, Gentlemen, all the chemists in the world can't make one."

But if it were possible for us to produce the identical composition and form, it would still not be the same living thing. Organization is the effect of life, not its cause. And, since living beings are no longer created anew by direct power, life itself can only be exhibited by transmission from one individual to another of the same kind. When life has departed, the organization may, for a moment at least, remain the same ; but no power on earth can reanimate it.

Neither does the organization itself remain permanent after the loss of its vitality. Some parts are decomposed very speedily after death, and give up their constituents to their natural affinities ; others retain more or less of their

composition for a longer period, sometimes for many years ; but in all the tendency to decay begins immediately, and sooner or later the decomposition is complete. It may in some cases be retarded, indeed, by the absence of heat and air and moisture ; but these very circumstances, which favor the decomposition, are precisely those that were necessary to the growth and sustenance of these parts while life was present. How unlike all this is to the action of chemical affinity, where the composition remains permanent, so long as the affinities and the temperature are the same.

There is, it is true, much of chemical action in the living body ; but, it is always in subjection to the vital power. It is here the same as with the mechanical forces. In the motions of a joint, for example, the contraction of the muscles is a process peculiar to life ; the effect produced, in the extent and velocity of the motion, is precisely the same as if the moving power were mechanical, while the intervening parts, the tendons, ligaments &c., partake partly of living, and partly of mechanical properties. So it is with chemistry. Just so far as the chemical affinities can be made to subserve the purposes of the living economy, they are employed ; whenever they are at variance with those purposes, they are either modified or suspended. They resume their sway only when life is departed. In the living body chemistry is always the servant, never the master.

This brings us to the point at which our opinions are most directly opposed to those of our author. Notwithstanding all that he says about the influence of a vital force, he seems to us to make all the principal operations of the living body to depend upon chemical action, as the chief moving cause. We say, on the contrary, that there is naturally no purely chemical action, that is not the effect of disease ; and none can be excited without producing disturbance or destruction to the functions of the part implicated in it. In digestion, for example, the solution of the food into chyme is effected by a peculiar fluid, produced alone by a living organ, and in a peculiar manner ; and it is not until the powers of the stomach are greatly impaired, that the phenomena of pure chemistry are exhibited. Our author, indeed, claims digestion as altogether a chemical process, analogous to fermentation, and discards, very positively, all idea of the influence of vitality. In his first Report, he says ;

"We should not permit ourselves to be withheld, by the idea of a *vital principle*, from considering, in a chemical point of view, the process of transformation of the food, and its assimilation by the various organs. This is the more necessary, as the views hitherto held, have produced no results, and are quite incapable of useful application."— p. 113.

And in the present work ;

"The most decisive experiments of physiologists have shown, that the process of chymification is independent of the vital force ; that it takes place in virtue of a purely chemical action, exactly similar to those processes of decomposition or transformation, which are known as putrefaction, fermentation, or decay (eremacausis)." — p. 104.

Now every practical physician knows full well, that the slightest appearance of fermentation, in the stomach, is a sure indication of disease. The solution of the food into chyme, which Professor Liebig appears to regard as the whole of digestion, is but a modified chemistry, at most, executed by agencies that can only be produced by living organization. And when we advance to the higher parts of the process, the separation of the nutritious from the refuse portions of the food, — the constitution and absorption of the chyle, the necessary influence of a vital power is still more observable.

The saliva has long been known to exert an important influence in promoting digestion. But its precise mode of action, as explained by our author, we believe will be new to most of our readers.

"In the action of the gastric juice on the food, no other element takes a share, except the oxygen of the atmosphere and the elements of water. This oxygen is introduced directly into the stomach. During the mastication of the food, there is secreted into the mouth from organs specially destined to this function, a fluid, the saliva, which possesses the remarkable property of enclosing air in the shape of froth, in a far higher degree than even soap suds. This air, by means of the saliva, reaches the stomach with the food, and there its oxygen enters into combination, while its nitrogen is given out through the skin and lungs. The longer digestion continues, that is, the greater the resistance offered to the solvent action by the food, the more saliva, and consequently the more air, enters the stomach. Rumination, in certain graminiferous [herbivorous?] animals, has plainly for one object a

renewed and repeated introduction of oxygen; for a more minute mechanical division of the food only shortens the time required for solution." — p. 108.

How causeless, then, the anxiety of many a tender mother, lest her precious little one should get "wind in the stomach." An easy remedy for indigestion! A little practice will enable a man to suck in as much air as he lists; or a stomach-pump, when he is oppressed, will distend him to his heart's content.

There is probably no other of the functions of animal life, that approaches so near to a purely chemical operation as respiration. The change in the air respired is entirely chemical, and may well be attributed to affinity, except that some other influence is necessary to enable oxygen to combine with either carbon or hydrogen at so low a temperature. As the blood alone can furnish the materials for the change in the air, it is an obvious and necessary inference, that there is also a corresponding change in its composition; although analysis has never been able to detect any such difference between the venous and arterial blood. Whether this change consists in the absorption of oxygen into the blood from the air, or discharging into the air carbon and perhaps hydrogen, is not fully settled. Most modern physiologists incline to the latter opinion; our author, as we shall see presently, adheres to the former.

Carbonic acid is made up of oxygen and carbon, in such proportions, that any given quantity of it (by measure) contains exactly as much oxygen as the same measure of pure oxygen gas. In ordinary respiration, the bulk of the air is very little altered; that is, the quantity of carbonic acid that is found in the respired air, is very nearly the same with that of the oxygen gas that is lost; there is a slight deficiency. Hence it is inferred, that the effect of respiration is to take out of the blood a portion of its carbon, by combination with the oxygen of the air; and the deficiency is accounted for by supposing that some hydrogen is removed in the same manner, giving rise to a portion of the moisture always found in respired air. There are other reasons for this opinion, in the absence of any known sufficient power of attraction to fix the oxygen in the blood, and the difficulty of accounting for the transmission of the carbonic acid if formed elsewhere; but we will not dwell upon them at present.

Whatever may be the nature of the change in the blood, it is evident that it is not the alteration of its character as a chemical compound, that renders the change so essential to life. The useful elements of the blood are impaired indeed, but not all exhausted, when they are brought back to the lungs to be renewed and revived. A small portion (very small in proportion to the whole mass) is cast off, or received. If this were only a change of elements, a failure to accomplish the change would indeed diminish the power of the blood to carry on its functions, and ultimately destroy life. But the effect would be gradual, like the slow decay of the body from the abstraction of food. How far this is from being the case, is well known. As soon as blood which has but once passed through the lungs and heart unchanged by respiration, is thrown into any part of the body, that part is paralyzed; as soon as it reaches the brain, life is destroyed. The whole system is poisoned, and inevitable death is the immediate consequence.

Professor Liebig takes a very different view of the whole matter. With him, respiration is but a slow combustion. Oxygen is absorbed from the air into the blood, to support this combustion, and the different kinds of food, received into the body and digested, supply the fuel. These meet in the course of the circulation, and combine; and the carbonic acid and water which proceed from the combination, are carried off by the lungs; with processes and results precisely analogous to those of ordinary combustion, only that they are produced more slowly. Thus the lungs are both the hearth for the supply of air, or its oxygen, and the chimney for carrying away the smoke; while the stomach brings in the necessary chips and coal to keep up the flame. Not that the food is introduced for the sole purpose of fuel. It performs the various offices of nutrition; and in the transformations which it undergoes while thus employed, and after those offices are performed, it becomes united to oxygen in the same manner as if it were introduced only for that object.

We shall not stop here to examine this theory in the general, but shall consider it rather in some of its applications to the several functions. For, with our author, the combination of oxygen is the chief chemical agency, which carries on so many of the processes of the living body. The first of these that we shall notice, is the production of *Animal Heat*.

It is well known, that all animals preserve a temperature of body considerably above that of the atmosphere in which they live, and that this temperature is nearly uniform at all times, whatever may be that of the air around them. This, of course, creates a great and constant demand for heat ; and the question is, How is this demand supplied ? Professor Liebig follows the opinion of those who believe, that the heat is all produced by the slow combustion of respiration. " The animal body," he says, " is a heated mass, which bears the same relation to surrounding objects as every other heated mass. It receives heat when the surrounding objects are hotter, it loses heat when they are colder, than itself."— p. 18.

This declaration should not be received without considerable qualification. There is much reason to believe, that the living body has power, to a very considerable extent, of resisting the introduction of heat ; and it is not improbable that it has a similar power of preventing its escape, in a limited degree. The cold limbs of a person much exhausted by disease (cholera, for example,) cannot be made to receive the heat of a warm bath, unless the languid powers of life are at the same time aroused ; but, if he die in the bath, they soon acquire the temperature of the water. But this power, whatever it may be, is of small extent ; and enough of demand for heat remains, to renew the question, How is it supplied ? Professor Liebig answers ;

" This high temperature of the animal body, or, as it may be called, disengagement of heat, is uniformly, and under all circumstances, the result of the combination of a combustible substance with oxygen.

" In whatever way carbon may combine with oxygen, the act of combination cannot take place without the disengagement of heat. It is a matter of indifference whether the combination take place rapidly or slowly, at a high or at a low temperature ; the amount of heat liberated is a constant quantity.

" The carbon of the food, which is converted into carbonic acid within the body, must give out exactly as much heat as if it had been directly burnt in the air or in oxygen gas ; the only difference is, that the amount of heat produced is diffused over unequal times."— p. 17.

" To make use of a familiar, but not on that account a less just illustration, the animal body acts, in this respect, as a furnace, which we supply with fuel. It signifies nothing what intermediate forms food may assume, what changes it may undergo

in the body, the last change is uniformly the conversion of its carbon into carbonic acid, and of its hydrogen into water; the unassimilated nitrogen of the food, along with the unburned or unoxidized carbon, is expelled in the urine or in the solid excrements. In order to keep up in the furnace a constant temperature, we must vary the supply of fuel according to the external temperature, that is, according to the supply of oxygen.

“In the animal body, the food is the fuel; with a proper supply of oxygen we obtain the heat given out during its oxidation or combustion. In winter, when we take exercise in a cold atmosphere, and when consequently the amount of inspired oxygen increases, the necessity for food containing carbon and hydrogen increases in the same ratio; and by gratifying the appetite, thus excited, we obtain the most efficient protection against the most piercing cold. A starving man is soon frozen to death; and every one knows, that the animals of prey in the arctic regions far exceed in voracity those of the torrid zone.” — p. 18.

In one particular, at least, the illustration fails. The interior of the assumed furnace is no hotter than the rest of the building. It is a well-established fact, that the temperature of the lungs is no higher than that of the other parts of the body. This difficulty has long been perceived. More than sixty years ago, Dr. Crawford published an elaborate treatise on the subject, and endeavoured to remove the objection by showing, that arterial blood has a greater capacity for heat than venous, and absorbs enough in the lungs, without increase of temperature, to supply the wants of the body. But his explanation was never very generally received, partly because it was unsatisfactory, and partly because his book was too dull to be read. Professor Liebig gives a different solution. His combustion takes place, not in the lungs chiefly, but over the whole body. The red globules of the blood are his “carriers of oxygen,” and they transport it to the parts where it is wanted, and there the fire is kindled, and the carbonic acid is formed. But how does this extra proportion of oxygen get into the blood? And how does the carbonic acid get back to the lungs to be discharged? Easily enough; they are both carried by the iron in the blood!

“According to the researches of Denis, Richardson, and Nasse (*Handwörterbuch der Physiologie*, vol. i., p. 138), 10,000 parts of blood contain 8 parts of peroxide of iron. Consequently, 76,800 grains (10 lbs. Hessian) of blood contain 61.44 grains

of peroxide of iron, in arterial blood, = 55·30 of protoxide in venous blood.

“ Let us now assume, that the iron of the globules of venous blood is in the state of protoxide. It follows, that 55·30 grains of protoxide of iron, in passing through the lungs, take up, in one minute, 6·14 grains of oxygen (the quantity necessary to convert it into peroxide). But since, in the same time, the 10 lbs. of blood have taken up 12 grains of oxygen, there remains 5·86 grains of oxygen, which combine with the other constituents of the blood.

“ Now, 55·30 grains of protoxide of iron combine with 34·8 grains of carbonic acid, which occupy the volume of 73 cubic inches. It is obvious, therefore, that the amount of iron present in the blood, if in the state of protoxide, is sufficient to furnish the means of carrying or transporting twice as much carbonic acid as can possibly be formed by the oxygen absorbed in the lungs.” — p. 261.

All this is doubtless proved ; that the iron actually exists in one state in venous blood, and in a different state in arterial blood. Not in the least, gentle reader. It is merely known, that a very small quantity of iron can with difficulty be detected in the blood, by the nicest manipulations ; and all the chemists, who have found it, and ascertained its state of combination, agree in representing it as the peroxide, without reference to the kind of blood. It is not even known, except by inference, that there is any difference of composition between arterial and venous blood. But does not the color of the two oxides correspond to that of the two kinds of blood ? Not at all. And yet we are told, in the very next breath, that

“ The hypothesis, just developed, rests on well-known observations, and, indeed, explains completely the process of respiration, as far as it depends on the globules of the blood.” — p. 262.

If such are the important offices of iron, it becomes an object of interest to ascertain what quantity is contained in the blood. Without going at length into this question, it is enough, for the present purpose, to say, that the authorities, quoted by Dunglison in his “ *Physiology*,” would not make the whole amount to more than 80 grains of the peroxide in 30 pounds of blood ; which Dr. Dunglison considers as

a very large allowance for a man of 150 pounds' weight. Eighty grains of the peroxide contain 24 grains of oxygen and 56 of iron; about as much iron as is contained in one sixpenny cut nail, in the whole human body. Our author estimates it higher, and supposes that 61·44 grains of the peroxide, equal to 43 grains of iron, pass through the heart every minute, and follows the supposition with a numerical calculation to show, that this is twice as much as is needed to account for the phenomena. There are cases, however, in which a little common sense is of more worth than a great deal of calculation. It is often said, that figures cannot lie; and true mathematical demonstration is doubtless the very highest kind of evidence. But there is scarcely any basis of reasoning more liable to illusion and error, than numerical calculations founded on insufficient and uncertain data.

Let us next inquire, what amount of fuel is supplied by the blood, to combine with this oxygen, and thus keep up a uniformity of temperature in all varieties of climate and season. Our author answers the question.

"From the accurate determination of the quantity of carbon daily taken into the system in the food, as well as of that proportion of it which passes out of the body in the fæces and urine, unburned, that is, in some form in which it is not combined with oxygen, it appears that an adult, taking moderate exercise, consumes 13·9 oz. of carbon daily." — p. 13.

Fourteen ounces of charcoal, to make fire enough to keep a man warm twenty-four hours in a winter's day! Here, too, we have a calculation to show, that this is more than sufficient; although we fancy it must require an apparatus, more perfect even than a Nott's stove, or a Stimpson's range, to develop so much heat.

"According to the experiments of Despretz, 1 oz. of carbon evolves, during its combustion, as much heat as would raise the temperature of 78·15 oz. of water at 32° to 212°, that is, by 180 degrees; in all, therefore, $78·15 \times 180^\circ = 14067$ degrees of heat. Consequently, the 13·9 oz. of carbon, which are daily converted into carbonic acid in the body of an adult, evolve $13·9 \times 14067^\circ = 195531·3$ degrees of heat. This amount of heat is sufficient to raise the temperature of 1 oz. of water by that number of degrees, or from 32° to 195563·3°; or to cause 67·9 lbs. of water at 32° to boil; or to heat 184·3

lbs. of water to 98.3° (the temperature of the human body) ; or to convert into vapor 11.4 lbs. of water at 98.3° ." — p. 32. *

If any of our readers are disposed to test the sufficiency of this amount of heat, let them fill a leathern bag of the size and shape, as nearly as may be, of the human body, with the weight of a man (150 lbs.) of water heated to 98 degrees, and hang it exposed to the air, where the thermometer stands at 32 degrees. To render the experiment complete, the leather ought to be porous, so as to allow of a transudation equal to the transpiration through the skin, and the whole to be covered, to represent the clothing. As the water cools, draw off a portion, and pour in more of the same temperature ; and see how long the 184.3 lbs. will sustain the whole mass of 150 lbs. at the original degree of heat. If twenty-four hours, then the calculation exhibits heat enough for a man under similar circumstances. If not, the deficiency in the time marks the deficiency of heating power. For ourselves, we need neither calculation nor experiment to satisfy us, that 14 ounces of charcoal and a sixpenny nail would hardly suffice to save us from freezing.

By far the most valuable portion of this work is the part on the *Metamorphosis of Tissues*. By an extensive analysis of the tissues, which enter into the structure of the several parts of the animal body, and of many of the substances which are used for its nourishment and growth, the curious and interesting fact is elicited, that the same compounds are found in both. In regard to animal food, there is nothing surprising in this ; for we should naturally expect to find a similar composition in the flesh of different animals. But the composition, as well as texture and appearance of vegetables, is so unlike that of animals, that there has, heretofore, been a difficulty in understanding how herbivorous animals obtain some of the elements of their structure. The researches of Professor Liebig show, that many nutritious vegetables contain, though in much smaller proportions, all the elementary principles essential to the animal body, and

* In the New York edition, copied from the English, the calculation makes the quantity of heat sufficient to heat 370 lbs. of water to 98 degrees. The editor of the Cambridge edition finds the calculation erroneous, and corrects it as in the text. But even this larger quantity, we apprehend, would leave a large portion of the twenty-four hours without any heat above that of the surrounding air.

he obtains them in precisely the same state of combination. Thus vegetable fibrine, albumen, gluten, and caseine have the same composition, as those obtained from animal products. It may, perhaps, admit of question, whether they actually exist, ready-formed in the vegetable structure, or enter into this combination during the decomposition of the analysis. And it matters not which it is. In either case, the elements are there, and show a readiness to enter into the relations which they are to hold in the animal economy.

It is easy to see that these facts, judiciously applied, may be of important use in explaining many of the phenomena of nutrition and assimilation. Our author, we think, often applies them extravagantly. He assumes, that identity of composition or an approximation to it, is necessary to render a substance nutritive to any particular organ or structure. Hence he infers, that one sort of food is good for the formation of muscular fibre, another for fat, another for bile, and another for brain. Now we see no evidence or probability of all this. On the contrary, we believe that every part selects just those portions of matter which are required for its own purposes, and in such proportions as its own demands call for, without the slightest reference to their proportion in the articles from which they are taken. We have already seen, that certain grasses will take silex, and other plants potash, even from the glass vessels in which they are growing. The flesh of animals fed on hay, with only one and a half per cent. of nitrogen, contains as much of that element in its composition, as that of the carnivora, whose food contains fifteen per cent. of it; and we have no doubt, that beef fed on grass and Indian corn, substances in which the proportion of nitrogen is so small as to be detected with difficulty, will be found to contain as much as that fed on grains which furnish the most of it. Sugar contains no nitrogen; and yet the negroes employed in the manufacture are said to thrive during the sugar-harvest more than at any other time, although their work is more laborious.

All that is indispensable, is that a sufficient supply of all the essential elements should be accessible to the proper organs, and in a form to be rendered available. And this is indispensable; hence, we see how a soil may become barren by the exhaustion of some one of its elements, while still rich in others, or barren to one kind of growth, and still

fruitful in others ; as was shown in the former Report. We see, too, how it is that a certain proportion of animal food is essential to the full developement of the mental and physical energies of men. The digestive organs of herbivorous animals are fitted for the reception of large quantities of food, and they require much time to eat and digest it, in order to enable them to extract from it the requisite quantity of nitrogen. Those organs in man are more restricted ; and, unless the limited amount of food, which they are adapted to receive, contains more nitrogen than is found in mere vegetable food, the vigor of his animal powers must be diminished by a deficiency of the necessary elements of his composition. A man must have the stomach of an herbivorous animal, before he can live, and thrive, upon the food of one.

Professor Liebig divides all the food into two classes ; *nitrogenized* and *non-nitrogenized* ; the first constitute the *elements of nutrition* ; the second the *elements of respiration*. The former enter into the structure of the organs, the latter serve the direct purpose of fuel, to feed the perpetual fire ; which burns so constantly within, that if these elements fail, the other must supply the deficiency, and the body preys upon its own organs. To guard against such a misfortune, a stock of fuel is laid up in the bodies of men, and some other animals, in the form of fat. This is formed out of the *non-nitrogenized* part of the food, and accumulates in those who take little animal food, and are confined from the fresh air, so as not to imbibe a sufficient quantity of oxygen. We make the following extract for the especial benefit of a friend, who will be glad to learn that his brisk exercise on the hill-top is so favorable to his coveted *reduction*, and that he has only to add a larger allowance of good beef and mutton to his dinner, to insure all that he can desire.

“The production of fat is always a consequence of a deficient supply of oxygen, for oxygen is absolutely indispensable for the dissipation of the excess of carbon in the food. This excess of carbon, deposited in the form of fat, is never seen in the Bedouin, or Arab of the desert, who exhibits with pride to the traveller his lean, muscular, sinewy limbs, altogether free from fat ; but in prisons and jails it appears as a puffiness in the inmates, fed, as they are, on a poor and scanty diet ; it appears in the sedentary females of Oriental countries ; and finally, it is produced under the well-known conditions of the fattening of domestic animals.

"The formation of fat depends on a deficiency of oxygen; but in this process, in the formation of fat itself, there is opened up a new source of oxygen, a new cause of animal heat." — p. 85.

This theory explains to us how the *nitrogenized* roast beef and porter of old England should produce such lean sinewy frames, while their *non-nitrogenized* soup-fed neighbours across the Channel, are so fat, lusty, and lazy! Unfortunately for its stability, however, there is in Bengal an experiment, that tests its correctness on a large scale. Two classes of people there live together side by side; the one (the Mohammedans) live chiefly, and to the full extent of their ability, on high-seasoned animal food, the other (the Hindoos) eat only vegetables, mostly rice which furnishes little or no nitrogen. The habits of a great portion of them are in other respects much alike, for both are poor and compelled to labor. The former are much the more stout and vigorous; but the latter, especially in the active period of life, are not at all the more corpulent.

Our limits will permit us to take only a very general notice of our author's application of his theory to the processes of assimilation and absorption, or, as he terms them, *supply* and *waste*. Of absorption, as a function performing the most important office of removing the worn-out particles of matter, and cutting off dead parts, he seems to have no conception. To him it is all a chemical operation; each particle, having lost its vitality, by its natural affinity enters into a new combination, and floats away as inorganic matter. And yet, in reality, new products are formed in the very excretions, in the urine, and in the fæces, so peculiar to organized action, that no chemist on earth can imitate them.

Professor Liebig denies to what he terms *vegetative* life, in animals as well as in plants, all control over their operations of growth and sustenance, and even derides the idea of the vessels of the latter being excited by the stimulus of substances applied to them. He overlooks, if he is not ignorant of, the property of *irritability*, or organic sensibility, and insensible contractility, so well established by Bichat and others, as universal in all living textures; to which in reality should be attributed many of the effects on the growth of vegetables, ascribed by our author, in his former Report, to the chemical action of manures.

The powers of *animal life*, according to Professor Liebig, are derived entirely from the brain, the nerves acting the part of mere conductors, like the connecting wires of a galvanic battery, a figure which he repeatedly uses. Against this *vital force*, the chemical forces wage continual warfare. When it is in full vigor, it is able to keep them at bay, but if, from fatigue or any other cause, its vigilance flags, or its energies are impaired, they seize upon its unfortunate particles, as a watchful enemy picks up the exhausted stragglers of a retreating army, and bear them off in triumph. Respiration, that wonderful process, whose influence has ever been regarded as so benign, that "when the breath was out the man would die," is the source of death as well as of life. For it introduces oxygen, the enemy of all peace, into the animal body; and this is carried, by the iron of the blood, into every part of the muscular system, kindling its fires in every part, and burning with such rapidity, that, whenever the fuel supplied by the *elements of respiration* fails, it devours the organs themselves. It is the very vulture of Prometheus, ever preying on the vitals of its conscious victim. In *all* chronic diseases, death is produced by no other cause, than the inability of the enfeebled system to prepare fuel for the fires of oxygen.

"In all chronic diseases death is produced by the same cause, namely, the chemical action of the atmosphere. When those substances are wanting, whose function in the organism is to support the process of respiration; when the diseased organs are incapable of performing their proper function of producing these substances; when they have lost the power of transforming the food into that shape in which it may, by entering into combination with the oxygen of the air, protect the system from its influence, then the substance of the organs themselves, the fat of the body, the substance of the muscles, the nerves, and the brain, are unavoidably consumed.

"The true cause of death in these cases is the respiratory process, that is, the action of the atmosphere." — p. 26.

Even in consumption, then, the poor sufferer dies from excess of respiration!

The theory of acute diseases is but a modification of that of chronic.

"Every substance or matter, every chemical or mechanical agency, which changes or disturbs the restoration of the equi-

librium between the manifestations of the causes of waste and supply, in such a way as to add its action to the causes of waste, is called a *cause of disease*. *Disease* occurs when the sum of vital force, which tends to neutralize all causes of disturbance (in other words, when the resistance offered by the vital force) is weaker than the acting cause of disturbance.

"Death is that condition in which all resistance on the part of the vital force entirely ceases. So long as this condition is not established, the living tissues continue to offer resistance.

"To the observer, the action of a cause of disease exhibits itself in the disturbance of the proportion between waste and supply which is proper to each period of life. In medicine, every abnormal condition of supply or of waste, in all parts or in a single part of the body, is called disease." — p. 242.

"Now, since the phenomena of motion in the animal body are dependent on the change of matter, the increase of the change of matter in any part is followed by an increase of all motions. According to the conducting power of the nerves, the available force is carried away by the nerves of involuntary motion alone, or by all the nerves together.

"Consequently, if, in consequence of a diseased transformation of living tissues, a greater amount of force be generated than is required for the production of the normal motions, it is seen in an acceleration of all or some of the involuntary motions, as well as in a higher temperature of the diseased part.

"This condition is called *fever*.

"When a great excess of force is produced by change of matter, the force, since it can only be consumed by motion, extends itself to the apparatus of voluntary motion.

"This state is called a *febrile paroxysm*.

"In consequence of the acceleration of the circulation in the state of fever, a greater amount of arterial blood, and, consequently, of oxygen, is conveyed to the diseased part, as well as to all other parts; and, if the active force in the healthy parts continue uniform, the whole action of the excess of oxygen must be exerted on the diseased part alone.

"According as a single organ, or a system of organs, is affected, the change of matter extends to one part alone, or to the whole affected system.

"Should there be formed, in the diseased parts, in consequence of the change of matter, from the elements of the blood or of the tissue, new products, which the neighbouring parts cannot employ for their own vital functions; — should the surrounding parts, moreover, be unable to convey these products to other parts, where they may undergo transformation, then these

new products will suffer, at the place where they have been formed, a process of decomposition analogous to fermentation or putrefaction." — pp. 244, 245.

Suppuration, and consequent ulceration, nothing more nor less, than a process of decomposition, like digestion, analogous to fermentation or putrefaction !

The explanation of the action of remedies is in accordance with this view of disease. Blistering, and other counter irritation, act as a sort of diversion in favor of the *vital force*, to withdraw the attention of the enemy from the principal scene of contest.

"In cases of a different kind, where artificial external disturbance produces no effect, physicians adopt other indirect methods to exalt the resistance offered by the vital force. These methods, the result of ages of experience, are such, that the most perfect theory could hardly have pointed them out more acutely or more justly than has been done by the observation of sagacious practitioners. They diminish, by bloodletting, the number of the carriers of oxygen (the globules), and by this means the conditions of change of matter ; they exclude from the food all such matters as are capable of conversion into blood ; they give chiefly or entirely non-azotized food, which supports the respiratory process, as well as fruit and vegetables, which contain the alkalies necessary for the secretions." — p. 246.

If the bile is deficient in quantity, or in its efficiency, caffeine, asparagine, theobromine, &c. have the requisite proportions of nitrogen to replenish it, (p. 171) ; in other words, let the patient drink tea, and coffee, and cocoa, and eat asparagus. And if the mind be weak, (for the action of the mind, as we have seen, wears out the substance of the brain,) or the nervous energy be impaired, let him take, — but the author shall speak for himself ; —

"With respect to the action of the other nitrogenized vegetable principles, such as quinine, or the alkaloids of opium, &c., which manifests itself, not in the processes of secretion, but in phenomena of another kind, physiologists and pathologists entertain no doubt, that it is exerted chiefly on the brain and nerves. This action is commonly said to be dynamic, — that is, it accelerates, or retards, or alters in some way the phenomena of motion in animal life. If we reflect, that this action is exerted by substances which are material, tangible, and ponderable ; that they disappear in the organism ; that a double dose acts more

powerfully than a single one; that, after a time, a fresh dose must be given, if we wish to produce the action a second time; all these considerations, viewed chemically, permit only one form of explanation; the supposition, namely, that these compounds, by means of their elements, take a share in the formation of new, or the transformation of existing, brain and nervous matter." — p. 172.

That is, as more clearly explained in the next sentence, they are "converted into constituents of brain and nervous matter."

The action of poisons is accounted for on the same general principle; their chemical action. Prussic acid, for example, when much concentrated, is so poisonous, that a single drop, on the tongue of a kitten or a chicken, produces instant death; and on larger animals the effect is but a little less immediate. All this is gravely ascribed to the action of the acid on the iron of the blood, by which "the globules lose their property of absorbing oxygen, and of afterwards giving up this oxygen and carrying off the resulting carbonic acid." (p. 262.)

If all this be so, well may the author exclaim,

"Respiration is the falling weight, the bent spring, which keeps the clock in motion; the inspirations and expirations are the strokes of the pendulum, which regulate it. In our ordinary time-pieces, we know with mathematical accuracy the effect produced on their rate of going, by changes in the length of the pendulum, or in the external temperature. Few, however, have a clear conception of the influence of air and temperature on the health of the human body; and yet the research into the conditions necessary to keep it in the normal state, is not more difficult than in the case of a clock." — p. 13.

We have purposely given our author's theory of disease and remedies almost exclusively in his own words, lest any analysis of it should have seemed to our medical readers distorted or exaggerated. We do not think so unfavorably of the understanding of any reader, medical or non-medical, as to believe that there is one among them all, who will require a word of comment to convince him how utterly unfounded and extravagant it is. If there be one such, he is past our remedy. We can only commend him to our author, and advise him to strengthen his brain with a dose of quinine or the "alkaloids of opium." Such is the splendid production upon

which the British Association felicitates itself, which a Professor of King's College counts it such a glory to have introduced into the British world, and in regard to which there is so violent a contest for the honor of assisting at its birth, on this side of the water.

We have spoken thus freely of Professor Liebig's opinions, because the questions under review are important in themselves, and because the manner in which they have been published gives them a consequence that would not otherwise belong to them. For Professor Liebig, as a chemist, we have the highest respect; as a theoretical physiologist, we dissent from him. By his analysis of many portions of the animal body, he has rendered a great service to medical science; and this benefit remains, however fully we may discard his opinions. The analyses given in this volume appear to have been executed not literally by himself, but by his pupils. But they were made under his observation; and *qui facit per alium, facit per se*. In such a matter as the analysis of flesh, hair, horn, urine, and fæces, a man may well be excused for preferring, like the traveller in a storm, the "*fac-it per alium*," to the "*fac-it per se*."

The translation of neither of the Reports is what a translation ought to be. We find no great cause for complaint against the language in general, except that it is somewhat obscure; and this, we suppose, may not be the fault of the translator. What we chiefly object to is the fact, that, in both works, the *quantities* expressed, whether in weight or measure, are not reduced to an English standard. They are left in the original designations, sometimes in French, generally in Hessian. It is true, that the foreign standard is mentioned, and a table is given at the end of the volume, by which any one, who chooses to undertake the labor, may reduce it to its equivalent value in our own language. A vocabulary and grammar would, by a little extension of the same system, enable him to read the whole work, and dispense with a translation altogether. Few readers, we believe, will take the pains to make the necessary reductions. The consequence will be, either that very indefinite notions will be obtained of the actual quantities, or they will be remembered and quoted as English weights and measures, and thus become erroneous statements of facts.

The American edition, published at Cambridge, has been
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brought out under the editorial supervision of the Professor of Chemistry in Harvard College, with much assiduity and care. We are told, that many errors of the press, that are found in the English edition, have been corrected. The numerical estimates and calculations have all been revised, and some pretty essential corrections made in them. One of these, we have already noticed, in which the error more than doubled the amount of the result. Now, although we have not attached a very high degree of consequence to these calculations, as sustaining Professor Liebig's peculiar views in Physiology, we do esteem them of great value as simple expressions of interesting facts. As records of such facts they will be preserved. They will be introduced into systems of physiology, and become the ground work of arguments and reasonings. It is, therefore, of great importance, that they should correctly express the truth.

It is not necessary for us to enter into the controversy between the Cambridge and the New York editions. In our last number, we discussed at large the question of a national copyright. We need do no more now, than to allude to this case, as another striking illustration of the urgent necessity for some protection to authors abroad, to enable them to present their works to American readers, in a manner that shall be just to their reputation and satisfactory to their feelings.

ART. VIII. — *The Fountain, and other Poems*; by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. New York and London: Wiley & Putnam. 1842. 12mo. pp. 100.

WE have no intention of entering upon a general examination of Mr. Bryant's poetical character. His name is classical in the literature of the language. Wherever English poetry is read and loved, his poems are known by heart. Collections of poetry, elegant extracts, schoolbooks, "National Readers," and the like, draw largely upon his pieces. Among American poets his name stands, if not the very first, at least among the two or three foremost. Some of his pieces are perhaps greater favorites with the reading public, than any others written in the United States. His "Thanatopsis," for example, is universally regarded as admirable in conception and exquisite in execution. With all thoughtful persons,

that poem is enthusiastically remembered. Its rich and solemn melody, its almost Miltonic rhythm, its majestic imagery, its grave and impressive moral, fill the mind, move the heart, and stamp themselves for ever on the memory.

Mr. Bryant, during a long career of authorship, has written but comparatively little; but that little is of untold price; *ὀλίγον τε φίλον τε*,—little, but precious and dear. What exquisite taste, what a delicate ear for the music of poetical language, what a fine and piercing sense of the beauties of nature, down to the minutest and most evanescent things! He walks forth into the fields and forests, and not a green or rosy tint, not a flower, or herb, or tree, not a tiny leaf or gossamer tissue, not a strange or familiar plant, escapes his vigilant glance. The naturalist is not keener in searching out the science of nature, than he in detecting all its poetical aspects, effects, analogies, and contrasts. To him, the landscape is a speaking and teaching page. He sees its pregnant meaning, and all its hidden relations to the life of man. For him, the shadow and sunshine, that chase each other in swift rivalry over the plain, are suggestive of deep meaning and touching comparisons. For him, the breath of evening and of morning have an articulate voice. To him, the song of birds is a symbol of that deeper song of joy and thankfulness, that ascends for ever from the heart of man to the Giver of every good. To him, the ocean utters its solemn hymns, and he can well interpret them to others.

What a beautiful gift is this! Here is a man, whose life is cast among the stern realities of the world, who has thrown himself into the foremost line of what he deems the battle for human rights, who wages a fierce war with political principles opposed to his own, who deals with wrath, and dips his pen daily in bitterness and hate, who pours out from a mind, fertile with thought and glowing with passion, torrents of invective, in language eloquent with the deepest convictions of the heart, and keen as the blade of Damascus; yet able to turn at will from this storm, and strife, and agony, to the smiling fields of poetry, where not a sound of the furious din with which he was but just now surrounded, strikes upon the ear; yet delighting to still the tumult of party conflict, and for a time to cherish those broad and mighty sympathies, which bind man to man and nation to nation, in one universal brotherhood of heart. We gaze with wonder on the change

of mood, and can scarce believe the poet and the politician to be the same. But so it is ; and happy is it, that the scorching stream of lava-passion, which the central fires of politics pour over the fields of life, may be bordered by luxuriant verdure, gemmed with flowers of exquisite hues and richest fragrance ; and every man who loves the muse, and longs to see the graces and charities of letters and refinement shedding their delights far and wide over the rugged scenes of American life, will thank the poet-politician for teaching the often forgotten lesson, that there is, even in a republic, something better than the passions which fret their little hour in the columns of newspapers, and then pass from the minds of men for ever.

We believe nearly all the pieces, that make up this little volume, have appeared in print already ; but their collection will be acceptable to the admirers of Mr. Bryant's poetical genius. They are carefully thought and written, like his other productions ; they are the distilled essence of years of observation, reflection, feeling, and passion. We find here the same familiar and affectionate recognition of natural objects, the same knowledge of their qualities, properties, and aspects, the same power of drawing from them illustrations and moralities, which thoughtful readers have admired in the other volumes. Mr. Bryant intimates, that some of these pieces are fragments of a long poem which has been several years in preparation, and which the public may one day see. We fervently hope he may find time from his multitudinous cares to execute his design ; for we are sure it cannot fail to be an honor to the poetical literature of the age, and an addition even to his own great fame.

How characteristic of Bryant's rich and peculiar vein of thought, is the following passage, taken from "The Fountain."

"This tangled thicket on the bank above
Thy basin, how thy waters keep it green !
For thou dost feed the roots of the wild vine
That trails all over it, and to the twigs
Ties fast her clusters. There the spice-bush lifts
Her leafy lances ; the viburnum there,
Paler of foliage, to the sun holds up
Her circlet of green berries. In and out
The chipping sparrow, in her coat of brown,
Steals silently, lest I should mark her nest.

"Not such thou wert of yore, ere yet the axe
Had smitten the old woods. Then hoary trunks
Of oak, and plane, and hickory o'er thee held
A mighty canopy. When April winds
Grew soft, the maple burst into a flush
Of scarlet flowers. The tulip-tree, high up,
Opened, in airs of June, her multitude
Of golden chalices to humming birds
And silken-winged insects of the sky.

"Frail wood-plants clustered round thy edge in Spring.
The liverleaf put forth her sister blooms
Of faintest blue. Here the quick-footed wolf,
Passing to lap thy waters, crushed the flower
Of *Sanguinaria*, from whose brittle stem
The red drops fell like blood. The deer too, left
Her delicate foot-print in the soft, moist mould,
And on the fallen leaves. The slow-paced bear,
In such a sultry summer noon as this,
Stopped at thy stream, and drank, and leaped across.

"But thou hast histories that stir the heart
With deeper feeling; while I look on thee
They rise before me. I behold the scene
Hoary again with forests; I behold
The Indian warrior, whom a hand unseen
Has smitten with his death-wound in the woods,
Creep slowly to thy well-known rivulet,
And slake his death-thirst. Hark, that quick fierce cry
That rends the utter silence; 't is the whoop
Of battle, and a throng of savage men,
With naked arms and faces stained like blood,
Fill the green wilderness; the long bare arms
Are heaved aloft, bows twang and arrows stream;
Each makes a tree his shield, and every tree
Sends forth its arrow. Fierce the fight and short,
As is the whirlwind. Soon the conquerors
And conquered vanish, and the dead remain
Gashed horribly with tomahawks. The woods
Are still again, the frightened bird comes back
And plumes her wings; but thy sweet waters run
Crimson with blood. Then, as the sun goes down,
Amid the deepening twilight I descry
Figures of men, that crouch and creep unheard,
And bear away the dead. The next day's shower
Shall wash the tokens of the fight away.

"I look again, — a hunter's lodge is built,
With poles and boughs, beside thy crystal well,

While the meek autumn stains the woods with gold,
And sheds his golden sunshine. To the door
The red man slowly drags the enormous bear
Slain in the chestnut thicket, or flings down
The deer from his strong shoulders. Shaggy fells
Of wolf and cougar hang upon the walls,
And loud the blackeyed Indian maidens laugh,
That gather, from the rustling heaps of leaves,
The hickory's white nuts, and the dark fruit
That falls from the gray butternut's long boughs.

"So centuries passed by, and still the woods
Blossomed in spring, and reddened when the year
Grew chill, and glistened in the frozen rains
Of winter, till the white man swung the axe
Beside thee, — signal of a mighty change.
Then all around was heard the crash of trees,
Trembling awhile and rushing to the ground, —
The low of ox, and shouts of men who fired
The brushwood, or who tore the earth with ploughs.
The grain sprang thick and tall, and hid in green
The blackened hill-side; ranks of spiky maize
Rose like a host embattled; the buckwheat
Whitened broad acres, sweetening with its flowers
The August wind. White cottages were seen,
With rose-trees at the windows; barns, from which
Swelled loud and shrill the cry of chanticleer;
Pastures, where rolled and neighed the lordly horse,
And white flocks browsed and bleated. A rich turf
Of grasses, brought from far, o'ercrept thy bank,
Spotted with the white clover. Blue-eyed girls
Brought pails, and dipped them in thy crystal pool;
And children, ruddy-cheeked and flaxen-haired,
Gathered the glistening cowslip from thy edge.

"Since then, what steps have trod thy border! Here
On thy green bank, the woodman of the swamp
Has laid his axe, the reaper of the hill
His sickle, as they stooped to taste thy stream.
The sportsman, tired with wandering in the still
September noon, has bathed his heated brow
In thy cool current. Shouting boys, let loose
For a wild holyday, have quaintly shaped
Into a cup the folded linden leaf,
And dipped thy sliding crystal. From the wars
Returning, the plumed soldier by thy side
Has sat, and mused how pleasant 't were to dwell

In such a spot, and be as free as thou,
And move for no man's bidding more. At eve,
When thou wert crimson with the crimson sky,
Lovers have gazed upon thee, and have thought
Their mingled lives should flow as peacefully
And brightly as thy waters. Here the sage,
Gazing into thy self-replenished depth,
Has seen eternal order circumscribe
And bind the motions of eternal change,
And from the gushing of thy simple fount
Has reasoned to the mighty universe." — pp. 12 – 17.

The poem called "The Winds," has also fine descriptive passages, and striking analogical references to human life. "The Green Mountain Boys" is a spirited song, suggested by the surprise and capture of the British at Ticonderoga, by the Vermont soldiers, under the command of Ethan Allen. "The Death of Schiller," suggested by a fact mentioned in the biographies of that great poet, namely, his being seized with a sudden desire to travel over foreign countries just before he expired, is not equal to the other pieces in the volume. Some of the lines are hard and unmusical; some end in a way to break the chain of thought, and to grate harshly on the ear; and some of the expressions are incongruous.

"The peering Chinese, and the dark
False Malay, uttering gentle words."

The rhythmical pause after *dark* roughly breaks off the epithet from the word to which it belongs, and hurts the music of the passage. We are aware such things occur often in the poets; but they are seldom found in Bryant, and should never be, though Rhythm is a hard master, and poets cannot always do as they would, under his despotism.

"Shone and awoke that strong desire
For love and *knowledge reached* not here,
Till death set free his soul of fire,
To plunge into its fitting sphere."

A pair of such unpronounceable words as *knowledge* and *reached*, should never be allowed to go in company. Each by itself requires to be surrounded and covered with half a dozen of the softest and most liquid syllables to make it conveniently manageable; to pronounce them both at once is enough to make the firmest jaw creak like a rusty hinge. Is

it quite proper to talk about a soul *plunging* into a *sphere*? Is there not here a jumbling of the literal and metaphorical, which dims the brightness of the poet's conception? When we speak of plunging, we naturally think of something *liquid*, either literally or metaphorically so, into which the plunge is literally or metaphorically made. Thus we say of a debauchee, perhaps, *that he plunges into dissipation*, meaning thereby, that he goes, as it were, head foremost into a stream which bears him swiftly to his destruction. Connecting this liquid notion with the "soul of fire," the image presented to the imagination is rather that of a spirit extinguishing itself by taking a plunge, than of a soul suddenly emancipated from the thralldom of earth.

Having satisfied our critical conscience with the above nice specimen of fault-finding, we proceed, with better heart, to despatch the remainder of the volume. We give the whole of the exquisite little poem on "Life."

" LIFE.

" OH life ! I breathe thee in the breeze,
I feel thee bounding in my veins,
I see thee in these stretching trees,
These flowers, this still rock's mossy stains.

" This stream of odors flowing by
From clover-field and clumps of pine,
This music, thrilling all the sky,
From all the morning birds, are thine.

" Thou fill'st with joy this little one,
That leaps and shouts beside me here,
Where Isar's clay-white rivulets run
Through the dark woods like frightened deer.

" Ah ! must thy mighty breath, that wakes
Insect and bird, and flower and tree,
From the low trodden dust, and makes
Their daily gladness, pass from me, —

" Pass, pulse by pulse, till o'er the ground
These limbs, now strong, shall creep with pain,
And this fair world of sight and sound
Seem fading into night again ?

" The things, oh LIFE ! thou quickenest, all
Strive upwards toward the broad bright sky,

- Upward and outward, and they fall
Back to earth's bosom when they die.
- " All that have borne the touch of death,
All that shall live, lie mingled there,
Beneath that veil of bloom and breath,
That living zone 'twixt earth and air.
- " There lies my chamber dark and still,
The atoms trampled by my feet
There wait, to take the place I fill
In the sweet air and sunshine sweet.
- " Well, I have had my turn, have been
Raised from the darkness of the clod,
And for a glorious moment seen
The brightness of the skirts of God ;
- " And knew the light within my breast,
Though wavering oftentimes and dim,
The power, the will, that never rest,
And cannot die, were all from him.
- " Dear child ! I know that thou wilt grieve,
To see me taken from thy love,
Wilt seek my grave at Sabbath eve,
And weep, and scatter flowers above.
- " Thy little heart will soon be healed,
And being shall be bliss; till thou
To younger forms of life must yield
The place thou fill'st with beauty now.
- " When we descend to dust again,
Where will the final dwelling be,
Of Thought and all its memories then,
My love for thee, and thine for me ? "

— pp. 37 – 40.

" A Presentiment," is short, but beautiful and striking ; we should quote it, but that we perceive it is immediately followed by a piece called " The Future Life," which, for refinement of thought, tenderness of sentiment, and pathos of language, is one of the best things Bryant has ever written. Are we wrong in supposing, that its moving strain of feeling was inspired by something nearer home than the poet's creative imagination ?

"THE FUTURE LIFE.

- "How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread ?
- "For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain,
If there I meet thy gentle presence not ;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.
- "Will not thy own meek heart demand me there ?
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given ?
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven ?
- "In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the splendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here ?
- "The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
Shall it expire with life, and be no more ?
- "A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there ; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.
- "For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume the heart, as heat the scroll ;
And wrath hath left its scar, — that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.
- "Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same ?
- "Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this, —
The wisdom which is love, — till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss ? "

— pp. 47 - 49.

There is not a piece in the remainder of the volume that has not striking poetical beauties. But we pass them over,

and close our notice with the admirable lines under the title of

“AN EVENING REVERIE, FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM.

“The summer day is closed, — the sun is set.
Well they have done their office, those bright hours,
The latest of whose train goes softly out
In the red West. The green blade of the ground
Has risen, and herds have cropped it; the young twig
Has spread its plaited tissues to the sun;
Flowers of the garden and the waste have blown
And withered; seeds have fallen upon the soil,
From bursting cells, and in their graves await
Their resurrection. Insects from the pools
Have filled the air awhile with humming wings,
That now are still for ever; painted moths
Have wandered the blue sky, and died again;
The mother-bird hath broken, for her brood,
Their prison shell, or shoved them from the nest,
Plumed for their earliest flight. In bright alcoves,
In woodland cottages with barky walls,
In noisome cells of the tumultuous town,
Mothers have clasped with joy the new-born babe.
Graves by the lonely forest, by the shore
Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways
Of the thronged city, have been hollowed out,
And filled, and closed. This day hath parted friends
That ne’er before were parted; it hath knit
New friendships; it hath seen the maiden plight
Her faith, and trust her peace to him who long
Hath wooed; and it hath heard, from lips which late
Were eloquent of love, the first harsh word,
That told the wedded one her peace was flown.
Farewell to the sweet sunshine! One glad day
Is added now to Childhood’s merry days,
And one calm day to those of quiet Age.
Still the fleet hours run on; and as I lean,
Amid the thickening darkness, lamps are lit,
By those who watch the dead, and those who twine
Flowers for the bride. The mother from the eyes
Of her sick infant shades the painful light,
And sadly listens to his quick-drawn breath.
“Oh thou great Movement of the Universe,
Or Change, or Flight of Time, — for ye are one!
That bearest, silently, this visible scene

Into night's shadow and the streaming rays
 Of starlight, whither art thou bearing me?
 I feel the mighty current sweep me on,
 Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar
 The courses of the stars; the very hour
 He knows when they shall darken or grow bright;
 Yet doth the eclipse of Sorrow and of Death
 Come unforewarned. Who next, of those I love,
 Shall pass from life, or, sadder yet, shall fall
 From virtue? Strife with foes, or bitterer strife
 With friends, or shame and general scorn of men, —
 Which who can bear? — or the fierce rack of pain,
 Lie they within my path? Or shall the years
 Push me, with soft and inoffensive pace,
 Into the stilly twilight of my age?
 Or do the portals of another life
 Even now, while I am glorying in my strength,
 Impend around me? Oh! beyond that bourne,
 In the vast cycle of being which begins
 At that broad threshold, with what fairer forms
 Shall the great law of change and progress clothe
 Its workings? Gently, — so have good men taught, —
 Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide
 Into the new; the eternal flow of things,
 Like a bright river of the fields of heaven,
 Shall journey onward in perpetual peace." — pp. 77–80.

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ART. IX. — *Forest Life*, by the Author of "A New Home." In Two Volumes. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1842. 12mo. pp. 250 and 234.

THE first book of the sprightly and clever writer, to whom we are indebted for these sketches of Western life, placed her at once among our best female authors. It had a vigor, a racy flavor, an originality and truth, which we do not often find; it was written in a nervous and graphic English style, that showed no common power over the resources of the language. Though embodying no connected story, in which characters and passions are elaborately developed, it abounded in glimpses of original, lifelike characters on every page.

The hardy sons of the North-west have never looked more like themselves in a book, than they did in this. Their conversation, modes of speaking, bold figures, and free and easy way with strangers, were hit off to the very life ;—so much so, that it seems the picture has been considered a portrait, and the freedom of its details has given some offence.

The West is a fertile field for the delineation of character. A bold but not over-educated population is growing up there, with none of the restraints which fetter the characters of the working classes in other countries. No feudal feeling tempers the natural overflowings of passion, and restrains the growth of individual humors. The sentiment of loyalty to any thing except a political party, does not exist to bind them in respectful obedience to a head and representative of the sovereignty of the nation. Each man is himself a sovereign by indefeasible right, and has no idea that another is his better in any one respect. Manners are, therefore, of the most unrestrained sort, and one accustomed to the conventions, and deferences, and distinctions, that have grown up even in our republican cities, is apt to find himself annoyed and embarrassed, when he gets into a circle of these tree-destroying sovereigns. But there are compensations for these things. There is more activity and stir in one of these new communities, than in the ancient towns. Public affairs more engross the minds of men, and are more discussed, within doors and without. Poetry and art, — music, sculpture and painting, — the last new novel, to-morrow evening's concert, last evening's "Lowell Lecture," are things unheard of ; but political disquisitions, not always of the wisest, stump speeches, the affairs of the town, county, or State, and the pretensions of rival candidates, are vehemently argued.

After a visit to the West, one cannot but be struck with the comparative apathy of the New England people. We look with wonder on communities of men who attend to their own business, and seem to care but little who is made President of the United States, or even County Commissioner. "Selectmen" are chosen, and nobody seems to think the eyes of the world, not to say of the whole solar system, are fixed upon the contest. In the West, every man puts forth his own peculiarities, with little heed to what an exclusive *coterie* may think of him. He talks and acts in his own way. He indulges his own imagination, and cracks his own jokes,

and has no fastidious critic to sneer at his very irregular parts of speech. He has no doubt of his fitness to move in any society, or to sustain his part in any conversation. These habits create a certain readiness of speech, more remarkable for fluency than elegance; the custom of thinking what he pleases, and saying what he thinks, gives the Western man a boldness and promptness of wit beyond the conception of the homebred Yankee farmer. In a new settlement, hospitality is a necessity of life; indeed the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, — that awkward restraint upon the freedom of intercourse in older communities, — is sometimes well-nigh done away with. The propensity to the neighbourly habit of taking and using what belongs, properly and legally speaking, to others, is amusingly illustrated, in our author's first book, by the story of the woman who wanted to borrow from the next house *a baby*! The exaggerations of Western language are always striking and entertaining; they are a species of rude poetry of bragging.

But to "catch these manners living as they rise," one must be very familiar with the new Western settlements, and exercise a good deal of discrimination. They are not to be understood, still less to be represented, in a moment. A tour in the West may make an amusing book, but it will hardly afford the materials for a well-drawn picture of Western character. Hence it happens, that in nearly all attempts to draw this character in works of fiction, the result has been an awkward burlesque. A nice tact, a quick perception, a power to represent minute and evanescent shades, and a thorough knowledge, with considerable experience of other forms of social life, are quite requisite to draw any peculiar character with success. How few even tolerable delineations of the homely Yankee are to be found as yet in American literature; how seldom is their droll and pithy dialect represented with the remotest approach to the truth. The "Letters of Major Downing," witty as they are, are *not* good Yankee. They are a most exaggerated caricature, in which some of the Yankee's phrases are interwoven, some of his figures of speech, some of his turns of thought; but the wit and wisdom, the shrewdness and observation, that smack of the genuine New England country intellect, are not there. The "Letters of Sam Slick," too, are the coarsest imitation; their *ungenuineness* is detected by a Connecticut boy at a glance.

The best representation we have ever seen of the New England dialect and character, was in a few letters that appeared some years ago in the "Boston Daily Advertiser." That pen, whose holder we suppose we must not name, should not remain unemployed. The humor, the irresistible drollery, of those letters was not more remarkable, than their delicate natural touches of character, and their admirable fidelity to life.

But if we go on at this rate, we shall unconsciously get into a dissertation, which we have no idea just now of doing. A short account of Mrs. Kirkland's new book is all we had it in mind to offer at present. We discover in it the same mental peculiarities and powers, which struck us with so much force in the "New Home"; the same artist-like power of bold delineation; the same quick glance into characters, and an equal readiness and vigor of hand in hitting off their peculiarities. The descriptions of natural scenery have a beautiful freshness and picturesque effect; the flow of her language is elegant and expressive, the choice of words discriminating and happy. Above all, she is free from the exaggerated efforts that are studied by writers of vague conceptions and imperfect observation. She writes with the firmness and strength of one who knows what she is writing about, and understands the result she aims to produce; of one, who has a clear and precise notion of the scenes and characters she is attempting to portray, and knows the proper means and materials to use in working out her plans. It will probably be found that the present work is, on the whole, less interesting than its predecessor; not from any failure in the author's powers, but because it does not come upon us with the gloss of novelty that gave such a charm to the other. In truth, it is but a continuation of the original plan. It gives some new phases of the same Western character; some new developements of the more recondite peculiarities that mark it; some traits that the progress of a few additional years have brought out, in the society of the settlements. One thing very remarkably characterizes both of the works; and that is, the uniformly healthy tone of feeling. With a woman's sensibility to all that is beautiful in art, human passion, and natural scenery, she never runs into a sentimental vein. She is always vigorous, sound, and animated, differing therein from nearly all other female writers. The present work has scarcely any

story, — no plot, in the common meaning of the word ; but consists of sketches, well enough connected together, and making a varied and lively picture. A few extracts will probably be more acceptable than any learned criticism that we might undoubtedly make, if we were so disposed. Take the following animated sketch to begin with.

“ Mrs. Ainsworth has been to York State. Nor is this all, — though such events do not often befall us, — but she has brought back as much of the show as she could carry, and enriches our ears with glowing accounts of all the wonders she saw and heard. She set out a desperate utilitarian. Her sleeves were only rationally large, — her bonnet only moderately fashionable, and she wondered, for her part, how people could be so foolish, as to care about such nonsense. She believed in being accommodating ; would cut from the butter-plate with her own knife, and dip her tea-spoon times and again into the dish of preserves intended for the whole company, without a misgiving. If a wash-basin was required, she could not see where was the harm of using for that purpose the bowl, which would in a few minutes be on duty on the breakfast-table, and she did not mind mislaying her pocket-handkerchief, since an apron did just as well for her. She always washed and combed in the kitchen, though she had a bedroom adjoining, and she considered it amiable to appropriate the space under her bed to her husband’s best boots, a spare bridle or two, and the saddle, when it happened to be at home ; it was ‘ so handy.’

“ Her good man was so much of her mind, that he thought the true and sole use of a garden was to raise onions and cabbages ; and he went even a little beyond her, and ploughed up every spring the rose-bushes and lilacs with which she had decorated her ‘ posy-yard,’ saying, that he could not tell one kind of *brush* from another.

“ But dear me ! how things are changed now ! Mrs. Ainsworth’s heart is removed to the right side. She made so long a visit among her Eastern friends, who now are ‘ fore-handed ’ folks, that she has come back imbued most satisfactorily with a loving appreciation of the advantages of civilization. In dress, she is even ultra, according to our sober ideas. The little wreaths of flowers which decorate her cap, meet under her chin, and mingling there with certain dangling blonde ringlets, give her face no slight resemblance to that of the individual with the flowing beard, who used to figure in the school-books as saying,

‘ Pity the sorrows of a poor old man ! ’

the sleeves out-bishop any body, and she is never without a neck-chain, to which we are bound to believe a watch is appended.

"Then her table, — here the change is all for the better, — since what table can be too neatly arranged? The dishes are marshalled with military precision, and, when tea and talk rule the hour, a *plat* of preserves is sure to appear in the van, flanked on one side by a pile of little plates, and on the other by a reserve of tea-spoons. No more fishing in public property with one's own spoon! No more fragmentary specimens of the different sorts of food edging the cut side of the pat of butter! Mrs. Ainsworth would be ready to faint, if any body should reach across the table to plunge his dripping tea-spoon into the sugar-dish, to supply a deficiency in his tea. Not but that her husband still occasionally transgresses, in spite of curtain lectures; but he will come round in time, since neatness like truth is mighty, especially when urged only by good-humor.

"But improvement is no less evident in the garden than in the house and its mistress. Mrs. Ainsworth returned in the autumn, and brought a load of treasures of this sort; the greater part useful, — some only ornamental. And without a murmur, though no doubt with some suppressed groans, did Mr. Ainsworth delay his wheat-sowing until roses and honey-suckles, and peonies and tulips, with multitudes of their fair or fragrant brethren, were duly committed to the bounteous soil. Walks were laid out, and 'currant brush' planted; and great beds of Alpine strawberries, and whole thickets of Antwerp raspberries, took the place of fireweed and sorrel, grubs and dwarf-willows. So excellent an example will, it is to be hoped, wake up the whole village." — Vol. I. pp. 49–52.

"But to finish our notice of Mrs. Ainsworth. She has not only provided for the kitchen-garden, but ventured upon a little stand of exotics for the parlour. And there is a rumor, — a floating report, — (and they say where there is smoke there must be some fire,) that Mrs. Ainsworth has a plan for an underground conservatory, to be constructed on the south side of a little descent which slopes obliquely near her house. This extravagance is not expected to be more than six feet square, but I am sure it will hold acres of happiness. I would not wish to have it mentioned, however. Let her break the matter to her husband herself.

"Connected with this same notion of 'acres of happiness' a thought suggests itself. Our neighbour has just made a large addition to her innocent enjoyment, by means of the improvements in her garden. Now suppose her, in the course of a year

or two, to come into the possession of a handsome establishment, such as may be found in this Western world, — a garden containing a couple of acres, — a corresponding variety of plants ; a good green-house, and people competent to keep such things in order. There would then be no weeding in the morning, and coming in to breakfast well draggled with dew (none for the lady, I mean), — no transplanting in showery weather armed with a pointed stick, and so shrouded in an old bonnet, thick shoes, and dirty gloves, that her own husband will scarcely own her, — no solicitude about any of the contingencies on which depends the success of so much care and labor. To walk about and enjoy what has been done, and question the gardener as to what *may* be done, — and to feel very sure that he will object to whatever she wishes to do, — now constitute her gardening pleasures.

“ We will go on still further, and suppose good Mrs. Ainsworth made, in process of time, the mistress of such a garden as may be found in the neighbourhood of any of our Eastern cities. Here, American wealth shall have done its utmost, and extensive graperies and pineries, with all things on a corresponding scale of expenditure, shall court the charmed eye of the delighted guest ; — the lady herself having risen in condition and manners accordingly.

“ Thus far all is easily supposed, and would imply no greater ascent in the scale than has been the lot of perhaps some of the very proprietors of those delicious gardens. But we will strain a point, and see Mrs. Ainsworth, our happy neighbour, pleased with her little garden, pleased yet more with her ample one, and thinking that her third and more elegant one ought to give still greater pleasure ; we will suppose her at last transplanted to the twelve acre garden at Chatsworth ; with a greenhouse at every turn, and two or three gardeners to every greenhouse, — flower-baskets of cut stone thirty-two feet square, and hundreds of people employed in sweeping every aisle in her spacious pleasure-grounds, that not a stray leaf shall offend her majestic eye.

“ Tell us now, oh sagacious philosopher ! keen sister of the human heart and its desires and enjoyments ! — which of these gardens shall afford the greatest amount of pleasure to Mrs. Ainsworth ? ” — Vol. I. pp. 54 — 56.

The love story of young Seymour and Miss Caroline Hay is well and simply told. The picture of the English Settlers is excellent ; but we have no room to quote from these less characteristic portions of the book, and must close with the following scene at a popular election. A Mr. Rice is to be found in many other parts of this enlightened country.

“ ‘Gentlemen,’ said the orator, taking off his hat and waving it in a courteous and inviting manner, while he wiped his brow with a faded cotton handkerchief, — ‘Gentlemen! may I beg your attention for a few moments! You are aware that I do not often draw very largely on your patience, and also that I am not a man who is fond of talking about himself. It is indeed a most unpleasant thing to me to be in a manner forced to advocate my own cause, and nothing short of the desire I feel to have an opportunity of advancing the interest of my friends and neighbours in the legislature would induce me to submit to it.’

“ ‘Somebody groaned, ‘Oh, Tim, that’s tough!’

“ ‘Yes, gentlemen! as you observe, it *is* tough; it is a thing that always hurts a man’s feelings. But, as I was observing, we must go through with whatever is for the good of our country. The greatest good of the greatest number, *I say!*’

“ ‘By this time the auditory had greatly increased, and comprised, indeed, nearly all the voters. Mr. Rice went on with increasing animation.

“ ‘This is the principle to go upon, and if this was only carried out, we should all have been better off long ago. This is where the legislature wants mending. They always stop short of the right mark. They get frightened, gentlemen! yes, frightened, scar’t! they always have a lot of these small souls among them, — souls cut after a scant pattern, — souls that are afraid of their own shadows, — that object to all measures that would really relieve the people, so they just give the people a taste to keep them quiet, and no more, for fear of what folks a thousand miles off would say! You’ve heard of the jackass, that was scar’t at a penny trumpet, — well, these jackasses are scar’t at what isn’t louder than a penny trumpet, nor half so loud.’

“ ‘Here was a laugh, which gave the orator time to moisten his throat from a tumbler handed up by a friend.

“ ‘Now you see, gentlemen, nobody would have said a word against that exemption bill, if every body was as much in favor of the people as I am. I don’t care who knows it, gentlemen, *I am* in favor of the people. Don’t the people want relief? And what greater relief can they have, than not to be obliged to pay their debts, when they have nothing to pay them with? that is, nothing that they can spare conveniently. I call that measure a half-way measure, gentlemen, — it is a measure that leaves a way open to take a man’s property if he happens to have a little laid by, — a little of his hard earnings, gentlemen; and you all know what hard earnings are.

“ ‘What is the use of having the privilege of making laws, if we can’t make them to suit ourselves? We might as well be a

Territory again, instead of a sovereign State, if we are a-going to legislate to favor the people of other States, at the expense of our own people. I don't approve of the plan of creditors from other States coming here to take away our property. Folks are very fond of talking about honesty, and good faith, and all that. As to faith they may talk, but I'm more for works; and the man that works hard and can't pay his debts is the one that ought to be helped, in my judgment.

" 'They'll tell you that the man that sues for a debt is owing somebody else, and wants his money to pay with. Now, I say, he's just the man that ought to feel for the other, and not want to crowd him hard up. Besides, if we pass exemption laws, don't we help him too? Isn't it as broad as it's long? '

" A murmur of applause.

" 'Then as to honesty; where'll you find an honest man if not among the people? and such measures are on purpose to relieve the people. The aristocracy don't like 'em perhaps, but who cares what *they* like? They like nothing but grinding the face of the poor.'

" Here a shout of applause, and a long application to the tumbler.

" 'Gentlemen,' continued Mr. Rice, 'some people talk as if what debts were not paid were lost, but it is no such thing. What one man don't get t' other keeps; so it's all the same in the long run. Folks ought to be accommodating, and, if they are accommodating, they won't object to any measures for the relief of the people; and, if they don't want to be accommodating, we'll just make 'em, that's all!'

" 'Some say it's bad to keep altering and altering the laws, till nobody knows what the law is. That's a pretty principle, to be sure! what do we have a legislature for, I should be glad to know, if not to make laws? Do we pay them two dollars and fifty cents a day to sit still and do nothing? Look at the last legislature. They did not hold on above two months, and passed rising of two hundred laws, and didn't work o' Sundays neither! Such men are the men you want, if they'll only carry the laws far enough to do some good.'

" 'Now, gentlemen, I see the poll's open, and I s'pose you want to be off, so I will not detain you much longer. All I have to observe is, that, although I am far from commending myself, I must give you my candid opinion, that a certain person, who has thrust himself before the public on this occasion, is unworthy of the suffrages of a free and enlightened community like this. He's a man that's always talking about doing justice to all, and keeping up the reputation of the State, and a great

deal more stuff of the same sort ; but it 's all humbug ! nothing else ; and he has an axe of his own to grind, just like the rest of us. And worse than all, gentlemen, as you very well know, he 's one of these tee-totallers, that are trying to coax free-born Americans to sign away their liberty, and make hypocrites of 'em. I 'm a man that will never refuse to take a glass of grog with a fellow-citizen because he wears a ragged coat. Liberty and equality, *I* say, — Hurrah for liberty and equality ! three cheers for liberty and equality, and down with the tee-totallers !'

" The orator had been so attentive to the tumbler, that the sincerity of the latter part of his speech at least could not be doubted, and indeed his vehemence was such as to alarm Seymour, who felt already somewhat ashamed of the cause he was bound to advocate, and who feared that a few more tumblers would bring Tim to a point which would render his advocacy unavailing. He therefore sought an opportunity of a few moments' private talk with the candidate, and ventured to hint, that, if he became so enthusiastic that he could not stand, he would have very little chance of sitting in the legislature.

" Now, Mr. Rice liked not such quiet youths as our friend Seymour, and especially in his present elevated frame did he look down with supreme contempt upon any thing in the shape of advice on so delicate a subject ; so that Seymour got an answer which by no means increased his zeal in Mr. Rice's service, though he still resolved to do his best to fulfil the wishes of Mr. Hay.

" Rice's conduct throughout the day was in keeping with the beginning which we have described ; and such was the disgust with which it inspired Seymour, that he at length concluded to quit the field, and tell Mr. Hay, frankly, that it was impossible for him to further the interests of so unprincipled a candidate."

— Vol. II. pp. 35 – 40.

NOTE.

ON page 306, of this volume, the number of Colleges in France is stated at fourteen, and the number in all Europe at one hundred and seventeen. We copied these facts rather hastily from a German paper, not observing a misprint, which was discovered and corrected, when the statement was transferred to

the "American Almanac, for 1843," to which we referred our readers. The numbers are there stated correctly, being forty-one for France, and one hundred and forty-four for all Europe.

ERRATUM.

Page 425, lines 15 and 31, for Racrynski read Raczynski.

QUARTERLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BIOGRAPHY.

Life of Jean Paul Frederic Richter. Compiled from various Sources. Together with his Autobiography. Translated from the German. Boston: Charles C. Little & James Brown. 2 vols. 16mo. pp. 356 and 365.

Memoirs of the Rhode Island Bar. By Wilkins Updike, Esq. Boston: Thomas H. Webb & Co. 12mo. pp. 311.

Biographical Notices of Distinguished Men of New England; Statesmen, Patriots, Physicians, Lawyers, Clergymen, and Mechanics. By Alden Bradford, LL. D., Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Corresponding Member of the American Historical Society, of the Historical Societies of New York, Pennsylvania, and Georgia, and of the National Institute of Science at Washington. Boston: S. G. Simpkins. 12mo. pp. 464.

EDUCATION.

A New Spanish Grammar, being an Attempt towards a New Method of Teaching the Spanish Language. By Julio Soler. New York: R. Rafael. 12mo. pp. 180.

"El Serrano de las Alpujarras" and "El Cuadro Misterioso"; Two Spanish Novels taken from "Las Tareas de un Solitario," and adapted to be used as Translating-Books. By Julio Soler. New York: R. Rafael. 12mo. pp. 117.

Elements of Electricity, Magnetism, and Electro-Dynamics, embracing the latest Discoveries and Improvements, digested into the Form of a Treatise, for the Use of the Students of Harvard University; being the Second Part of a Course of Natural Philosophy, by John Farrar, LL. D., and the First Part of a New Course of Physics, by Joseph Lovering, Hollis Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Harvard University. Boston: Crocker & Ruggles. 8vo. pp. 336.

Davis's Manual of Magnetism. Including also Electro-Magnetism, Magneto-Electricity, and Thermo-Electricity. With a Description of the Electrotpe Process. For the Use of Students and Literary Institutions. Boston: Daniel Davis, Jr. 12mo. pp. 218.

Ἡροδότου Ἱστορίων Λόγοι ε'. Herodotus, from the Text of Schweighaeuser; with English Notes. Edited by C. S. Wheeler, A. M., Tutor in Greek in Harvard University. In Two Volumes. 12mo. pp. 439 and 420. Boston: James Munroe & Co.

Abstract of the Massachusetts School Returns for 1841-2. Boston: Dutton & Wentworth. 8vo. pp. 256.

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The Moral Instructor, or Culture of the Heart, Affections, and Intellect, while learning to read. Parts III. and IV. By Thomas H. Palmer, Author of the Prize Essay on Education, entitled the "Teacher's Manual." Boston: Jenks & Palmer. 12mo. pp. 144 and 288.

HISTORY.

Collections of the Georgia Historical Society. Vol. II. Savannah. 8vo. pp. 336.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

Persevere, and you must succeed; or, the History of Mary Smith. Boston: William Crosby & Co. 12mo. pp. 94.

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Reports of Cases Argued and Determined in the Circuit Court of the United States for the First Circuit. By William W. Story, Reporter of the Court. Vol. I. Boston: Charles C. Little & James Brown. 8vo. pp. 652.

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York. By Nicholas Hill, Jun., Counsellor at Law. Vol. II. Albany: William & A. Gould & Co. 8vo. pp. 744.

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"The second division is a selection from the Book of Psalms, arranged in a suitable manner to be read by the instructor, or one, whom he may appoint to perform that office, and the pupils. The portion assigned to the pupils is *generally* a response in sentiment, as well as in form, to that, which is read by the person, who leads in the service.

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reasons, which it is unnecessary here to recite, the Bible is now excluded from many of the schools, and has become almost a sealed volume to the younger classes of society. This compilation contains nothing which can offend the most scrupulous delicacy, — nothing, it is presumed, that will render it obnoxious to the censure of an age of refinement. If not needed to assist in a devotional exercise, it may, without impropriety, be used as a class-book."

We hope the larger edition proposed may be forth-coming. In the mean time, we cordially concur in these suggestions respecting the uses of the present work. It has the essential recommendation, for its purpose, of being free from every thing which might offend sectarian prejudices.

A Layman's Reply to Elder Knapp on Close Communion. Boston: Kidder & Wright. 12mo. pp. 36.

Observations on the Bible, for the Use of Young Persons. Boston: John H. Eastburn. 12mo. pp. 203.

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Hints on the Interpretation of Prophecy. By M. Stuart, Professor in the Andover Theological Seminary. Andover: Allen, Morrill, & Wardwell. 12mo. pp. 146.

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The American in Egypt, with Rambles through Arabia Petræa and the Holy Land, during the Years 1839 and 1840. By James Ewing Cooley. Illustrated with numerous Steel Engravings; also with Designs and Etchings by Johnston. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 610.

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